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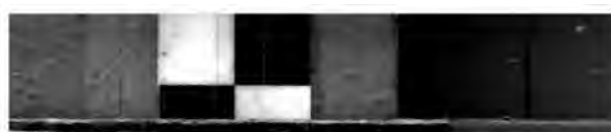
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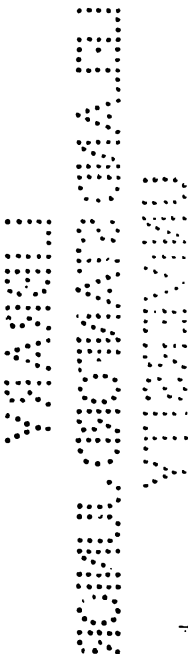
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3. *The Queen's Wish: how it was fulfilled.* By Joseph Watson, F.J.I., Reuter's special correspondent. London: Hutchinson, 1902.
4. *The Web of Empire. A Diary of the Imperial Tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in 1901.* By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E. With illustrations by the Chevalier E. de Martino, and Sydney P. Hall. London: Macmillan, 1902.
5. *The Life of Sir William Molesworth.* By Mrs Fawcett. London: Macmillan, 1901.

It was inevitable, but not unfitting, that the eventful journey undertaken by the Prince and Princess of Wales last year, when they were the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, should bear incidental fruit in the shape of various books describing the tour. Indeed the wonder is, considering the importance and picturesqueness of the subject, that the books have not been more numerous than they are. Six special correspondents, representing great newspapers and agencies, enjoyed the privilege of accompanying the heir-apparent and his consort during their travels of equal magnificence and significance. Three only out of these six persons produced books about the tour; and they caught the market early, to use a common-

place but expressive phrase. The remainder, for reasons of their own, kept silence. Then at last, in the fulness of time, and at the moment when the Imperial tour had been called to mind afresh by the presence in London as honoured guests of many of those who had proudly played the part of host, the most important volume of the group, that of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, was issued. It is introduced by a prefatory note, exhibiting a truly Scottish precision and caution.

'This may be called the authorised account . . . but it makes no pretension to having an official character . . . and the writer, while gratefully acknowledging his numerous obligations, desires it to be clearly understood that for all statements of fact and expressions of opinion he is alone and entirely responsible.'

Yet the impression left on the mind, after careful study of a distinctly interesting and thoughtful book, is one of regret that Sir Donald Wallace has felt it to be his duty, as an authorised but unofficial annalist, to exercise something more than his native caution, and to refrain from expressing views which he has no doubt formed. That, it may be suggested, is a public loss, since in ripe experience, in sobriety of judgment, and in knowledge of men and cities, Sir Donald Wallace has few equals in his own or any other country.

We need make only one more remark about the books. The authors, or some of them, have been censured because, having spent a few days or a week or two in this or that colonial capital, they have formed their opinions almost as rapidly as a photographer's plate receives the impression of a scene. 'Snapshot views' has been a phrase of reproach in frequent use; but it was not quite a just phrase, because it was used in ignorance of the conditions in which these travellers in search of knowledge accomplished their work. It must be remembered that always, save while they were at sea (when they had abundant time for reflection), they were in the society of the statesmen, the men of business, and the leading thinkers of the colonies which they were visiting, and that their colonial friends of the moment were never weary of imparting information to them by word of mouth and in the form of *literature*. If, on the one hand, they never saw a colonial

city in its natural state, the fact remains that they met more men of weight willing to talk than they could have hoped to come across in ten times the number of ordinary days. The danger which they had to guard against was that of learning too much, rather than too little; of allowing their minds to be over-coloured by the views of the men with whom they conversed; of seeing one side of the question only. But they succeeded, one and all, in avoiding that peril sufficiently to be able to produce conscientious work, full of valuable suggestion to those who desire to understand the vast problem of empire, both as a whole and in some of its chief ramifications.

What really was the worth of this unexampled expedition? How did it come to pass? Was it successful no less than splendid? What light, if any, does it throw upon the future of the British Empire? These are the questions to which thoughtful persons would fain find the answer.

The general conviction has been formed by careful observers that the journey was a master-stroke of Imperial policy, which has been abundantly justified by its results. From the last chapter of Sir Donald Wallace's book it is plain that, in his wise judgment, colonial loyalty is 'a composite sentiment in which several distinct feelings and considerations are mingled in various proportions.' The first of these is a feeling of affection for the mother-country, animating not less strongly the colonial-born than him who first breathed in these islands. Next, and akin to this sentiment, is the colonial Briton's proud consciousness that he has an inalienable share in the glorious history of the nation. 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Auld Lang Syne' epitomise the first sentiment, and 'Rule Britannia' summarises the second, which has naturally gathered much strength from brotherhood in arms during the South African war. It is, however, necessary to remark that neither of these feelings can reasonably be supposed to animate the Maoris of New Zealand, an interesting and by no means unimportant race, ardently loyal too, who are at last increasing in numbers and obtaining genuine benefit from civilisation. North American Indians are interesting to the ethnologist, though politically of no importance; but their loyalty is marked and distinct. French Canadians, or some of them

—the books are all somewhat inclined to take too rose-coloured a view of this race—clearly cannot share in the affection for a mother-country which is not theirs, although they have begun to write their names in our national history with their blood.

It is necessary, therefore, to consider the third ingredient in colonial patriotism. It is simply a passionate attachment to the dynasty, or rather to Queen Victoria and to the memory of her life, and to the King as her son and successor. Her long and stainless and beneficent reign alone made a united empire possible. Her name stood for goodness and purity all the world over; and her sex procured for her an affectionate and personal veneration which no king could possibly have won. These words are a truism now; but the fact which they embody is of permanent value. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—we speak of them thus, because by these names they will be remembered by the countless British citizens who saw them in distant places—were welcomed primarily because they were the grandchildren of Victoria—the Wikitoria of the Maoris, the Great White Queen of the Red men. They were esteemed and liked later, when they were better known, for their personal qualities. In other words, it was real statesmanship, on the part of Queen Victoria and her advisers first, in King Edward and his counsellors later, to persuade the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to take this long and laborious journey. The ordeal was no light one, but they emerged from it triumphant.

One more ingredient Sir Donald Wallace finds in colonial patriotism; and he describes it, not altogether happily, certainly not in sufficiently comprehensive phrase, as 'the newborn sentiment of Imperialism, the rise and rapid development of which are among the most remarkable facts of recent history.' This ingredient is mentioned here for the moment only to show that it has not been forgotten. We shall consider it later at length. At this point, however, it must give place to some observations upon the manner in which the Duke and Duchess of York carried out the arduous and responsible task to which they pledged themselves originally at the request of Queen Victoria. The scheme had long been in the air. *Their Royal Highnesses* had received an invitation from

the Australasian colonies after their marriage in 1893; it was renewed by New Zealand after the Diamond Jubilee of 1897; Australian Federation offered an unmatched opportunity for accepting the invitation; and, after that, the extension of the tour to New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, to say nothing of a number of interesting places which lay on the way, was but a part of the natural order of things.

The Duke of Cornwall and York was as little known and understood when he left England in March of 1901 as it is possible for a prince of the blood to be. Men were aware that he had served with credit in the navy, that he was highly esteemed and beloved by those who had been his shipmates, that he had paid a state visit to Ireland, that he had gone through the form of taking many academical degrees, that he had laid a large number of foundation-stones, that he had sat through many ceremonial dinners—in a word, that he had performed satisfactorily the ceremonial duties of his position. Certainly none save his intimates were aware, or could be aware, that he possessed intellectual powers of no mean order, a large measure of statesmanlike insight, and a considerable capacity for thought on original and independent lines. Of the Duchess, as was inevitable, even less was known by the public at large.

The tour had hardly begun when, from Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo, Kandy, and Singapore, speeches were reported showing judgment, insight, and study. Then from Australia, where the business in hand was of real importance—it had been mainly a matter of formalities, entertainments, and spectacles before—from far New Zealand, from Natal, from South Africa and Canada, came reports of royal deliverances, concerned with matters of real weight, which excited general admiration. But 'peering littlenesses' were prepared with an explanation of this phenomenon. 'At the Duke's command,' they urged, 'are the services of Sir Arthur Bigge, the quiet and tactful private secretary of Queen Victoria, of Sir John Anderson, a brilliant and judicious civil servant, and of that sagacious man of long and varied experience, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace.' And it is as true that, for the most part, the Duke read his speeches from type-written documents, as it is certain that he

availed himself of the assistance of these excellent advisers. Every word was of moment; the occasions for speeches were such that promiscuous and ill-considered oratory would have been a grave error. But the colonial audiences which listened, and the men who followed the Duke in his wanderings, were none the less deeply impressed by the sincerity and the sympathy of his tone, no less than by the excellence of his elocution. It was clear that the inspiring thought, the dominating ideas were his, and that, through all the pomp of ceremonial, he was a keen observer with an eye to the future. Once or twice, notably during an unplanned visit at Auckland to a banquet of old veterans of the Maori wars and young soldiers freshly returned from South Africa, the Duke spoke earnestly and fluently, without preparation. Finally, when the tour had been brought to an end, and he, as Prince of Wales, addressed a brilliant gathering under the historic roof of the Guildhall, it was plain to all hearers that the speech was not read, but spoken, and that the thoughts and ideas were those of a speaker who had a mind of his own. Then, at last, it was realised that the heir-apparent had reflected earnestly upon the state of the national commerce and the national strength for military purposes, and that he had every intention of making his views known and his wishes felt. He bade the city and the nation to 'wake up'; and they were at least roused to recognition of his worth.

Speeches marked by sincerity and by real sympathy were the foundation of the Duke's popularity in every colony. Perhaps the most noteworthy occasion on which his tone went home to the hearts of men was at Maritzburg. Then Duke and Duchess alike were mourning the death of the Empress Frederick, of which they had heard but a few days before, and the Duke was addressing those who had suffered most cruelly during the war.

'In this cause you gave of your best; and here at the heart of the Colony the thought comes home with increased intensity how few amongst those whom I am addressing have not suffered and made sacrifices on account of the war. We offer our deepest sympathy with all, and especially with those who have sent their dear ones to the front, never to return. These sacrifices have not been in vain. Never in our history did the pulse of the Empire beat more in unison; a

blood which has been shed on the veldt has sealed for ever our unity, based upon a common loyalty and determination to share, each of us according to our strength, the common burden.' ('The Queen's Wish,' p. 316.)

This was a moving speech, an occasion to which the phrase, too often used carelessly, 'never-to-be-forgotten' was justly applicable; and it was a pity that the authorised if unofficial historian of the tour should have been away at Ladysmith inspecting that classic ground. But it was the first and almost the only time that Sir Donald Wallace, as he puts it gaily, played truant.

An unaffected manner, an unassuming dignity, and many of those little acts of kindness showing that consideration for the feelings and convenience of others, which is the true mark of that rare product a gentleman, endeared the Duke to all colonists. Also most of them, being themselves 'good men of their hands,' liked him all the better when they saw that his seat on a horse was sound, and when they learned on good authority that he was not merely a good shot but entitled to take a high place amongst the best shots of his country. In Australia there was little to shoot, but there was enough in Victoria to give the Duke a fair bag of quail, with only one miss in a day's shooting—a more than creditable record. In Canada there was duck-shooting of the very best, and His Royal Highness acquitted himself well. Again, in Canada his keen interest in a splendid struggle at lacrosse was much appreciated by the Canadian public. Does any man think these things too trivial for mention? The answer is that such actions tended to enhance the popularity of one who was already esteemed, and that the accumulation of little things tells.

Particularly welcome to Australians, New Zealanders, and Canadians, was the frank recognition in the Duke's speeches of the complete democracy which prevails in the Empire south of the Line, especially in New Zealand, and his perception that it went hand in hand with warm personal loyalty. At levées and receptions practically all sorts and conditions of men were admitted; rules as to costumes were much relaxed; and even a President of the United States could hardly beat the quaint little entry in statistics collected by direction of the Duke—

'Number of persons with whom His Royal Highness shook hands, *circa* 35,000.' They were certainly not shaken in vain.

Good as was the impression made by the Duke, it was not better than that left, especially in Australia and Canada, by the winning ways and the sympathetic manner of the Duchess. It was noticed by the Australian women that she possessed, even more completely than the Duke, the faculty of seeming to be interested; and warm-hearted mothers were won over immediately by the inquiries which she, a mother parted from her children for duty's sake, made after their sons and daughters. Is it presumptuous to add that the contrast between the amazingly libellous portraits of the Duchess which preceded her arrival upon Australian shores and her bright face and sunny smile when she came, enhanced her popularity not a little. Presumptuous or no, it is sober truth. Canada became her slave, at once and for ever, when, before the eyes of tens of thousands of people, she stepped forward at Ottawa to speak words of woman's sympathy to the blind trooper Mulloy, who had lost his sight at Witpoort. He came up to receive his medal with Lieut Holland, who had already been decorated with the Victoria Cross. 'Both receive an enthusiastic ovation from the crowd, and their Royal Highnesses talk with them for some time,' says Sir Donald Wallace, whose persistent use of the historic present is one of the few blots upon his style; but there was more in the scene than that. The statue of the Queen unveiled, the fine Parliament buildings in the background, the black figure of the Duchess bending towards the maimed man, the Duke standing by in the scarlet and busby of a Fusilier colonel, the bareheaded statesmen, Sir Wilfrid Laurier amongst them, and the vast masses of people in that 'magnificent square,' than which, in its way, there is nothing finer in the British Empire, made a memorable and a touching scene.

We may now return to the fourth ingredient of colonial patriotism—according to Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's analysis of that complex sentiment—which he describes as 'the newborn sentiment of Imperialism.' He reminds us, in a too brief passage, that only a few years ago the larger Colonies were not indisposed to detach th

selves gradually from the mother-country; and that the mother-country, regarding them as a burden rather than as a support, was almost ready to allow them to go their own way. The centrifugal forces have now yielded to the centripetal, and it may be safely said that there is no colony which so much as dreams of separation, although the material inducements indirectly offered to Eastern Canada by the United States are very considerable. Enlightened self-interest, 'shrewd calculation,' as Sir Donald Wallace says, is undoubtedly a potent cause of this change. The leading statesmen of the Colonies, of Australia and of New Zealand in particular, have been quick to recognise the danger to their interests involved in the growth of the colonising ambition of the great European Powers, especially Germany and France.

'They know very well that, under the domination of any of the continental Powers, the commercial and political freedom which they now enjoy would be lost for ever.'

Germany, by her action in New Guinea and in Samoa, and France, in relation to New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, have excited their alarm. In like manner the Roman Catholics of French Canada generally, and their spiritual leaders in particular, are sensibly aware that under neither of the great republics of the world, that of France or of the United States,* would their religion be treated on terms nearly so favourable as those which it now enjoys.

The conviction, then, that unity is strength, and that only under the Imperial flag can adequate protection for joint and several interests, in the face of expanding and aggressive European Powers, be obtained, is the first element in this 'newborn sentiment of Imperialism,' so

* In passing, we would enter a mild protest against Sir D. M. Wallace's use of the word 'American,' which he confines to citizens of the United States. He quotes, for instance, without disapproval, the following sentence from a guide-book, touching Niagara and its vicinity: 'Here Indians, French and British, Americans and Canadians, have contended for the supremacy of the Lake region.' He must surely have noticed during his travels that nearly all educated Canadians resent bitterly this wrong use of the word. They are Canadians, but they are none the less Americans; and they are by no means disposed to concede to citizens of the United States this monopoly of a territorial title which belongs rightfully to all inhabitants of the continent.

far as the Colonies are concerned. But there is also another element, arising from the harmonising effect which union exerts upon internal conditions. There is a firm conviction that freedom and good government, equal justice and religious liberty, opportunities for development given to the individual and to the community, are to be found in their full measure of completeness only under the Union flag. It is in this conviction, abiding and unalterable, that the main strength of the British Empire consists. Yet its existence is really one of the miracles of history; and the memories of men are so short that it cannot be amiss to explain why the loyalty of the Colonies, priceless as it is, is a thing which Great Britain had, until quite recent times, no logical right to expect.

That remarkable book, the 'Life of Sir William Molesworth,' causes the reader of this century to wonder, not that the colonies which are now the United States separated themselves from us, but that any considerable colony was content to retain the connexion. Molesworth and the little group of earnest men who were associated with him, Charles Buller, Lord Durham, Roebuck, and Lord Sydenham, were real empire-builders; and they nearly all of them died young. Buller was forty-two at his death; Lord Durham, the real saviour of Canada, was forty-eight, when he died practically broken-hearted; neither Molesworth nor Lord Sydenham attained the age of forty-six. But their work was done for ever. They perceived not merely the blindness and the futility of the old system of government by the Colonial Office, but also the glorious future of the Empire when its flag should float over peoples really free. Of the old system Buller said—and Molesworth quoted him in the House of Commons in 1849—

'It has all the faults of an essentially arbitrary government in the hands of men who have little personal interest in the welfare of those over whom they rule; who reside at a distance from them; who never have ocular experience of their condition; who are obliged to trust to second-hand and one-sided information, and who are exposed to the operation of all those sinister influences which prevail wherever publicity and freedom are not established. . . . Such power is exercised in the faulty manner in which arbitrary, secret, and irrespon-

sible power must be exercised over distant communities. It is exercised with great ignorance of the real condition and feelings of the people subjected to it; it is exercised with that presumption, and, at the same time, in that spirit of mere routine, which are the inherent vices of bureaucratic rule; it is exercised in a mischievous subordination to intrigues and cliques at home, and intrigues and cliques in the Colonies. And its results are a system of constant procrastination and vacillation, which occasion heart-breaking injustice to individuals, and continual disorder in the communities subjected to it. These are the results of the present system of colonial government, and must be the results of every system which subjects the internal affairs of a people to the will of a distant authority not responsible to anybody.'

This was an indictment grave indeed against that 'government by the misinformed, with responsibility to the ignorant,' which Sir William Molesworth condemned. But it was only too fully deserved, for those were days of strange blindness. They were days in which a Colonial Secretary (Lord Hobart) could say,*

'If you continually send thieves to one place, it must in time be supersaturated. Sydney now, I think, is completely saturated. We must let it rest and purify for a few years, till it begins to be in a condition again to receive.'

Well might Sir William Molesworth say of such an abuse of power:

'Now, I ask him' (Lord John Russell), 'how do we treat that precious inheritance? By transportation we stock it with convicts; we convert it into the moral dungheap of Great Britain; and we tell our colonists that thieves and felons are fit to be their associates.'

If New South Wales was thus ill-treated, Canada was even worse off in other ways. The story of Canadian troubles and how they were ended has become a commonplace of history, and has lately received full and interesting treatment in Mr Bernard Holland's thoughtful book, '*Imperium et Libertas*.' It is merely alluded to here to point the happy contrast between the present day and 'sixty years since,' between the beginning and the end

* Egerton's '*British Colonial Policy*,' p. 264.

of the late Queen's reign. For the change in Canada the credit has usually been attributed to Lord Durham; and Mr Richard Garnett has lately shown* that, notwithstanding a well-known epigram, the attribution is, in the main, correct. Had the old system continued, it can hardly be doubted that Canada and Australia would, in no long time, have followed the example of the United States. That they did not do so, that the Colonies are now bound to Great Britain in such a manner as to make the Duke of York's tour possible, is the work of Molesworth and a few others whose names have never yet received the honour they deserve. Surely it was something approaching to political inspiration which enabled Molesworth to see in the coming years 'a system of States clustered round the central hereditary monarchy of England,' and to prophesy that, if the Colonies were governed justly, 'they would gladly and willingly come to the aid of the mother-country in any just and necessary war.' The whole Manchester school was against Molesworth, but after he died in 1855 Mr Gladstone admitted publicly that he had been a great benefactor to his country 'by maintaining the true principles of colonial government at a time when the truth on this subject was exceedingly unpopular.' He, Durham, Sydenham, Roebuck, Hume, Buller, and Wakefield may be regarded as the founders of colonial freedom and of its direct fruit, colonial loyalty.

The change in the attitude and feelings of the Colonies is indeed remarkable, but after all it is not so remarkable as the general change of feeling in the mother-country, of which, indeed, it was not the cause but the consequence. The British attitude of mind towards the Colonies was based upon the engrained prejudices of centuries, upon theories which had the sanction of tradition, and upon the instincts of a governing race. That so momentous a change should have taken place during the last generation, in a time of peace and prosperity, when no great danger threatened the State, and without the support of any statesmen of the first rank save Mr Forster and Lord Rosebery, or any first-rate writer except Sir John Seeley, is indeed remarkable. It is true that an immense stimulus has been given by recent events, and by the

* 'English Historical Review,' April 1902, p. 208.

energy and decision of Mr Chamberlain. But before the late war began, and before Mr Chamberlain put himself at the head of the movement, the work was done, so far at least as the thoughtful part of the nation is concerned; and so great a change has rarely passed over the mind of a people in so short a time. Doubtless, there are still some unconverted, but at the present moment the danger seems to be rather that the enthusiasm of the converted may result in a clamour for premature measures, which may damage the cause they have at heart. What is wanted is not good-will, but thought and information.

It will be remembered that Sir John Anderson, a civil servant of brilliant attainments employed in the Colonial Office, attended the Duke of York all through the Imperial tour. That fact is an index of the new colonial policy. 'Government by the misinformed' is gone for ever, although 'responsibility to the ignorant' may continue to be more or less of a fact for some time to come.* Sir John Anderson, then, has passed through an experience, the value of which cannot be exaggerated, at a peculiarly fortunate time; for the question of the hour is what form Imperial unity is to take, if, indeed, it is to take any set form at all; and Sir John Anderson may be relied upon to have brought home a shrewd and sober comprehension of the various difficulties which stand in the way of the formal federation of the British Empire. On this point Sir Donald Wallace has some interesting and important observations to make; and it is for this reason that the concluding pages of a book which would deserve to live in any case, by reason of its brightness and completeness, are possessed of exceptional value. His general impressions are expressed as follows:—

'My experience during the tour convinced me, not only that the Colonies are thoroughly loyal to the throne—that has become a truism—but that they aspire to some kind of closer union with the mother-country and with each other; and that they are ready to make any sacrifices that may be necessary in defence of the great Empire of which they are proud to form a part. From these premises some of my

* The general ignorance would, however, be considerably reduced if telegraphic communications could be cheapened, and if the Australian newspapers, which are quite rich, would dissolve their unholy compact not to compete against one another in the provision of news.

English friends are inclined to draw the conclusion that a great conference should be called together at once for the purpose of drawing up a Federal constitution, and that within a very few years we might have a Federal Council sitting in London discussing Imperial affairs, and voting supplies for Imperial purposes. Such is not the opinion of the best colonial authorities whom I have had the opportunity of consulting. They consider that any attempt to mould the present vague aspirations into hard and fast legislative enactments would be premature. The good seed has been sown in fertile soil, but it must be allowed time to germinate and bear fruit in a natural way. Paper constitutions prepared hurriedly out of crude materials are generally of little practical value, and are not at all in accordance with our habitual modes of action. To an exchange of views there can be no objection, but a formal conference would probably bring into prominence many latent differences of opinion which need not at present be accentuated. Certainly it would not—unless I am strangely misinformed—result in the creation of a Federal Council and the voting of supplies for Imperial purposes. From many quarters I have received warnings that the Colonies would look with profound distrust on any proposal tending to restrict the large measure of independence which they at present enjoy, and that they would not at all like the idea of being brought under the authority of a body outside their own limits, even if they should have a voice in its deliberations' (p. 459).

In estimating the weight of these impressions of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace it is right to remember his long and honourable history, and his practical experience of statesmanship in far countries generally, and in this particular case to reflect that the expression, 'the best colonial authorities whom I have had the opportunity of consulting,' means a great deal. It includes all the leading statesmen, in office and in opposition, in Australia and in the separate states which go to make the Commonwealth, in New Zealand, in Canada, and in South Africa—where the question is certainly not yet ripe for solution. Moreover, these pages are the only part of the book in which Sir Donald Wallace really commits himself to a definite expression of opinion. The caution, almost the anxiety, of his tone, are therefore the more impressive. Yet it is by no means certain that, in this case, he has been as *cautious* as he might have been in formulating hi

premises. That the Colonies aspire to some kind of closer union with the mother-country is certain ; but that is not all. Sir Donald Wallace tells us that they aspire also to some kind of closer union 'with each other.' That is a very different proposition, and it is one of which it is somewhat difficult to perceive the supporting evidence. We can find no evidence in any of these books of the existence of such a desire ; and the policy pursued by New Zealand upon the question of federation, when Australasia alone was concerned, seems to point in the opposite direction. There is, however, abundant evidence of a desire to reach some kind of agreement by which the merchants and manufacturers of the mother-country and of the Colonies should play into one another's hands, so to speak, to the exclusion of foreigners, and to their mutual benefit. This is one of the points on which the foremost men of the Empire have been summoned to confer, not too formally be it hoped, upon the occasion offered by the great gathering of the representatives of constituent parts of the Empire for the coronation of King Edward VII.

In Canada, between which and Australia and New Zealand there is plenty of healthy jealousy, taking the form of ambition to serve the mother-country best, the objection to a strong and central Executive Council is at least as strong as it is anywhere else. In this connexion Sir Donald Wallace quotes the words of a member of the present Canadian Government. He does not name him ; but he saw far more of Sir Wilfrid Laurier than of any other Canadian politician, and carried away a deep admiration for his qualities.

'During the whole of the long journey' (he says) 'westwards and eastwards my state-room adjoined his car, and I had the privilege of spending much time with him, both usefully and agreeably. His intimate knowledge of the country, and his broad, statesmanlike views, not to speak of his wide culture, thoughtful kindness, and personal charm, made him the most delightful of travelling companions' (p. 423).

It may therefore have been Sir Wilfrid Laurier who said,

'Do not be in a hurry ; the question is not yet ripe. Above all, do not imagine that Canada could be induced to furnish an annual fixed subsidy for Imperial purposes. We prefer to strengthen the Empire in other ways. Take, for example, the

Canadian Pacific Railway, by which we have created, at our own expense, a continuous line of communications between the Atlantic and Pacific ports; or think of the improvements we have made by telegraphs and ocean liners in the communications between England and the Far East. Such things, which directly benefit the Dominion, are indirectly a valuable contribution to the cause of Imperial unity. . . . Believe me, the best way of strengthening the Empire is not to rush into premature centralisation, but to strengthen the constituent parts, and to develop trade relations between them' (p. 461).

As to the wisdom underlying this utterance there can be no doubt, although it is necessary to point out that one passage in it might leave a false impression that the Canadian Pacific Railway was built directly by the Canadian Government. This, of course, was not the case; and there are not wanting those who urge that, vast as are the benefits which the construction of the C.P.R. (as it is familiarly called) has conferred upon Canada, the price paid in concessions of land to the corporation, which ran the risk and built the line, was too large. But that view is clearly wanting in precision of thought. The price paid by the Government took the form of land which was almost without value until the railway made it accessible. All increase in the value of that land can be set down justly as gain for the state, as well as for the corporation; and there surely cannot be many, if any, instances in which a corporation has grown rich so rapidly, not only without injury to the state or to individuals, but to the advantage of the whole community. The labourer was indeed worthy of his hire, for he, and he alone, has made the unity of Canada a real and accomplished fact. Better communications by steamship, by rail, and by telegraph—these, and not formal federation, are the real needs for the unity of the Empire.

Sir Donald Wallace speaks of the futility of 'paper constitutions prepared hurriedly out of crude materials.' The metaphor would have been more apt and complete, perhaps, if he had mentioned cast-iron constitutions, which, once broken, could never be repaired. Some day, perhaps, the Empire may have a Federal constitution of wrought steel; but that must come of itself; it must be forged by the hand of destiny, perhaps after its *constituent parts* have been heated in the furnace of adversity.

To pour the half-molten metal into the mould now, or to attempt to pour it, would be to invite calamity. If, to continue the figure, it did not explode at once in the pouring, it would be but a poor and brittle product afterwards. What said Sir John MacDonald, a typical Canadian statesman? *

'I am, of course, in favour of any feasible scheme that will bring about a closer union between the various portions of the Empire, but I have not yet seen any plan worked out by which this can be done. The proposal that there should be a Parliamentary federation of the Empire I regard as impracticable. I greatly doubt whether England would agree that the Parliament, which has sat during so many centuries at Westminster, should be made subsidiary to a Federal Legislature. But however this may be, I am sure that Canada would never consent to be taxed by a central body sitting at London, in which she would have practically no voice; for her proportionate number of members in such an assembly would amount to little more than an honorary representation. That form of Imperial Federation is an idle dream. So also, in my judgment, is the proposal to establish a uniform tariff throughout the Empire. No colony would ever surrender its right to control its fiscal policy.'

At present, it may be observed in passing, the tendency is rather for the Colonies to desire to control the fiscal policy of the mother-country than for any central authority to dream of controlling the fiscal policy of individual colonies. There is also sound reason in Sir Donald Wallace's warning words (p. 466):

'I wish to warn our Federationists at home that, in the preparation of any definite schemes, it might be well to respect, in a greater measure than they usually do, the individuality of the various units of which our sporadic, heterogeneous Empire is composed.'

The fault of 'our Federationists at home' probably consists in a lack of knowledge of the peculiarities of the various parts of the Empire and their peoples; and from it follows the failure to respect them. Nor is this ignorance, with its necessary consequences, peculiar to federa-

* 'Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir John MacDonald, G.C.B.,' by Joseph Pope, vol. II, p. 215.

tionists at home ; for both are visible in Australia itself, brief as the history of federation has been. These fiscal questions are distinctly burning ; and, although there is room for confidence that they will be settled eventually, there is one other question, divided into two parts, which cannot be regarded without apprehension. It is the question involved in the cry for a White Australia. Sir Donald Wallace treats this matter with a discretion, shown mainly in omissions, which is doubtless deliberate. He expresses the view, unquestionably correct, that the object of the Labour party, which is very strong, is not to develop the resources of Australia, but to keep Australia as a comfortable preserve for themselves and for their children after them. It is not exactly a noble aim, but it is an intelligible one. It accounts for a set determination to keep out 'cheap Chinese labour,' and Japanese labour also. This last resolve, by the way, may not be entirely convenient to an Empire which has recently contracted a solemn alliance with Japan.

But this is far, very far indeed, from being the whole question. It is outside Queensland that the cry for a White Australia has its main strength ; it is inside Queensland that, if the cry is to be effectual in the end, the price must be paid. Three industries, the pastoral, the mining, and the sugar-growing, give Queensland more than eleven millions a year to expend in purchasing what it requires in foreign markets. If the Kanaka labour goes, the sugar industry, and the money invested in it, must of necessity perish also. White men simply cannot work and 'trash' the cane in tropical Queensland ; and a visit to Queensland usually suffices to modify the views of the most ardent abolitionist. Such a visit is said, indeed, to have influenced the views of Mr Barton himself ; and it is noteworthy that, although he brought in the Pacific Islanders' Bill, his arguments in its support dealt not so much with the merits of the measure as with the votes which had been given in its favour during the Federal elections. But we must not permit ourselves to discuss the subject ; it has been introduced here simply to show how necessary it is for federationists, even in a single continent, 'to respect the individuality of the various units.' Travel, and the knowledge accumulated by travel, are the only medicines which can enable statesmen to avoid

the dangers arising from lack of necessary knowledge. But one deduction may safely be made. If one part of Australia be as foreign as Queensland is to the rest, how much greater would be the risks and difficulties of federation upon a grander and even a world-wide scale?

'Festina lente' is the parting caution of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace; and it is needed. The recurrence of the word 'premature' in his observations points to a vague belief that formal federation will come to pass at some future date; yet with that belief goes hand in hand a prudent apprehension of the dangers of every definite scheme which has, so far, been devised by the ingenuity of man. It was said by one of old time, 'There can be no truth without definition'; but he was a theologian, and there are differences of opinion about even this dogma. On the other hand, the manner in which the Colonies rallied to the aid of the mother-country in her need, even in the face of crass discouragement, proves that there can be true sentiment, real loyalty, and heartfelt affection, without any definition whatever. Surely the lesson to be learned is that, to use the words of a South Australian to Sir Donald Wallace (p. 463),

'the evolution of the Empire may safely be left to time and the developing genius of the British race.'

The South Australian, be it observed, did not say 'the evolution of federation,' but 'the evolution of the Empire'; and he was wise. In a word, conferences for the exchange of opinions upon commercial or other points may do a world of good, but there is little reason for believing that a Federal Council in the future would be fraught with less danger than a Federal Council to-day; and of the latter all thoughtful men are afraid. The real bonds of Imperial unity are as close now as they could be under any formal scheme of federation; and the evolution of the Empire may very safely be left to the forces happily described by the unknown sage of South Australia. Let us beware lest that which some would fain mould into ordered shape be shattered in the moulding.

Art. II.—CHARLES DICKENS.

It is only when such names as Shakespeare's or Hugo's rise and remain as the supreme witnesses of what was highest in any particular country at any particular time that there can be no question among any but irrational and impudent men as to the supremacy of their greatest. England, under the reign of Dickens, had other great names to boast of which may well be allowed to challenge the sovereignty of his genius. But as there certainly was no Shakespeare and no Hugo to rival and eclipse his glory, he will probably and naturally always be accepted and acclaimed as the greatest Englishman of his generation. His first works or attempts at work gave little more promise of such a future than if he had been a Coleridge or a Shelley. No one could have foreseen what all may now foresee in the 'Sketches by Boz'—not only a quick and keen-eyed observer, 'a chiel amang us takin' notes' more notable than Captain Grose's, but a great creative genius. Nor could any one have foreseen it in the early chapters of 'Pickwick'—which, at their best, do better the sort of thing which had been done fairly well before. Sam Weller and Charles Dickens came to life together, immortal and twin-born. In 'Oliver Twist' the quality of a great tragic and comic poet or dramatist in prose fiction was for the first time combined with the already famous qualities of a great humorist and a born master in the arts of narrative and dialogue.

Like the early works of all other great writers whose critical contemporaries have failed to elude the kindly chance of beneficent oblivion, the early works of Dickens have been made use of to depreciate his later, with the same enlightened and impartial candour which on the appearance of 'Othello' must doubtless have deplored the steady though gradual decline of its author's genius from the unfulfilled promise of excellence held forth by 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' There may possibly be some faint and flickering shadow of excuse for the dullards, if unmalignant, who prefer 'Nicholas Nickleby' to the riper and sounder fruits of the same splendid and inexhaustible *genius*. Admirable as it is, full of life and sap and savour,

the strength and the weakness of youth are so singularly mingled in the story and the style that readers who knew nothing of its date might naturally have assumed that it must have been the writer's first attempt at fiction. There is perhaps no question which would more thoroughly test the scholarship of the student than this:—What do you know of Jane Dibabs and Horatio Peltiogrus? At fourscore and ten it might be thought 'too late a week' for a reader to revel with insuppressible delight in a first reading of the chapters which enrol all worthy readers in the company of Mr Vincent Crummles; but I can bear witness to the fact that this effect was produced on a reader of that age who had earned honour and respect in public life, affection and veneration in private. It is not, on the other hand, less curious and significant that Sydney Smith, who had held out against Sam Weller, should have been conquered by Miss Squeers; that her letter, which of all Dickens's really good things is perhaps the most obviously imitative and suggestive of its model, should have converted so great an elder humorist to appreciation of a greater than himself; that the echo of familiar fun, an echo from the grave of Smollett, should have done what finer and more original strokes of comic genius had unaccountably failed to do. But in all criticism of such work the merely personal element of the critic, the natural atmosphere in which his mind or his insight works, and uses its faculties of appreciation, is really the first and last thing to be taken into account.

No mortal man or woman, no human boy or girl, can resist the fascination of Mr and Mrs Quilp, of Mr and Miss Brass, of Mr Swiveller and his Marchioness; but even the charm of Mrs Jarley and her surroundings, the magic which enthrals us in the presence of a Codlin and a Short, cannot mesmerise or hypnotise us into belief that the story of 'The Old Curiosity Shop' is in any way a good story. But it is the first book in which the background or setting is often as impressive as the figures which can hardly be detached from it in our remembered impression of the whole design. From Quilp's Wharf to Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, the river belongs to Dickens by right of conquest or creation. The part it plays in more than a few of his books is indivisible from the parts in them by human actors beside it or upon it. Of

such actors in this book, the most famous as an example of her creator's power as a master of pathetic tragedy would thoroughly deserve her fame if she were but a thought more human and more credible. 'The child' has never a touch of childhood about her; she is an impeccable and invariable portent of devotion, without a moment's lapse into the humanity of frailty in temper or in conduct. Dickens might as well have fitted her with a pair of wings at once. A woman might possibly be as patient, as resourceful, as indefatigable in well-doing and as faultless in perception of the right thing to do; it would be difficult to make her deeply interesting, but she might be made more or less of an actual creature. But a child whom nothing can ever irritate, whom nothing can ever baffle, whom nothing can ever misguide, whom nothing can ever delude, and whom nothing can ever dismay, is a monster as inhuman as a baby with two heads.

Outside the class which excludes all but the highest masterpieces of poetry it is difficult to find or to imagine a faultless work of creation—in other words, a faultless work of fiction; but the story of 'Barnaby Rudge' can hardly, in common justice, be said to fall short of this crowning praise. And in this book, even if not in any of its precursors, an appreciative reader must recognise a quality of humour which will remind him of Shakespeare, and perhaps of Aristophanes. The impetuous and irrepressible volubility of Miss Miggs, when once her eloquence breaks loose and finds vent like raging water or fire, is powerful enough to overbear for the moment any slight objection which a severe morality might suggest with respect to the rectitude and propriety of her conduct. It is impossible to be rigid in our judgment of

'a toiling, moiling, constant-working, always-being-found-fault-with, never-giving-satisfactions, nor-having-no-time-to-clean-oneseelf, potter's wessel,' whose 'only becoming occupations is to help young flaunting pagins to brush and comb and titiwate theirselves into whitening and suppulchres, and leave the young men to think that there an't a bit of padding in it nor no pinching-ins nor fillings-out nor pomatums nor deceits nor earthly wanities.'

To have made malignity as delightful for an instant as simplicity, and Miss Miggs as enchanting as Mrs Quickly

or Mrs Gamp, is an unsurpassable triumph of dramatic humour.

But the advance in tragic power is even more notable and memorable than this. The pathos, indeed, is too cruel; the tortures of the idiot's mother and the murderer's wife are so fearful that interest and sympathy are wellnigh superseded or overbalanced by a sense of horror rather than of pity; magnificent as is the power of dramatic invention which animates every scene in every stage of her martyrdom. Dennis is the first of those consummate and wonderful ruffians, with two vile faces under one frowsy hood, whose captain or commander-in-chief is Rogue Riderhood; more fearful by far, though not (one would hope) more natural, than Henriet Cousin, who could hardly breathe when fastening the rope round Esmeralda's neck, 'tant la chose l'apitoyait'; a divine touch of surviving humanity which would have been impossible to the more horrible hangman whose mortal agony in immediate prospect of the imminent gallows is as terribly memorable as anything in the tragedy of fiction or the poetry of prose. His fellow hangbird is a figure no less admirable throughout all his stormy and fiery career till the last moment; and then he drops into poetry. Nor is it poetry above the reach of Silas Wegg which 'invokes the curse of all its victims on that black tree, of which he is the ripened fruit.' The writer's impulse was noble; but its expression or its effusion is such as indifference may deride and sympathy must deplore. Twice only did the greatest English writer of his day make use of history as a background or a stage for fiction; the use made of it in 'Barnaby Rudge' is even more admirable in the lifelike tragedy and the terrible comedy of its presentation than the use made of it in 'A Tale of Two Cities.'

Dickens was doubtless right in his preference of 'David Copperfield' to all his other masterpieces; it is only among dunces that it is held improbable or impossible for a great writer to judge aright of his own work at its best, to select and to prefer the finest and the fullest example of his active genius; but, when all deductions have been made from the acknowledgment due to the counter-claim of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' the fact remains that in that unequal and irregular masterpiece his comic and his tragic

genius rose now and then to the very highest pitch of all. No son of Adam and no daughter of Eve on this God's earth, as his occasional friend Mr Carlyle might have expressed it, could have imagined it possible—humanly possible—for anything in later comedy to rival the unspeakable perfection of Mrs Quickly's eloquence at its best; at such moments as when her claim to be acknowledged as Lady Falstaff was reinforced, if not by the spiritual authority of Master Dumb, by the correlative evidence of Mrs Keech; but no reader above the level of intelligence which prefers to Shakespeare the Parisian Ibsen and the Norwegian Sardou can dispute the fact that Mrs Gamp has once and again risen even to that unimaginable supremacy of triumph.

At the first interview vouchsafed to us with the adorable Sairey, we feel that no words can express our sense of the divinely altruistic and devoted nature which finds utterance in the sweetly and sublimely simple words—'If I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it: sich is the love I bear 'em.' We think of little Tommy Harris, and the little red worsted shoe gurgling in his throat; of the previous occasion when his father sought shelter and silence in an empty dog-kennel; of that father's immortally infamous reflection on the advent of his ninth; of religious feelings, of life, and the end of all things; of Mr Gamp, his wooden leg, and their precious boy; of her calculations and her experiences with reference to birth and death; of her views as to the expediency of travel by steam, which anticipated Ruskin's and those of later dissenters from the gospel of hurry and the religion of mechanism; of the contents of Mrs Harris's pocket; of the incredible incredulity of the infidel Mrs Prig; we think of all this, and of more than all this, and acknowledge with infinite thanksgiving of inexhaustible laughter and of rapturous admiration the very greatest comic poet or creator that ever lived to make the life of other men more bright and more glad and more perfect than ever, without his beneficent influence, it possibly or imaginably could have been.

The advance in power of tragic invention, the increased strength in grasp of character and grip of situation distinguishes Chuzzlewit from *Nickleby*, may be comparison of the leading villains. Ralph Niel

almost have walked straight off the boards on which the dramatic genius of his nephew was employed to bring into action two tubs and a pump: Jonas Chuzzlewit has his place of eminence for ever among the most memorable types of living and breathing wickedness that ever were stamped and branded with immortality by the indignant genius of a great and unrelenting master. Neither Vautrin nor Thénardier has more of evil and of deathless life in him.

It is not only by his masterpieces, it is also by his inferior works or even by his comparative failures that the greatness of a great writer may be reasonably judged and tested. We can measure in some degree the genius of Thackeray by the fact that 'Pendennis,' with all its marvellous wealth of character and humour and living truth, has never been and never will be rated among his very greatest works. 'Dombey and Son' cannot be held nearly so much of a success as 'Pendennis.' I have known a man of the very highest genius and the most fervent enthusiasm for that of Dickens who never could get through it. There is nothing of a story, and all that nothing (to borrow a phrase from Martial) is bad. The Roman starveling had nothing to lose, and lost it all: the story of Dombey has no plot, and that a very stupid one. The struttingly offensive father and his gushingly submissive daughter are failures of the first magnitude. Little Paul is a more credible child than little Nell; he sometimes forgets that he is foredoomed by a more than Pauline or Calvinistic law of predestination to die in the odour of sentiment, and says or thinks or does something really and quaintly childlike. But we get, to say the least, a good deal of him; and how much too little do we get of Jack Bunby! Not so very much more than of old Bill Barley; and yet those two ancient mariners are berthed for ever in the inmost shrine of our affections. Another patch of the very brightest purple sewn into the sometimes rather threadbare stuff or groundwork of the story is the scene in which the dissolution of a ruined household is so tragically set before us in the breaking up of the servants' hall. And when we think upon the cherished names of Toots and Nipper, Gills and Cuttle, Rob the Grinder and good Mrs Brown, we are tempted to throw conscience to the winds, and affirm that the book is a good book.

But even if we admit that here was an interlude of comparative failure, we cannot but feel moved to acclaim with all the more ardent gratitude the appearance of the next and perhaps the greatest gift bestowed on us by this magnificent and immortal benefactor. 'David Copperfield,' from the first chapter to the last, is unmistakable by any eye above the level and beyond the insight of a beetle's as one of the masterpieces to which time can only add a new charm and an unimaginable value. The narrative is as coherent and harmonious as that of 'Tom Jones'; and to say this is to try it by the very highest and apparently the most unattainable standard. But I must venture to reaffirm my conviction that even the glorious masterpiece of Fielding's radiant and beneficent genius, if in some points superior, is by no means superior in all. Tom is a far completer and more living type of gallant boyhood and generous young manhood than David; but even the lustre of Partridge is pallid and lunar beside the noontide glory of Micawber. Blifil is a more poisonously plausible villain than Uriah: Sophia Western remains unequalled except by her sister heroine Amelia as a perfectly credible and adorable type of young English womanhood, naturally 'like one of Shakespeare's women,' socially as fine and true a lady as Congreve's Millamant or Angelica. But even so large-minded and liberal a genius as Fielding's could never have conceived any figure like Miss Trotwood's, any group like that of the Peggottys. As easily could it have imagined and realised the magnificent setting of the story, with its homely foreground of street or wayside and its background of tragic sea.

The perfect excellence of this masterpiece has perhaps done some undeserved injury to the less impeccable works of genius which immediately succeeded it. But in 'Bleak House' the daring experiment of combination or alternation which divides a story between narrative in the third person and narrative in the first is justified and vindicated by its singular and fascinating success. 'Esther's narrative' is as good as her creator's; and no enthusiasm of praise could overrate the excellence of them both. For wealth and variety of character none of the master's works can be said to surpass and few can be said to equal *it*. When all necessary allowance has been made for

occasional unlikeliness in detail or questionable methods of exposition, the sustained interest and the terrible pathos of Lady Dedlock's tragedy will remain unaffected and unimpaired. Any reader can object that a lady visiting a slum in the disguise of a servant would not have kept jewelled rings on her fingers for the inspection of a crossing-sweeper, or that a less decorous and plausible way of acquainting her with the fact that a scandalous episode in her early life was no longer a secret for the family lawyer could hardly have been imagined than the public narrative of her story in her own drawing-room by way of an evening's entertainment for her husband and their guests. To these objections, which any Helot of culture whose brain may have been affected by habitual indulgence in the academic delirium of self-complacent superiority may advance or may suggest with the most exquisite infinity of impertinence, it may be impossible to retort an equally obvious and inconsiderable objection.

But to a far more serious charge, which even now appears to survive the confutation of all serious evidence, it is incomprehensible and inexplicable that Dickens should have returned no better an answer than he did. Harold Skimpole was said to be Leigh Hunt; a rascal after the order of Wainewright, without the poisoner's comparatively and diabolically admirable audacity of frank and fiendish self-esteem, was assumed to be meant for a portrait or a caricature of an honest man and a man of unquestionable genius. To this most serious and most disgraceful charge Dickens merely replied that he never anticipated the identification of the rascal Skimpole with the fascinating Harold—the attribution of imaginary villainy to the original model who suggested or supplied a likeness for the externally amiable and ineffectually accomplished loungeur and shuffler through life. The simple and final reply should have been that indolence was the essential quality of the character and conduct and philosophy of Skimpole—'a perfectly idle man: a mere amateur,' as he describes himself to the sympathetic and approving Sir Leicester; that Leigh Hunt was one of the hardest and steadiest workers on record, throughout a long and chequered life, at the toilsome trade of letters; and therefore that to represent him as a heartless and shameless idler would have been about as rational an

enterprise, as lifelike a design after the life, as it would have been to represent Shelley as a gluttonous and canting hypocrite or Byron as a loyal and unselfish friend. And no one as yet, I believe, has pretended to recognise in Mr Jarndyce a study from Byron, in Mr Chadband a libel on Shelley.

Of the two shorter novels which would suffice to preserve for ever the fame of Dickens, some readers will as probably always prefer 'Hard Times' as others will prefer 'A Tale of Two Cities.' The later of these is doubtless the most ingeniously and dramatically invented and constructed of all the master's works; the earlier seems to me the greater in moral and pathetic and humorous effect. The martyr workman, beautiful as is the study of his character and terrible as is the record of his tragedy, is almost too spotless a sufferer and a saint; the lifelong lapidation of this unluckier Stephen is somewhat too consistent and insistent and persistent for any record but that of a martyrology; but the obdurate and histrionic affectation which animates the brutality and stimulates the selfishness of Mr Bounderby is only too lamentably truer and nearer to the unlovely side of life. Mr Ruskin—a name never to be mentioned without reverence—thought otherwise; but in knowledge and insight into character and ethics that nobly minded man of genius was no more comparable to Dickens than in sanity of ardour and rationality of aspiration for progressive and practical reform.

As a social satirist Dickens is usually considered to have shown himself at his weakest; the curious and seemingly incorrigible ignorance which imagined that the proper title of Sir John Smith's wife was Lady John Smith, and that the same noble peer could be known to his friends and parasites alternately as Lord Jones and Lord James Jones, may naturally make us regret the absence from their society of our old Parisian friend Sir Brown, Esquire; but though such singular designations as these were never rectified or removed from the text of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and though a Lady Kew was as far outside the range of his genius as a Madame Marneffe, his satire of social pretension and pretence was *by no means* always 'a swordstroke in the water' or a *flourish in the air*. Mrs Sparsit is as typical and immortal

as any figure of Molière's; and the fact that Mr Sparsit was a Powler is one which can never be forgotten.

There is no surer way of testing the greatness of a really great writer than by consideration of his work at its weakest, and comparison of that comparative weakness with the strength of lesser men at their strongest and their best. The romantic and fanciful comedy of 'Love's Labour's Lost' is hardly a perceptible jewel in the sovereign crown of Shakespeare; but a single passage in a single scene of it—the last of the fourth act—is more than sufficient to outweigh, to outshine, to eclipse and efface for ever the dramatic lucubrations or prescriptions of Dr Ibsen—Fracastoro of the drama—and his volubly grateful patients. Among the mature works of Dickens and of Thackeray, I suppose most readers would agree in the opinion that the least satisfactory, if considered as representative of the author's incomparable powers, are 'Little Dorrit' and 'The Virginians'; yet no one above the intellectual level of an Ibsenite or a Zolaist will doubt or will deny that there is enough merit in either of these books for the stable foundation of an enduring fame.

The conception of 'Little Dorrit' was far happier and more promising than that of 'Dombey and Son'; which indeed is not much to say for it. Mr Dombey is a doll; Mr Dorrit is an everlasting figure of comedy in its most tragic aspect and tragedy in its most comic phase. Little Dorrit herself might be less untruly than unkindly described as Little Nell grown big, or, in Milton's phrase, 'writ large.' But on that very account she is a more credible and therefore a more really and rationally pathetic figure. The incomparable incoherence of the parts which pretend in vain to compose the incomposite story may be gauged by the collapse of some of them and the vehement hurry of cramped and halting invention which huddles up the close of it without an attempt at the rational and natural evolution of others. It is like a child's dissected map with some of the counties or kingdoms missing. Much, though certainly not all, of the humour is of the poorest kind possible to Dickens; and the reiterated repetition of comic catchwords and tragic illustrations of character is such as to affect the nerves no less than the intelligence of the reader with irrepressible irritation. But this, if he be wise, will be got over and

kept under by his sense of admiration and of gratitude for the unsurpassable excellence of the finest passages and chapters. The day after the death of Mr Merdle is one of the most memorable dates in all the record of creative history—or, to use one word in place of two, in all the record of fiction. The fusion of humour and horror in the marvellous chapter which describes it is comparable only with the kindred work of such creators as the authors of 'Les Misérables' and 'King Lear.' And nothing in the work of Balzac is newer and truer and more terrible than the relentless yet not unmerciful evolution of the central figure in the story. The Father of the Marshalsea is so pitifully worthy of pity as well as of scorn that it would have seemed impossible to heighten or to deepen the contempt or the compassion of the reader; but when he falls from adversity to prosperity he succeeds in soaring down and sinking up to a more tragicomic ignominy of more aspiring degradation. And his end is magnificent.

It must always be interesting as well as curious to observe the natural attitude of mind, the inborn instinct of intelligent antipathy or sympathy, discernible or conjecturable in the greatest writer of any nation at any particular date, with regard to the characteristic merits or demerits of foreigners. Dickens was once most unjustly taxed with injustice to the French, by an evidently loyal and cordial French critic, on the ground that the one Frenchman of any mark in all his books was a murderer. The polypseudonymous ruffian who uses and wears out as many stolen names as ever did even the most cowardly and virulent of literary poisoners is doubtless an unlovely figure: but not even Mr Peggotty and his infant niece are painted with more tender and fervent sympathy than the good Corporal and little Bebelles. Hugo could not—even omnipotence has its limits—have given a more perfect and living picture of a hero and a child. I wish I could think he would have given it as the picture of an English hero and an English child. But I do think that Italian readers of 'Little Dorrit' ought to appreciate and to enjoy the delightful and admirable personality of Cavalletto. Mr Baptist in Bleeding Heart Yard is as attractively memorable a figure as his excellent friend Signor Panco.

And how much more might be said—would the gods annihilate but time and space for a worthier purpose than that of making two lovers happy—of the splendid successes to be noted in the least successful book or books of this great and inexhaustible writer! And if the figure or development of the story in 'Little Dorrit,' the shapeliness in parts or the proportions of the whole, may seem to have suffered from tight-lacing in this part and from padding in that, the harmony and unity of the masterpiece which followed it made ample and magnificent amends. In 'A Tale of Two Cities' Dickens, for the second and last time, did history the honour to enrol it in the service of fiction. This faultless work of tragic and creative art has nothing of the rich and various exuberance which makes of 'Barnaby Rudge' so marvellous an example of youthful genius in all the glowing growth of its bright and fiery April; but it has the classic and poetic symmetry of perfect execution and of perfect design. One or two of the figures in the story which immediately preceded it are unusually liable to the usually fatuous objection which dullness has not yet grown decently ashamed of bringing against the characters of Dickens: to the charge of exaggeration and unreality in the posture or the mechanism of puppets and of daubs, which found its final and supremely offensive expression in the chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudosophical a quack as George Henry Lewes. Not even such a past-master in the noble science of defamation could plausibly have dared to cite in support of his insolent and idiotic impeachment either the leading or the supplementary characters in 'A Tale of Two Cities.' The pathetic and heroic figure of Sydney Carton seems rather to have cast into the shade of comparative neglect the no less living and admirable figures among and over which it stands and towers in our memory. Miss Pross and Mr Lorry, Madame Defarge and her husband, are equally and indisputably to be recognised by the sign of eternal life.

Among the highest landmarks of success ever reared for immortality by the triumphant genius of Dickens, the story of 'Great Expectations' must for ever stand eminent beside that of 'David Copperfield.' These are his great twin masterpieces. Great as they are, there is nothing in

them greater than the very best things in some of his other books: there is certainly no person preferable and there is possibly no person comparable to Samuel Weller or to Sarah Gamp. Of the two childish and boyish autobiographers, David is the better little fellow though not the more lifelike little friend; but of all first chapters is there any comparable for impression and for fusion of humour and terror and pity and fancy and truth to that which confronts the child with the convict on the marshes in the twilight? And the story is incomparably the finer story of the two; there can be none superior, if there be any equal to it, in the whole range of English fiction. And except in 'Vanity Fair' and 'The Newcomes,' if even they may claim exception, there can surely be found no equal or nearly equal number of living and everliving figures. The tragedy and the comedy, the realism and the dreamery of life, are fused or mingled together with little less than Shakesperean strength and skill of hand. To have created Abel Magwitch is to be a god indeed among the creators of deathless men. Pumblechook is actually better and droller and truer to imaginative life than Pecksniff: Joe Gargery is worthy to have been praised and loved at once by Fielding and by Sterne: Mr Jaggers and his clients, Mr Wemmick and his parent and his bride, are such figures as Shakespeare, when dropping out of poetry, might have created, if his lot had been cast in a later century. Can as much be said for the creatures of any other man or god? The ghastly tragedy of Miss Havisham could only have been made at once credible and endurable by Dickens; he alone could have reconciled the strange and sordid horror with the noble and pathetic survival of possible emotion and repentance. And he alone could have eluded condemnation for so gross an oversight as the escape from retribution of so important a criminal as the 'double murderer and monster' whose baffled or inadequate attempts are enough to make Bill Sikes seem comparatively the gentlest and Jonas Chuzzlewit the most amiable of men. I remember no such flaw in any other story I ever read. But in *this* story it may well have been allowed to pass unrebuked and unobserved; which yet I think it should not.

Among all the minor and momentary figures which *flash into eternity* across the stage of Dickens, there is

one to which I have never yet seen the tribute of grateful homage adequately or even decently paid. The sonorous claims of old Bill Barley on the reader's affectionate and respectful interest have not remained without response; but the landlord's Jack has never yet, as far as I am aware, been fully recognised as great among the greatest of the gods of comic fiction. We are introduced to this lifelong friend in a waterside public-house as a 'grizzled male creature, the "Jack" of the little causeway, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low water-mark too.' It is but for a moment that we meet him: but eternity is in that moment.

'While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was sitting in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited, while we were eating our eggs and bacon, as interesting relics that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a four-oared galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down-then, and yet she "took up two," when she left there.

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."

"A four-oared galley, did you say?" said I.

"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."

"Did they come ashore here?"

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar for some beer. I'd ha' been glad to pison the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it."

"Why?"

"I know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.

"He thinks," said the landlord, a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack, "he thinks they was, what they wasn't."

"I knows what I thinks," observed the Jack.

"You thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.

"I do," said the Jack.

"Then you're wrong, Jack."

"AM I!"

In the infinite meaning of his reply and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few stones out of it on the kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this with the air

of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do anything.

"Why, what do you make out that they done with their buttons then, Jack?" said the landlord, vacillating weakly.

"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Chucked 'em overboard. Swallowed 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

"Don't be cheeky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.

"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his Buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious word with the greatest contempt, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging and hovering, up with one tide and down with another, and both with and against another, without there being Custum 'Us at the bottom of it." Saying which, he went out in disdain.

To join Francis the drawer and Cob the water-bearer in an ever-blessed immortality.

This was the author's last great work: the defects in it are as nearly imperceptible as spots on the sun or shadows on a sunlit sea. His last long story, 'Our Mutual Friend,' superior as it is in harmony and animation to 'Little Dorrit' or 'Dombey and Son,' belongs to the same class of piebald or rather skewbald fiction. As in the first great prose work of the one greater and far greater genius then working in the world the cathedral of Notre Dame is the one prevailing and dominating presence, the supreme and silent witness of life and action and passion and death, so in this last of its writer's completed novels the real protagonist—for the part it plays is rather active than passive—is the river. Of a play attributed on the obviously worthless authority of all who knew or who could have known anything about the matter to William Shakespeare, but now ascribed on the joint authority of Bedlam and Hanwell to the joint authorship of Francis Bacon and John Fletcher, assisted by the fraternal collaboration of their fellow-poets Sir Walter Raleigh and King James I, it was very unjustly said by Dr Johnson that 'the genius of the author comes in and goes out with Queen Katherine.' Of this book it might more justly be said that the genius of the author ebbs and flows with the disappearance and the reappearance of the Thames.

That unfragrant and insanitary waif of its rottenest

refuse, the incomparable Rogue Riderhood, must always hold a chosen place among the choicest villains of our selectest acquaintance. When the genius of his immortal creator said 'Let there be Riderhood,' and there was Riderhood, a figure of coequal immortality rose reeking and skulking into sight. The deliciously amphibious nature of the venomous human reptile is so wonderfully preserved in his transference from Southwark Bridge to Plashwater Weir Mill Lockhouse that we feel it impossible for imagination to detach the water-snake from the water, the water-rat from the mud. There is a horrible harmony, a hellish consistency, in the hideous part he takes in the martyrdom of Betty Higden—the most nearly intolerable tragedy in all the tragic work of Dickens. Even the unsurpassed and unsurpassable grandeur and beauty of the martyred old heroine's character can hardly make the wonderful record of her heroic agony endurable by those who have been so tenderly and so powerfully compelled to love and to revere her. The divine scene in the children's hospital is something that could only have been conceived and that could only have been realised by two of the greatest among writers and creators: it is a curious and memorable thing that they should have shone upon our sight together.

We can only guess what manner of tribute Victor Hugo might have paid to Dickens on reading how Johnny 'bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world.' But a more incomparable scene than this is the resurrection of Rogue Riderhood. That is one of the very greatest works of any creator who ever revealed himself as a master of fiction: a word, it should be unnecessary to repeat, synonymous with the word creation. The terrible humour of it holds the reader entranced alike at the first and the hundredth reading. And the blatant boobies who deny truthfulness and realism to the imagination or the genius of Dickens, because it never condescended or aspired to wallow in metaphysics or in filth, may be fearlessly challenged to match this scene for tragicomic and everlasting truth in the work of Sardou or Ibsen, of the bisexual George Eliot or the masculine 'Miss Mævia Mannish.' M. Zola, had he imagined it, as *undoubtedly* his potent and indisputable

genius might have done, must have added a flavour of blood and a savour of ordure which would hardly have gratified or tickled the nostrils and the palate of Dickens; but it is possible that this insular delicacy or prudery of relish and of sense may not be altogether a pitiable infirmity or a derisible defect. Every scene in which Mr Inspector or Miss Abbey Potterson figures is as lifelike as it could be if it were foul instead of fair—if it were as fetid with the reek of malodorous realism as it is fragrant with the breath of kindly and homely nature.

The fragmentary 'Mystery of Edwin Drood' has things in it worthy of Dickens at his best: whether the completed work would probably have deserved a place among his best must always be an open question. It is certain that if Shakespeare had completed 'The Two Noble Kinsmen'; if Hugo had completed 'Les Jumeaux'; or if Thackeray had completed 'Denis Duval,' the world would have been richer by a deathless and a classic masterpiece. It is equally certain that the grim and tragic humours of the opium den and the boy-devil are worthy of the author of 'Barnaby Rudge,' that the leading villain is an original villain of great promise, and that the interest which assuredly, for the average reader, is not awakened in Mr Drood and Miss Bud is naturally aroused by the sorrows and perils of the brother and sister whose history is inwoven with theirs. It is uncertain beyond all reach of reasonable conjecture whether the upshot of the story would have been as satisfactory as the conclusion, for instance, of 'David Copperfield' or 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' or as far from satisfactory as the close of 'Little Dorrit' or 'Dombey and Son.'

If Dickens had never in his life undertaken the writing of a long story, he would still be great among the immortal writers of his age by grace of his matchless excellence as a writer of short stories. His earlier Christmas books might well suffice for the assurance of a lasting fame; and the best of them are far surpassed in excellence by his contributions to the Christmas numbers of his successive magazines. We remember the noble 'Chimes,' the delightful 'Carol,' the entrancing 'Cricket on the Hearth,' the delicious Tetterbys who make 'The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain' immortal and
and even the good stolid figure of Clemens

which redeems from the torpid peace of absolute non-entity so nearly complete a failure as 'The Battle of Life'; but the Christmas work done for 'Household Words' and 'All the Year Round' is at its best on a higher level than the best of these. 'The Wreck of the Golden Mary' is the work of a genius till then unimaginable—a Defoe with a human heart. More lifelike or more accurate in seamanship, more noble and natural in manhood, it could not have been if the soul of Shakespeare or of Hugo had entered into the somewhat inhuman or at least insensitive genius which begot Robinson Crusoe on Moll Flanders.

Among the others every reader will always have his special favourites: I do not say his chosen favourites; he will not choose but find them; it is not a question to be settled by judgment but by instinct. All are as good of their kind as they need be: children and schoolboys soldiers and sailors, showmen and waiters, landladies and cheap-jacks, signalmen and cellarmen: all of them actual and convincing, yet all of them sealed of the tribe of Dickens; real if ever any figures in any book were real, yet as unmistakable in their paternity as the children of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, or of Fielding. A modest and honest critic will always, when dealing with questions of preference in such matters, be guided by the example of the not always exemplary Mr Jingle—'not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing!' He may in that case indicate his own peculiar addiction to the society of Toby Magsman and Mr Chops, Captain Jorgan, Mr Christopher (surely one of the most perfect figures ever drawn and coloured by such a hand as Shakespeare's or Dekker's or Sterne's or Thackeray's), Mrs Lirriper and Major Jackman, Dr Marigold, and Barbox Brothers. The incredible immensity, measurable by no critic ever born, of such a creative power as was needed to call all these into immortal life would surely, had Dickens never done any work on a larger scale of invention and construction, have sufficed for a fame great enough to deserve the applause and the thanksgiving of all men worthy to acclaim it, and the contempt of such a Triton of the minnows as Matthew Arnold. A man whose main achievement in creative literature was to make himself by painful painstaking into a sort of pseudo-Wordsworth could pay no other tribute than that of stolid scorn to a genius of

such inexhaustible force and such indisputable originality as that of Charles Dickens. It is not always envy, I hope and believe, which disables and stupefies such brilliant and versatile examples of the minor poet and the minor critic when appreciation of anything new and great is found impossible for their self-complacent and self-centred understanding to attain. It is just that they cannot see high enough; they were born so, and will please themselves; as they do, and always did, and always will. And not even the tribute of equals or superiors is more precious and more significant than such disdain or such distaste as theirs.

These Christmas numbers are not, because of their small bulk, to be classed among the minor works of Dickens: they are gems as costly as any of the larger in his crown of fame. Of his lesser works the best and most precious is beyond all question or comparison 'The Un-commercial Traveller'; a book which would require another volume of the same size to praise it adequately or aright. Not that there are not other short studies as good as its very best among the 'reprinted pieces' which preserve for us and for all time the beloved figure of Our Bore, the less delightful figures of the noble savage and the begging-letter writer, the pathetic plaint of Mr Meek, and the incomparable studies and stories of the detective police. We could perhaps dispense with 'Pictures from Italy,' and even with 'American Notes,' except for the delicious account or narrative or description of sea-sickness, which will always give such exquisite intensity of rapture to boys born impervious to that ailment and susceptible only of enjoyment in rough weather at sea as can hardly be rivalled by the delight of man or boy in Mrs Gamp herself. But there is only one book which I cannot but regret that Dickens should have written; and I cannot imagine what evil imp, for what inscrutable reason in the unjustifiable designs of a malevolent Providence, was ever permitted to suggest to him the perpetration of a 'Child's History of England.' I would almost as soon train up a child on Catholic or Calvinistic or servile or disloyal principles as on the cheap-jack radicalism which sees nothing to honour or love or revere in *history*, and ought therefore to confess that it can in *reason* pretend to see nothing on which to build any hope

of patriotic advance or progressive endurance in the future.

A word may be added on the everlasting subject of editors and editions: a subject on which it really seems impossible that the countrymen of Shakespeare and of Dickens should ever be aroused to a sense that the matter is really worth care and consideration. Instead of reprinting the valuable and interesting prefaces written by Dickens for the first cheap edition of his collected works (a poor little double-columned reissue), the publishers of the beautiful and convenient Gadshill series are good enough to favour its purchasers with the prefatory importunities of a writer disentitled to express and disqualified to form an opinion on the work of an English humorist. The intrusive condescension or adulation of such a commentator was perhaps somewhat superfluous in front of the reprinted *Waverley Novels*; the offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of Charles Dickens.

It is curious to compare the posthumous fortune of two such compeers in fame as Dickens and Thackeray. Rivals they were not and could not be: comparison or preference of their respective work is a subject fit only to be debated by the energetic idleness of boyhood. In life Dickens was the more prosperous: Thackeray has had the better fortune after death. To the exquisite genius, the tender devotion, the faultless taste and the unfailing tact of his daughter, we owe the most perfect memorial ever raised to the fame and to the character of any great writer on record by any editor or commentator or writer of prefaces or preludes to his work. A daughter of Dickens has left us a very charming little volume of reminiscences in which we enjoy the pleasure and honour of admission to his private presence: we yet await an edition of his works which may be worthy to stand beside the biographical edition of Thackeray's. So much we ought to have: we can demand and we can desire no more.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Art. III.—THE ROMANCE OF INDIA.

1. *Kim*. By Rudyard Kipling. London : Macmillan, 1901.
2. *Asia and Europe*. By Meredith Townsend. London : Constable, 1901.
3. *Dans l'Inde*. By André Chevrillon. Paris : Hachette, 1891.
4. *On the Face of the Waters ; From the Five Rivers ;* and other works by Mrs Steele. London : Heinemann,

'THE age of romance,' said Carlyle, 'has not ceased ; it never ceases ; it does not, if we think of it, so much as very sensibly decline.' Yet men are agreed in attributing the quality of romance to certain circumstances, or lives, or times, or countries rather than to others. Words lose all meaning if we are to call the life of a man who duly goes down to his office every day as romantic as that of a roving soldier of fortune. Even Ibsen can only make it seem so by imparting a crazy element to his bourgeois heroes and heroines ; and his books leave a taste of madness in the memory. Shakespeare, as a rule, places normal characters in extraordinary circumstances. Ibsen, to get his romance out of ordinary circumstances, has to invent abnormal characters.

What is it that constitutes the idea of a romantic life, or book, or scene, or period of history ? There must be the element of the unusual, the irregular, the varied, of the unexpected or mysterious, of the half-hidden and the half-revealed. A path which winds through mountain and forest places is more romantic than a rectilineal road across a flat country, because there is no knowing what adventure may not be waiting round the corner. Notre Dame at Paris is more romantic than the Madeleine, because it abounds in dim recesses and shadowy aisles, and was built by men of long ago whose faith has now become somewhat strange to us. Buckingham Palace in all its majesty may excite feelings of respectful astonishment, but does not appeal to the romantic imagination in the same way as the tower of an old Border castle half-seen through an opening in a wood. So also with characters ; the obvious, outspoken, plain-sailing, eminent citizen, with regular habits and strong views as to public policy, uttering the most unimpeachable platitudes, and of ostensibly correct private life, leaves nothing

to the imagination. There is more romance in the idea of a passionate Eastern beauty, hidden and barred from the world behind her latticed windows, than in that of a western society lady, always on view, and engaged in incessant parties and conversations. So, too, the periods of time or the countries marked either by feudal anarchy or by the arbitrary power of kings make better hunting-ground for the poet or novelist in search of romantic incident than do those wherein the constitutional machine works with unfailing regularity. Romance is still to be made out of our society, where there is genius to make it. Disraeli's 'Endymion,' for instance, was romance of a high order. But if the socialism dreamed of by the Fabian Society were to achieve its final triumph over individualism, if such motives as patriotism and personal ambition and love of independent action were to become *vieux jeu*, and every one were compelled to work his allotted spell at some wheel of the social machine, romance would indeed die out of the modern world. If socialism, as Plato desired, were carried into private life, and all relations between the sexes were controlled by the State, the book of romance would be closed altogether.

India has long appealed strongly to the romantic imagination of Englishmen, as it did far earlier to that of Greeks and Romans. Even in the Middle Ages strange objects from that unknown land, travelling slowly by the old continental trade-routes, must have found their way to English houses; but when, in the sixteenth century, the more direct sea-borne trade began to set in, the touch of the East upon this country became much closer. The Elizabethan dramatists abound in allusions to India, conceived as a land of gorgeous wealth, full of gold and jewels, and ruled by magnificent emperors. It was left for later travellers, like Bernier, to discover at the cost of what underlying poverty a great centralisation of showy wealth may be effected, and how much squalor and deception furnished a base alloy even to that central display. Milton must have talked with travellers who had actually been at 'Agra and Lahore of Great Mogul,' and had sailed on 'Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams.' During the infernal council Satan sat

'High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.'

And Milton's spacious image, invented to describe Satan's solitary flight towards the gates of hell, shows once more how his imagination was haunted by the East.

'As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs, they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole; so seemed
Far off the flying fiend.'

Since Milton wrote, generations of children in quiet halls and parsonages have had their imaginations stirred by the arrival of strange gifts from the East, queer, many-armed godlets, quaint, dim-coloured toys, swords, daggers, and bucklers, tiger-skins and teeth, yak-tails and peacock feathers, and have felt through these the touch of a country wholly unlike their own.

Englishmen of the eighteenth century—rather a prosaic and matter-of-fact age at home—were drawn by trade into India, and found themselves in the midst of a civilisation far remote from that of Western Europe. The Mogul Empire, after the dramatic reign of Aurungzeb, was fast going to pieces; every strong man armed kept his own house or despoiled that of his neighbour; and Mussulman powers from the north and Hindu powers from the south were fighting for the possession of the great Indian prize, the vast and fertile plain which stretches from the Indus to Lower Bengal. Battles were fought on the most magnificent scale. Soon after Clive's easy victory at Plassey came the huge and old-world battle of Paniput between the Mohammedans and the Mahrattas, in which it is said 100,000 of the latter were slain in the fight and the pursuit. What to this is the bloodshed of Colenso or Paardeberg? Individualism ruled with a vengeance; and every kind of adventurer, English, French, Afghan, resorted to this promising and romantic scene of action. India then drew wild spirits from every country, as Africa has done in more recent

times. Men born too late to find their natural theatre of action in Europe, found it in the East.

As Mr Meredith Townsend writes in his book,

'It would be hard to explain to the average Englishman how interesting Indian life must have been before our advent; how completely open was every career to the bold, the enterprising, or the ambitious. The whole continent was open as a prize to the strong. . . . A brigand, for Sivajee was no better, became a mighty sovereign. A herdsman built a monarchy in Baroda. A body-servant founded the dynasty of Scindiah. A corporal cut his way to the independent crown of Mysore. The first Nizam was only an officer of the Emperor. Runjeet-Singh's father was what Europeans would call a prefect. There were literally hundreds who founded principalities, thousands of their potential rivals, thousands more who succeeded a little less grandly, conquered estates, or became high officers under the new princes.'

It was as though modern Europeans, with their 'law and order,' had stepped suddenly into the earlier Middle Ages, at the break-up of the empire of Charlemagne; indeed the step in many ways was greater. Colonel Tod, acting as British agent in Rájputána, in the years 1805 and 1806, when Jeremy Bentham was writing his most prosaic prose in England, found himself in the midst of a contest, the cause of which resembled that of the Trojan War. Kishna Komari, aged sixteen, was the daughter of Rana Bheen, the far-descended Raja of Oodipoor; and the renown of her unseen beauty had inflamed the hearts of all the Rájput chiefs. Her two great wooers were Juggut Singh, of Jeypoor, and that singular character Raja Maun, of Marwar, whose rocky citadel, not unlike Edinburgh Castle, still looks across bare plains from the isolated hill of Jodhpoor. 'Kishna Komari,' says Colonel Tod, in his Gibbon-moulded style, 'was the name of the lovely object, the rivalry for whose hand assembled under the banners of her suitors . . . not only their native chivalry, but all the predatory powers of India; and who, like Helen of old, involved in destruction her own and the rival houses.' The story ended more like that of Iphigenia. When, after long warfare, both the chief Rájput states were almost destroyed, the fierce Afghan adventurer, Ameer Khan, in the service of *Jodhpoor*, wished for his own purposes

to bring the war to an end. He appeared before the palace of the weak prince of Oodipoor and said that either his city must be destroyed or that his daughter must die to remove the cause of quarrel. 'This, then, was the marriage to which I was foredoomed,' said the hapless princess, as, amid the lamentations of the house, she took the poisoned cup. The rest of the story of Raja Maun, of Jodhpoor, and all that he did, how his nobles in revolt were treacherously slain when invited to a peaceful conference; how Ameer Khan slew that holy man, the Brahmin Deonath, the Raja's spiritual adviser; how Maun himself, terror-struck or politically feigning, then became for a time an ascetic—are not all these things written in the chronicles of Central India? A few years later and these things would not have happened, or would have been replaced by more intimate mysteries.

This internecine struggle, kindled by the fatal beauty of the Oodipoor princess, was the last of the romantic incidents in the history of Rájputána, before the *Pax Britannica* settled down in all its beneficial dulness upon Central India, and the pen replaced the sword. But no one who respects the spirit of freedom can read without emotion the tale of the long heroic struggles of this race against Mogul absolutism. 'There is not,' says Tod, 'a petty state in Rajasthán that has not had its Thermopylæ, and scarcely a city that has not produced its Leonidas.'

Perhaps there never was in England, except during the Mutiny, a period when so much attention was given to Indian affairs as during the few years between the end of the American War and the beginning of the French Revolution. Sick of western affairs, the English turned their minds to the East. It was then that Edmund Burke absorbed that vast store of Indian knowledge which his vivid imagination transmuted into living visions. It is impossible not to quote from Macaulay the splendid passage in which, no doubt truly, he imputes to Burke that real knowledge which he himself had verified through his eyes.

'Out of darkness, and dulness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the

unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa-tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums and banners and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of *sect*, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady—all these things were to him as the objects amid which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St James' Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched; from the bazars humming like a bee-hive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyænas.'

At the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, books about India began to multiply. They were written by men who, sometimes with no break at all, spent their whole working lives in India, and who, in those pre-railway days, travelling always by road or river, had perhaps better opportunities for minute knowledge of the country and its inhabitants than their modern successors. Of these books none is more worth reading than Colonel Tod's '*Rajasthán*.' On book-shelves at home it must have kindled in many a boy the desire to seek the land of chivalrous exploits, and strange, alluring scenes. Colonel Tod, with his sound eighteenth century classical education, was constantly reminded by what he saw of the pagan world in pre-Christian Europe. Another excellent observer was as often reminded of that old Syrian life of which so vivid a picture survives in the Old Testament. Bishop Heber, travelling through Central India in the year 1825, writes:

'Nothing can be wilder or more savage than these jungles, but they contain many spots of great romantic beauty, though

the mountains are certainly mere playthings after Himalaya. The various tribes of the countries through which I have passed interested me extremely; their language, the circumstances of their habitation, dress and armour; their pastoral and agricultural way of life; their women grinding at the mill; their cakes baked on the coals; their corn trodden out by oxen; their maidens passing to the well; their travellers lodging in the streets; their tents, their camels, their shields, spears, and coats of mail; their Mussulmans with a religion closely copied from that of Moses; their Hindoo tribes worshipping the same abominations with the same rites as the ancient Canaanites; their false prophets swarming in every city; their judges sitting in the gate; and their wild Bheels and Khoolies dwelling like the ancient Amorites in holes and clefts of the rocks, and coming down with sword and bow to watch the motions or attack the baggage of the traveller, transported me back three thousand years, and I felt myself a contemporary of Joshua or Samuel.'

In the rowdy capital of the kingdom of Oude, where persons of consequence went about with armed servants, and 'even the lounging people of the lower ranks in the streets and shop-doors had their shields over their shoulders, and their swords carried sheathed in one hand,' the Bishop was reminded of a quite different place and period—the streets of London as described by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' Probably the streets of Lucknow were, in respect of their turbulence, more like the streets of Edinburgh as described in the 'Abbot.'

No writer has expressed better than Bishop Heber the feeling, so well known to the earlier Anglo-Indians, of night by the banks of the Ganges, when the boat was moored to the shore, and the plaintive songs of the people were heard from the villages. The scent of strange plants, the soft whisper of waving palms, the night-birds warbling, the innumerable fireflies floating, rising and sinking in the gloom of the bamboo woods, the mighty sacred river lit by the light of a tropical moon—all this made the poetic Bishop feel, 'It is good to be here.' It is good; but it is also strange to be here. How strongly the thoughtful Englishman has this feeling when he watches the crowds of white-robed pilgrims bathing in the *Hooghly* near Calcutta, or when he sees, rising high

above the Ganges, the insanely fantastic river-front of Benares—most ancient and maddest of cities—or when, in the voluptuous air of Mathura, which still seems full of the passionate pleasures of the Divine Herdsman, the delicate Brahmin girls bend down from marble steps to bathe their hair and arms in the sacred waters of Jumna! In the changing element as it flows through the unchanging earth, and mirrors its shadows in passing, there is always a disquieting analogy to the life of man; and these rivers flow through a strange land and reflect strange things.

India is full of the melancholy romance of fallen cities and kingdoms and empires; and no country teaches more clearly the sad vicissitudes of things. A dead and ruined capital around the lonely tower of the Kutub Minar haunts the living Delhi like its shadow. The land is full of ruined temples and tombs, palaces and fortresses, which resemble the ghosts of past glories. This was all the more vividly felt by earlier travellers in India when, in the break-down of the Mogul Empire, so much of India was fast relapsing into jungle. Listen to Colonel Tod at Chandravat:

‘Nature herself, so prolific in these regions, is rapidly covering the glories of the Pramaras with an impenetrable veil. The silence of desolation reigns among these magnificent shrines, and the once populous streets which religion and commerce united to fill with wealthy votaries are now occupied by the tiger and the boar, and the scarcely more civilized Bhil.’

Again, in the same devastated land, he writes:

‘Here, with all the wonders of Aboo, Tarangi, and Chandravat around us, the one fallen, the other fast sinking into decay, we can speculate upon the Hindu doctrine of the destruction of worlds and the passions of their lordly inhabitants. These roads, once crowded with caravans of commerce and of pilgrims, or resounding to the tramp of the war-horse, are now little trodden save by the foot of the savage Koli, who finds shelter amidst his own indigenous woods and rocks.’

Colonel Tod was almost the first European who had visited the temples of Aboo, but now the railroad from

Bombay to the north runs by them ; the hill is an Indian health-station, with the usual English superficial life ; and its wonderful temples are a staple attraction to the tourist. The solitary Indian officer, guided a hundred years ago to these temples by native reports of their glories, through a desolate land, had, in return for his hardships, some sensations which do not belong to the modern traveller, who arrives, perhaps, in company with a party of European or American tourists, guide-book in hand, and dull ejaculations in mouth.

Modern India is a land of singular and disconcerting contrasts, due to the extraordinary discrepancy between the European with his ideas of civilisation and the permanent inhabitants of the country. Sir Alfred Lyall, in his Indian poems, has admirably struck the note of this contrast in his studies of the Hindu ascetic and the Mohammedan fanatic at Delhi. The Czar of Russia may remember that when, in 1891, as Czarewitch, he visited the Golden Temple of the Sikhs at Amritsar, attended by a brilliant crowd of Russian and British officers, his attention was arrested by a little, old, almost naked, long-haired, shrivelled, ash-smeared devotee, sitting in a corner of the marble walk that surrounds the tank in the temple inclosure. The prince gazed at the ascetic, but the world-forsaking old man would not even vouchsafe one look in return, and wearily turned his head away. Thus the inner spirit of the East meets the glories of the West.

It was as a land of contrasts that India struck one of the best observers among modern travellers, M. Chevrillon, who published his reflections in a series of articles in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and subsequently as a book, entitled 'Dans l'Inde.' At Jeypoor, for instance, he found a city still presenting an admirable picture of the old life of independent states. It is still a land of feudal barons and armed retainers, of hermits and monasteries, full of the gay life of a picturesque and diversified society. The cultivated Hindu prince, in whose ruined and long-deserted palace of Amber a kid is still daily sacrificed to the goddess Kali, has founded at Jeypoor a college, a museum, a school of technical education. In the college the course of studies comprises the English classics, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Pope; the philosophers and *economists*, Locke, Adam Smith, Hume, Burke; modern

scientific thinkers, especially Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, together with the old Oriental philosophies, wherein, as the Bengali principal told M. Chevrillon, 'we find contained Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer.' The French visitor found this education superimposed upon the life of the streets, which seemed to him a 'monde d'opérette, monde de rêve,' with its lords and warriors, painted dogs, hunting leopards, falcons, gay caparisoned horses, elephants, camels, peacocks, its fanciful houses, its 'temples of the sun' and 'palaces of the winds' and 'gates of rubies,' its open-air shops where little gods are made and sold, its child-like and cheerful people, its women who entreat the god for children in the temple before the world-old symbol of Siva. Yet even in a Rájput state the British intrusion makes itself felt. At the railway-station there are the advertisements of sewing-machines and whiskies, and the bookstall with its latest novels. In the suburb are a few English houses, and the inevitable English church, severe, bare, sham-Gothic, for all the world like those gaunt erections which you may see in South Kensington. 'Yet,' says M. Chevrillon, 'the women are dressed like the Hindu contemporaries of Homer. Warriors pass armed with sword and buckler, and we are on the territory of the prince who at Bindra-bun is building a temple to Krishna.' And the French traveller reflects poetically in such terms as these :

'Old ascetics, profound dreamers who wished, twenty centuries ago, to tear the iridescent veil which illusion weaves on the dark background of things, who renounced desire to take refuge in indifference and immobility, with what a smile of disdainful pity you would regard this western race which reigns to-day in your fatherland! *They* do not believe that this world is a dream, these new-comers. They have not ceased to say "I am." They rejoice in their strength, and their will has its way. They act, they build on this world, which they believe to be solid rock, and which you know to be moving sand. What would you say of their haste, their fever? What of these boats loaded with worldly goods, of these trains which devour space, as if it were important to move from one spot to another, to arrive anywhere? But what, above all, would you say of this English creed, this meagre philosophy which vegetates in a foggy land where stunted nature *seems to have no sap?* of the deistic heresy

which they wish to acclimatise in this home of speculative philosophy? Certainly you would not attempt to enlighten them, these people blinded by Maya [illusion]. You would abandon them to their fussy ignorance, to their pride, and, slowly closing your eyelids, you would return with delight to your solitary dream, to this contemplation of the eternal and unchangeable which brings tranquillity.'

M. Chevrillon, taking a traditional French view, is unkind to the English Church; but certainly one might imagine some such thoughts as these if one passed swiftly from a 'gyinkhana' sports-meeting to a temple of the Jains, all quiet and lonely, with a soft sound of doves in the air, and spiritually tranquillised by the serene and solemn figures of the sages. The Englishman, in his religion, as elsewhere, is active, social, and bent on practical ends. He feels not so far from home when he regards the long lines of Mohammedan worshippers in the great court of the mosque at Delhi; they are, like himself, people of the book, and believers in one concrete God of action and power. But he is far remote from the Hindu blend of polytheism with the highest metaphysics; nor is he in sympathy, as an Italian might be, with the symbolic modes of worship.

'The Hindu priest,' says Tod, 'did not raise the temple for heterogeneous multitudes; he calculated that the mind would be more highly excited when left to its solitary devotions amidst the silence of these cloistered columns, undisturbed save by the monotony of the passing bell, while the surrounding gloom is broken only by the flare of the censer as the incense mounts above the altar.'

It is in the religious atmosphere, above all, of India, that the Englishman feels himself to be moving in a mysterious, unrealised world, and this feeling is of the essence of romance. He does well to resist the seduction which this atmosphere exercises upon those too curious about it. He might soon find himself drawn into a path as dim and uncertain as that which led Æneas and his guide to the door of Hades.

'Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna:
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silvis, ubi cœlum condidit umbra
Jupiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.'

The English in India are wise to surround themselves, so far as they can, with English atmosphere, and to defend themselves from the magic of the land by sport, games, clubs, the chatter of fresh-imported girls, and by fairly regular attendance at church. They are probably following the instinct of self-preservation; and certainly, unless they remained themselves, they would not keep their Indian empire.

British peace has long ago covered the whole of India. The romance of anarchy and military adventure, in which Englishmen played so brave a part, has vanished after a sudden, tremendous, and brief recrudescence in 1857, or has found a degraded substitute in dark palace intrigues. It still exists along the borders; and one has but to cross a river or ascend a mountain-pass in some places to enter a land where men go armed and in fear of their lives, much resembling the Highlands in the days of Rob Roy. Yet even now in India there is a feeling that the suppressed anarchy is but like rough sea-waves tranquillised by a surface film of oil, or like a slumbering volcano. Occasional incidents nourish this feeling. Only ten years ago British officials, who a few hours before had no suspicion of danger, found themselves being put to death in front of a dragon idol. India, since the Mutiny, has offered a fine field for the novelist of romance. Times of recent pacification are the best for this purpose. Romantic events in real life are too absorbing and serious, while they are taking place, to allow of fictitious mirroring. When they are too remote the fiction loses the charm of reality. But when a land is quiet, and yet full of the men of a stormier period, or of the children who heard tales at their father's knee, then is the day of the romantic novelist. Such was Scotland in the days of Sir Walter Scott. In his boyhood, Jacobites and Highlanders who had been 'out in the '45' were still living. When, a little before the Mutiny, men of Sir Alfred Lyall's generation first went out to India, there were still living, and talking, plenty of characters, like the old Pindarrie of one of his best poems, who had followed their fathers in plundering raids in the 'time of trouble' during the first twenty years of the century, and were, not without *amuse*, living the dull life of a pacified land, ruled by *peace*. *The two Sikh wars and the Mutiny*

year left their mark upon a generation not yet entirely passed away.

But though India is ripe for its Sir Walter, he has not yet been found, nor does it seem likely that he will be. Mr Kipling, with all his merits, is not of that calibre. He has, indeed, written well of all the phases of English life in India; of the society of its headquarters, that blend of frivolity and self-sacrificing duty; of the life of regiments at stations or on campaign; the life of lonely officials doing their day's work amid strange, and sometimes weird, surroundings. More vividly than any other novelist, he has painted the manners and talk of the natives, but even Mr Kipling, with his quick eye and early, uncommon training, would probably confess that he cannot see far beyond outward appearances into the hearts of races so remote from our own. This, perhaps, is the reason why neither he nor Mrs Steel, while they are both of them good at writing short stories of Indian life, have ever succeeded in writing a long romance of sustained reality and interest, anything approaching to an Indian 'Waverley' or 'Old Mortality.' We need hardly say that such high praise cannot be given to Mrs Steel's 'On the Face of the Waters,' still less to her other long novels. Yet this writer often conveys, especially in her Punjab tales, the feeling of that part of India which she best knows. English society in India, for the purposes of the novelist, is too much confined to people within certain limited age, class, and professions, and is too much cut off from the life of the people. No Western, perhaps, can know the life of that people well enough to venture safely beyond a short impressionist piece of romance, or scene-painting, or outside character-sketching. One wonders how Mrs Steel's daring conversations among natives would read to an intelligent native. Much more oddly, probably, than the average Frenchman's novel about English society reads—just a little wrong everywhere—to the English reader. The men who best know the natives, the officers in the covenanted and uncovenanted services, are too busy, while abroad, to write works of imagination, and perhaps too middle-aged when they come home.

Mr Kipling's last novel, 'Kim,' consists of a succession of scenes and conversations loosely strung together, in the *Pickwickian* manner, upon the thread of some ye

of the life of a boy who is half Irish, half Indian, and therefore has 'two sides to his head.'

'Something I owe to the soil that grew ;
More to the life that fed ;
But most to Allah who gave me two
Separate sides to my head.

I would go without shirts or shoes,
Friends, tobacco, or bread,
Sooner than for an instant lose
Either side of my head.'

The story is nothing to speak of, and comes to an end, it seems, because it is long enough. Since the reader is carried along neither by dramatic plot nor by mental development, the book seems none too short, but it is full of lively pieces of description, and calls up the atmosphere of India. Many an old Anglo-Indian who has toiled and grumbled through his thirty years of India, and is now living horse-less and cramped in the dull air and dwarf houses of some London suburb, or amid the otiose platitudes of a provincial town, will sigh and wish himself once more young and in exile as he reads Mr Kipling's descriptions of the wide, free, simple, motley life of India. Once more he will wish he was riding through his district on a glorious December morning, and striking, perhaps, for a time into the stream of life on the Grand Trunk Road, where Kim went in company with the admirable lama from Ladakh, who was seeking a miraculous river.

'The lama, as usual, was deep in meditation, but Kim's bright eyes were open wide. This broad, smiling river of life, he considered, was a vast improvement on the cramped and crowded Lahore streets. There were new people and new sights at every stride—castes he knew, and castes that were altogether out of his experience.'

Then follows an excellent description of the divers sorts of men and women and animals on the road, recalling Sir Walter Scott's vivid imagination of the gay and motley throng on the road to the festivities at Kenilworth. No wonder that the youthful Kim was in 'the seventh heaven of joy.'

'The Grand Trunk at this point was built on an embankment to guard against winter floods from the foot-hills, so

that one walked, as it were, a little above the country, along a stately corridor, seeing all India spread out to left and right. It was beautiful to behold the many-yoked grain and cotton waggons crawling over the country roads; one could hear their axles, complaining a mile away, coming nearer, till with shouts and yells and bad words they climbed up the steep incline and plunged on to the hard high-road, carter reviling carter. It was equally beautiful to watch the people, little clumps of red and blue and pink and white and saffron, turning aside to go to their own villages, dispersing and growing small by twos or threes across the level plain.'

And then, as the travellers reached the resting-place, came on the short magnificent glow when the Indian sky seems to compress into ten minutes all the diffused glory of an hour of northern sunset.

'By this time the sun was driving broad golden spokes through the lower branches of the mango-trees; the parakeets and the doves were coming home in their hundreds. . . . Swiftly the light gathered itself together, painted for an instant the faces and the cart-wheels and the bullocks' horns as red as blood. Then the night fell, changing the touch of the air, drawing a low, even haze, like a gossamer veil of blue, across the face of the country, and bringing out, keen and distinct, the smell of wood-smoke and cattle and the good scent of wheaten cakes cooked on ashes.'

Nor will the old Anglo-Indian feel less the 'calling of the East' when he reads of Kim's wanderings in the hills. Glorious things did he afterwards see in Spiti and Kulu, but nothing is better than his first ascent from the plains made in company with Mahbub, the Pathan horse-dealer.

'It was all pure delight—the wandering road, climbing, dipping, and sweeping about the growing spurs; the flush of the morning laid along the distant snows; the branched cacti, tier upon tier on the stony hillsides; the voices of a thousand water-channels; the chatter of the monkeys; the solemn deodars, climbing one after another with down-drooped branches; the vista of the Plains rolled out far beneath them; the incessant twanging of the tonga-horns and the wild rush of the led horses when a tonga swung round a curve; the halts for prayers; . . . the evening conferences by the halting-places, when camels and bullocks chewed solemnly together, and the stolid drivers told the news of the Road—all these *things lifted* Kim's heart to song within him.'

The truth is that with our railways we have ruined the joys of travel. Mail-coaches were almost as bad, and motor-cars will be no better. The pleasant days of travel were those which we had in England so long as the roads were but unmetalled tracks, when men went along on horseback or on foot, doing their ten to twenty miles a day, and could talk humanly to those whom they met, and see what a town looked like as they came near it. In modern India the railway-track is rapidly encroaching upon the old life of the highway, but great spaces are still left untouched; and there are still plenty of people who would rather walk a hundred miles than spend a rupee on a ticket. Even railway-travelling in India preserves something of the atmosphere of the road. The native is in no hurry; he does not look out trains in timetables, but sits at the station till a train appears. It is not uncommon in India to see a platform covered at night with sleeping figures, awaiting the morning train.

One is inclined to wish, if it is not too late, that Mr Kipling would cease to reside in America, or London, or South Africa, would abandon altogether the paths of the sea, and the attempt to reform the military administration by not very lucid or brilliant poems in the 'Times,' would cease to play what a critic lately called his *rôle* of Inspector-General of the British Empire, and would devote all the work of his remaining days to India. There is more of permanent interest there than in a hundred South Africas. A student of the ways of men might do far worse than live in a house high up in the pine-clad Himalaya hills, on the edge of two worlds. In the summer he might roam with his little camp far up into the mountains, where simple wandering shepherds drive their flocks higher and higher as the sun grows hotter. In the winter he might make expeditions across the wonderful plains, shining with the fresh green of young corn crops, where the roads and railways run among the great cities and innumerable villages, swarming with every variety of human life. In the intervals of his travel he might, if he had Mr Kipling's gift of expression, write, in the lively air of his chalet, seven thousand feet above the sea, books which would do something to bridge the vast gulf which lies between eastern and western minds. No one has expressed better than Mr Kipling the field in which

Briton and Indian do best meet—that of the elemental verities of brave deeds done in sport or war. His fine 'Ballad of East and West' contains the essence of this fellow-feeling, this touch of nature that makes us kin.

We have said that 'Kim' is not much of a story. Yet there is an allegory of all life in the joint travels of Kim and the lama, the one involved in the 'great game' of politics and intrigue, the other seeking to find in reality that which he had seen in vision. The world always goes on like that, most of it toiling in field or shop, some of it playing at various games like war or law or politics, and some of it indifferent to all these things, half despised and half revered by the rest, engaged in the endless pursuit of absolute truth. Nowhere are these contrasts more lively than in India, because there are no more ardent and serious players of games than the English (except the Scotch), and no more indefatigable and absorbed searchers after absolute truth than Hindus. Contrasts might be imagined in India as vivid as if an agent of the imperial police of Augustus, seeking to penetrate the manœuvres of Herod, whose position was that of a powerful Raja, had travelled in the disguise of a servant in the train of the wise men of the East who were seeking for the new-born Saviour of the world.

Whether or not there is any likelihood of actual intrigues between Indian princes and powers beyond the northern frontier, as imagined in 'Kim,' the circumstance is sufficiently possible to make it fair game for the novelist. English romancers, following in the track of Stevenson with his 'Prince Otto,' have found in recent years a new field for romance in the minor Courts of the German Empire. Englishmen hardly grasp the fact that their own Indian Empire is full of princes, small and great, powerfully controlled from Calcutta and Simla, yet formally, and to a large extent actually, the rulers of their own dominions. In their relations to the Imperial Government they much resemble the client princes of the earlier Roman Empire. Subject to the control of the paramount power, exercised through strong diplomatic pressure, these princes have their own troops, their own courts of law, raise their own revenue. They cannot enter into diplomatic relations with each other, nor with outside powers; *they cannot*, of course, make peace or war; they cannot

by frontier taxes impede the general commerce ; British Europeans in their territories are outside the jurisdiction of their courts ; but they possess the rest of that divisible substance, sovereignty. Beneath their sway dwell some sixty-five millions out of the two hundred and eighty-seven millions of the Indian Empire. Just as in the modern German Empire there are to be found considerable monarchies, like Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, with their own flags and governments, and also tiny states, like the republic of Bremen ; so in India there are large states like the Nizam's dominions, the Gaekwar's territory, Mysore, and Kashmir, and below them states of all varying dimensions, down to the twenty or so minute hill-states, grouped under the control of the Deputy-Commissioner of the Simla district, such as that, with its majestic army of seven men, which Mr Kipling wittily described in one of his stories. The size of some of the larger states is hardly grasped in England. Mysore, for instance, is as large in area as Ireland, with a larger population. Haiderabad, in area, exceeds England and Scotland together, and has a population of twelve millions—as large as that of England and Scotland a century ago. Kashmir is equal in size to six Switzerlands, though with a smaller population.

Thus, although in India the supreme will is that of the British Government, there is an ample sphere of local government by the princes and their councils. Empire has by no means swallowed up liberty, nor are the abilities of natives deprived of a career. According to the righteousness and capacity, or the reverse, of the reigning prince, so varies, or should vary, the interference of the British resident or controlling officer. Thus, in India the political service is a great foreign-office and diplomatic business. It is not, however, like that which centres in Downing Street, one which deals in business with independent nations. Its diplomacy is of the kind which an overwhelming paramount power uses towards dependent states, and partakes therefore, like the present control of Egypt, of the character of indirect administration. The whole subject forms a political study of the most interesting kind, and one, we may add, which is curiously neglected in English historical schools.

India offers a very useful example of the way in which

the *summum imperium* may be strongly held by the central rulers, while they leave to others, not only much of local power, but that which is even dearer to the human mind, at any rate in the East, the form and accidents of sovereignty. The wise conqueror leaves to the subdued all that he can both of real power and appearances, and concerns himself with the essentials. By these means, in India, we have enlisted in the maintenance of the Imperial system the interests of native princes who do not know whether their thrones would be equally well respected by another foreign conqueror, or whether they would stand firm in a period of internal anarchy. The Imperial Government, through these princely houses, has an indirect hold upon great populations to whose imagination they are dear; and this gives to it a better standing-ground than if it rested solely upon direct rule by aliens from beyond the sea. Besides, by our consistent policy in respecting established rights, we have given proof, clear and convincing, that we do not covet, without definite reason, territory, dominion, and powers of taxation. Our success in Indian wars has proved that if we had desired to swallow up entirely the native monarchies we could have done so. Our policy in India has been 'parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.' A word lately used by Lord Rosebery, 'incorporation with the British Empire,' better describes than the word 'annexation' the working of Indian methods. Again and again in Indian history we have taught a native prince our power by the lesson of war, and then handed back his dominions to the family to be held as a dependent fief. It is believed that the willing loyalty of the Indian princes amply justifies this policy.

We have shown how magnificent a field India would offer to the romantic writer were it not for the fatal obstacle of the social gulf which divides the English writer and reader from the intimacies of Indian life. To the historic and philosophic mind this matters little. To such a mind the romance of India lies in its possible futures, in the political and intellectual and religious developments which must issue from this wonderful conjunction between the masculine active West, begetter of laws and political institutions and discoveries in physical science, and the feminine brooding East, mother of

religious ideas. 'It may be,' says Sir Alfred Lyall in one of his Asiatic studies,

'it may be that those are right who insist that Asia has always been too deep a quicksand for Europe to build upon it any lasting edifice of morals, politics, or religion; that the material conditions forbid any lasting improvement; that the English legions, like the Roman, will tramp across the Asiatic stage and disappear; and that the clouds of confusion and superstition will roll up again.'

Sir Alfred does not commit himself to this belief, but it is the melancholy creed of Mr Meredith Townsend. In essay after essay he has insisted that, by the nature of things, European rulers must be endured with as much dull dislike by Asiatics as Asiatic rulers would be endured with active dislike by Europeans, because our ways and thoughts are not theirs nor ever can be; and that British rule in India rests only on force, and will vanish as soon as that force suffers internal decay, or a stronger nation assails our dominion from without. Every European empire in the populous parts of Asia must, he thinks, sooner or later decline and fall, and leave hardly a wrack behind. His conclusions on the whole matter, he says, may be summed up in Matthew Arnold's famous lines:

'The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again.'

There are some who think that it matters little whether these Cassandra vaticinations of decline and fall of empire are true or not. Nothing lasts for ever. The English were drawn by their destiny into India; and, if their destiny should one day deprive them of India, they will have done a good day's work there which cannot be entirely wiped out. It may be that, in the ways of Providence, all political dominations are but means to a higher intellectual and moral end. Rome conquered and ruled Greece and Syria, but was conquered herself by Greek wisdom and Syrian religion; and from the conjunction of Rome, Greece and Syria came the new civilisation. Who can foretell what will be, in the sphere of intellect and religion, the result of the new conjunction of Europe

and Asia through British rule? The East broods all the more deeply now that the *Pax Britannica* has so largely silenced the tumult of the outer world. It is almost certain that, if the great peace and reign of law and justice should last, many of the lower and grosser superstitions of India, the reflections of the former fears and terrors of an oppressed and afflicted people, must fade and vanish, and that with them the power of the old priesthood must decline. India may be like the sleeping princess. The touch of the healthier and saner western life may at last wake her out of the trance which has for so many centuries bound her senses, and rekindle that fresh and objective view of things which makes itself felt in the earliest Hindu writings. On the other hand, the deep level thought of Indian sages may do much to spiritualise the too material life of Europeans, and make them assess the values of things on a truer scale. It will, perhaps, some day be said that the translation of the sacred books of the East in the nineteenth century marked the beginning of a new intellectual era, much as the translation of the Greek writers did in the fifteenth century. The world always seems to be awaiting the voice of the sage who shall discover the solution of the relations between the subjective life and the objective, between renunciation and enjoyment, between thought and action, the life of the spirit and the life of the senses, moral order and freedom, the form of religion and its essence. In India such opposites are now in the field that from their collision may be struck the spark of truth. Who can tell that, in some mud-cottage in a hamlet of the plains, or a shepherd's cottage in the hills, there may not at this moment be lying a babe from whose mouth some day will proceed that which millions will for ages accept as part of their guidance in the difficult journey of life?

Art. IV.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. *James Russell Lowell: a biography.* By Horace Elisha Scudder. Two vols. London: Macmillan and Co., 1901.
2. *James Russell Lowell.* By M. A. Lawrence Lowell. (Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society, 1896.)
3. *Letters of James Russell Lowell.* Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Two vols. Osgood, MacIlvaine and Co., 1894.
4. *James Russell Lowell and his friends.* By Edward Everett Hale. London: Constable, 1899.
5. *A Literary History of America.* By Barrett Wendell. London: Fisher Unwin, 1901.

THE life of Lowell by Mr Scudder completes our materials for a full appreciation of the man. A short but excellent notice by Mr Lawrence Lowell, and a collection of letters carefully edited by Professor Norton, were followed by an interesting account of 'Lowell and his friends' by Dr Hale. Mr Scudder, writing with the help of Professor Norton, most intimate of Lowell's friends for many years, has now given us 'a formal biography,' as a complement to the letters. Besides publishing some new material, he has written a judicious narrative, cordially appreciative, and not marked by undue partiality. Perhaps the value set upon Lowell's serious poetry in his own country may justify some critical discussions which strike an English reader as somewhat superfluous. From Professor Barrett Wendell's 'Literary History,' indeed, which is brief, judicious, and well written, we perceive that the critic is abroad in Lowell's own university; and his appreciation of Lowell, though friendly enough, certainly does not err on the side of blind devotion. Meanwhile Mr Scudder's biography is adequate, and brings out the characteristics which made, and will, it is to be hoped, continue to make Lowell attractive, both as man and author, on both sides of the Atlantic.

That Lowell should have had warm friends in England as well as in America is not surprising; certain personal qualities which he possessed in no common degree—warmth of heart and absolute integrity of purpose—are, we may hope, held in equal honour in both countries. But there may be at first sight some difficulty in regard to the popularity of the author. No writings will

ever be more thoroughly racy of the soil than the 'Biglow Papers'; and yet it was precisely in the character of Hosea Biglow that Lowell first became known and is still most warmly admired in England. His friend, Dr Hale, seems to be a little puzzled or even scandalised by the phenomenon. 'You can never tell,' he says, 'what they will like in England, or what they will not like. But this is clear, that, having little or no humour of their own, they are curiously alive to humour in others.' We cannot quite accept, though we will not discuss this plausible and complimentary theory. But how did it come to pass that we were not repelled by the strong Yankee flavour of this rare exotic? The case, we may say, is not without precedent. Lowell could not be more intensely patriotic or provincial than Scott or Burns. The Scottish stamp did not prevent these authors from achieving cosmopolitan fame, although it may be true that a Southron is incapable of entering fully into the spirit of Burns. Lowell may be considered as a particular case of the general problem suggested by these famous instances: how does it happen that a man, writing in the dialect of a small province, and showing in every line the idiosyncrasies of its natives, can yet make himself intelligible to the outside world, and even give additional zest to his utterance by his quaint dialect?

The answer may be suggested by considering the history of the case. Lowell has himself described in several essays the peculiar social atmosphere in which his early days were passed. The French officers who accompanied Lafayette to America fancied, as he tells us, that they saw an Arcadia through their 'Rousseau-tinted' spectacles. Their colonial allies might stand for unsophisticated children of nature, or the embodiment of the republican virtues for which they were accustomed to find precedents in Plutarch. The American legend of the War of Independence—now sometimes sanctioned by English historians—accepts this view and places the heroes of Lexington and Bunker's Hill on a moral pinnacle, looking down upon tyranny and corruption as personified by George III and Lord North. Whatever their virtues may have been, they were not outwardly picturesque. They had inherited the prosaic gloom, if they had partly lost the fanaticism, of *their* Puritan ancestors. They might find cause for *complacency* in the absence of castles and cathedrals whi-

typified the survival of feudal barbarism in the old world, but their farms and schoolhouses, if more useful, were certainly not so pretty or suggestive of romance.

There was, says Lowell, one poetic side to this existence otherwise so narrow and unpoetic, namely, the side represented by Cooper's 'Leatherstocking.' But the Leatherstocking of real life was vanishing as his haunts were being cleared. Daniel Boone, the most famous real representative of the class, had retreated before the advance of civilisation, and died in 1820, the year after Lowell's birth. Lowell, however, managed to find something of a drab-coloured and homely Arcadia. His father, minister for forty years of the West Church in Boston, apparently resembled the country parson more closely than the stern old Puritan divines. Lowell compared him to Dr Primrose. He was singularly gentle, refined, and affectionate, and in all ways as good a father as a man of letters could well select. He lived at Elmwood, on the outskirts of Cambridge, the house in which his famous son was born and died. There, though within reach of his congregation, he could have the pure country air required by his health. Boston has engulfed the district as London has engulfed Chelsea; but Lowell was brought up as a country boy. He studied the ways of birds and squirrels in the spirit of White of Selborne; and we are told that Darwin, long afterwards, declared that he ought to have been a naturalist. Then the father made little excursions through 'leafy lanes' to exchange duty with his clerical brethren; and the boy, who was often his companion, became familiar with 'pristine New England.' He enriched his vocabulary by listening in his father's hayfields 'to the talk of Job and Sam over their jug of blackstrap, under the shadow of the elm-tree which still dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long.'

After imbibing some Latin at a day-school, Lowell went, at the age of twelve, to Harvard, which is within a mile of his home. The University at that time was little more than a high-school, and Cambridge itself a sleepy country village of exclusively indigenous population, where every man knew every one else, and the peculiarities of the queerer characters were marked by appropriate nicknames. A fair on the English pattern, with booths *cow-giants*, was held on Commencement-days,

when the governor of the state appeared in epaulets and buckskin breeches. Amid these quiet and quasi-domestic surroundings, the University did not give a very appetising curriculum. After a course of the usual school-subjects, the student was suddenly plunged, in his last year, into philosophy, theology, political economy, astronomy, anatomy, and 'Story on the Constitution of the United States.' Lowell was still a boy in years, but from an early age he had shown literary tastes. His first book was the 'Faerie Queene,' which had been read to him by an elder sister. He now read old English authors in the college library, took to writing verses, and was one of the editors of a college magazine. Like other young aspirants to literary fame, he read little for the regular studies, and played boyish pranks instead of submitting to discipline. His fame among his fellows had led to his being chosen to write a 'class-poem' at the end of his career, when the authorities thought it necessary to intervene. He was 'rusticated,' that is, condemned to spend six weeks at Concord reading Locke and Sir James Mackintosh under a tutor. The tutor was a worshipper of Locke, protesting only against that philosopher's doctrine that a man has always some ideas in his head. 'I,' said the tutor, 'am often without any.' Naturally Lowell did not become a Lockite nor even an Emersonian, though he now met Emerson for the first time. In his 'class-poem,' which he printed, though his rustication prevented him from reciting it, he inserted an attack upon Emerson's heterodox tendencies. He had the manliness to send a copy to Emerson, with a letter of justification. Emerson, we may assume, did not feel himself to be much the worse for the 'seathing' of the youthful satirist, who was soon to atone for his impertinence.

The incident is only worth notice as showing that Lowell was not as yet touched by the message of the prophet, which had already stirred many of his contemporaries. His opinions were still those of his home circle, though he was already conscious of strong literary talents. What precisely to do with them was not so clear. He had refused, according to the normal practice of youthful genius, to run in the regular academical grooves, and he *now, still* in accordance with precedent, declined to take up the ordinary professions. He did not feel a vocation

for the ministry, and he found the study of law so uncongenial that he tried to get a place in a store. Then he overcame his disgust and entered a lawyer's office in 1840. No clients came to him, and he gradually turned more and more towards the unprofitable life of men of letters. His irresolution was partly due, it seems, to another characteristic cause. A poet ought to fall in love. A passion for a beautiful girl during the last part of his college course had, for some unexplained reason, been unsuccessful; and for two years he was in a state of 'almost ungovernable' restlessness. He was then cured effectually by the best of all possible remedies—another and more fortunate love. Miss Maria White is described with enthusiasm by Lowell's biographers: she was, it would seem, a typical New England girl. The daughter of a neighbouring farmer of the 'bluff, honest, country-squire' type, she was delicate and refined, exceedingly sensitive, a reader of poetry, and herself something of a poetess. The beauty of her eyes, resembling the 'lone star' shining upon a tempest-tossed sailor, is commemorated by Lowell in the beautiful poem 'Irene,' which, if not equal in expression to Wordsworth's lines upon 'the perfect woman nobly planned,' is a charming variation upon the same theme. An early letter of Lowell's describes her in a characteristic situation. She was dressed in snowy white, with a water-lily in her bosom, and presenting a banner to the Watertown Washington Total Abstinence Society with a few words in clear, silvery tones. Lowell never saw any woman look so grand, and 'could have hugged the great, brawny, honest-hearted farmer' who was affected to tears by the vision. The story of the love which united the pair till the wife's death is most touching, and attracts us to both. They were ideal lovers. The mention, however, of the Total Abstinence Society suggests one important influence upon Lowell's career. He was now gradually withdrawing from the law and devoting himself to literature. He was singularly indifferent to the financial considerations; and the sums which he received, even after he had become famous, strike one as curiously small. The want of means, however, forced the young couple to wait for five years, and they did not marry till the end of 1844. They accepted their poverty bravely; and from the

White encouraged her lover's

ambition, and had a great influence upon the direction of his talents. Together they were members of a little informal club called 'the Band,' which recalls the 'Société du Printemps,' celebrated by Gibbon as illustrating the idyllic state of manners in the Lausanne of his time. But the young people of Boston were thinking of other things than those which occupied the shepherds and shepherdesses of romance, or even the readers of the 'Nouvelle Héloïse.'

They desired, it seems, to meet a challenge implied by European criticism. 'Who reads an American book?' was a question put by Sydney Smith, to which Lowell often refers. The obvious reply was that unless you cared for Jonathan Edwards's metaphysics or Franklin's homely morality, there were no American books worth reading. An impression had now got about that the United States, which had given so many proofs of vitality of other kinds, ought to set up a national literature. The vision, says Lowell, was obviously chimerical. 'We were not yet in any true sense a nation; we wanted that literary and social atmosphere which is the breath of life to all artistic production.' It was, however, becoming apparent that if a 'national literature' could not be improvised, the cause was not simple intellectual sterility. When Lowell, in 1848, wrote his 'Fable for Critics,' the list of authors who presented themselves to Apollo gives sufficient proof of both facts. There were many admirable writers, but for the most part, they were not specifically American. Washington Irving, already a veteran, recalls Addison or Goldsmith in his delightful humour, mainly devoted to old-world topics. Bryant, a true poetic artist, was, as Lowell puts it, 'a Cowper condensed,' and had 'the advantage that Wordsworth had written before him.' Whittier, the fiery Quaker, was writing ballads full of fervour and genuine local colouring, but not such as could give a great literary impulse. Three of Lowell's older friends were already winning fame. Hawthorne, his senior by fifteen years, was only beginning to give a foretaste of the work, which, in his friend's judgment showed him to possess 'the rarest creative imagination of the century.' Hawthorne was clearly a product, in part, of the old Puritanism from which, though he had abandoned its dogmas, he drew the material of his most powerful romance. But

he had as yet published little, and his delicate and sensitive genius made him rather a spectator than a partaker of the normal national development. Longfellow, who became professor at Harvard during Lowell's student ship, was already known, and in 1847 published his 'rare, tender, virginlike, pastoral "Evangeline."' Longfellow's poetry derives so much charm from the suavity and purity of the sentiment that, if we cannot deny the want of great original force, we may hold that he is a standing disproof of the maxim which would too rigidly forbid mediocrity. But Longfellow was eminently a cultivated man of letters, who, though he could deal with native topics, was mainly inspired by a wide knowledge of foreign literatures. Holmes, not yet the 'Autocrat,' had already published some of the brilliant poems which suggest consanguinity to Prior or Pope rather than to more modern models. All these, except Irving, were from New England. Poe, though born in Boston, was pursuing his erratic career elsewhere, and regarded the New Englanders as priggish pretenders. 'Three fifths of him,' according to Lowell, were 'genius,' and 'two fifths sheer fudge.' Whatever the true proportion—and the genius was at least original and remarkable—his literary orbit was of the eccentric variety, and he was unlikely to stimulate his contemporaries except by cutting criticism.

The American author, we may safely infer, was coming into existence; but he was still looking in the main to European models. The demand for 'a national literature' rested, indeed, upon a very crude theory. First-rate genius does not show itself by contempt for its predecessors. It is, of course, not by contending against the principles embodied in the classical masterpieces that we can raise new Homers, but by applying them under new conditions. Whenever the Mississippi rivals the Avon, the new Shakespeare will be as much American as his predecessor was English, but will also, like Shakespeare, give utterance in his own dialect to truths of universal interest. We do not need, said Lowell (in the preface to a new periodical called the 'Pioneer'), a 'national,' but we do want a 'natural' literature. We must cease, that is, to be merely imitative, but not make an idol of mere provinciality. The real need, misrepresented by the popular demand, was for such an intellectual ferment

in society as should give a genuine impulse to men of imaginative power, who would not fall into the sham originality which mistakes mere eccentricity for force, and seeks popularity by sheer vulgarity. Such an impulse came, or seemed to be coming, from Emerson. His 'Phi Beta Kappa Oration,' delivered at Cambridge on 31st August, 1837, was, says Lowell, 'our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard, our Harvard parallel to the last public appearances of Schelling.' Lowell, in fact, very soon forgot his boyish dissent, and came to regard Emerson with a reverent affection, which he lost no opportunity of expressing. What precisely was the message delivered by Emerson to his countrymen would be hard to say. He had not only no metaphysical system, such as Abelard or Schelling had proclaimed, but he considered all system to be absurd. He rather enjoyed self-contradiction than otherwise, and condemned the consistency dear to philosophers as a simple mistake. The old Calvinistic rigidity had been broken up by the Unitarianism of Channing; and Theodore Parker went a step further in the same direction. But such advocates of intellectual liberty were themselves dogmatists and believers in certain *a priori* principles. Emerson's 'spiritual Declaration of Independence' was a declaration of war against all fixed and tangible formulas. Though politically independent, says Lowell, Americans were 'still socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue water.' Somehow or other he opposed idealism to materialism; stimulated men to higher aims than the accumulation of dollars; and 'to him more than to all other causes did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives. Whatever else he brought,' says his disciple, 'he brought us *life*,' and 'gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England.'

Such eulogies require to be tested before they can be accepted for trustworthy history; but they indicate sufficiently for our purpose the nature of the stimulus to Lowell himself. The effect of Emerson's 'transcendentalism' upon people of quick intelligence and superficial education was often comic. Mystical philosophers, from

Plotinus to Swedenborg, came into fashion, the cloudier the better; and nonsense enough was no doubt talked which might justify Dickens's Mrs Hominy. Then everybody had a 'mission' to attend to everybody else's business. 'Covenanters,' socialists, total abstainers, and devotees of every kind of fad had a good time. When Nature desires to get rid of out-door relief, says Carlyle somewhere, she creates a man to whom the abolition of out-door relief seems to be the one thing necessary for salvation. The principle was being illustrated in Boston, and, among other things, by Miss White's appearance at the Watertown meeting. Lowell was not to become a prophet of total abstinence, but, with his wife's sympathy to strengthen him, he was looking out for some worthy object upon which to bestow his energies. Like other people, he had to discover his true powers by a series of not always successful experiments. He had, in the first place, the sturdy morality of his Puritan ancestry, though he had cast off the 'dry husk'; to appeal to him strongly, the question must be one of plain right or wrong. Then, combined with an exuberant boyishness which generated at times an excessive enjoyment of pure nonsense and even outrageous punning, he had a very strong infusion of the humorous sagacity which marks the genuine Yankee. This soon opened his eyes to the absurdity of the didactic pedantry against which Emersonians were revolting. Blended with these qualities was the purely literary enthusiasm which had prompted him to revolt against the academical course.

Lowell's mission—for he, like other people, had a mission—naturally appeared to be poetical. He would aspire, as he writes soon after his marriage, to 'pour out one glorious song that should be the gospel of reform.' But then, as he puts it, half of him was 'clear mystic and enthusiast,' the other half was 'humorist.' The humorist, as he remarks of Fielding, is rather apt to make fun of the enthusiast. Lowell was a seer of 'visions' from childhood, and gives a curious account in one letter of a kind of rapture in which he spoke 'like a prophet,' and seemed to have 'the clue to a whole system of spiritual philosophy.' His humour effectually crushed any tendency to spiritualism or to a permanent confusion of visions with realities. The mysticism, too, must be

taken in the æsthetic as well as the ethical sense. The poet to whom he was most attracted in young days was Keats, whom he imitated in the early 'Legend of Brittany.' That clearly implies, what is also suggested by his early delight in Spenser and the old dramatists, a love of the purely poetical element, which has no direct bearing upon any 'mission.' The two purposes occasionally came into collision. Lowell, moreover, had already a strong dash of the critic; and in his later writings often insists upon the objection to downright didacticism. Critical canons, sound or otherwise, are dangerous furniture for a poet's brains. Lowell felt, as critic and humorist, that Wordsworth could become, at times, a terrible bore. Yet he might possibly have done better had he frankly followed Wordsworth into the pulpit, instead of constantly reminding himself that he ought to be more of a Keats.

One of his most admired poems is the 'Prometheus,' which, as Mr Scudder remarks, is much influenced by Keats's 'Hyperion.' Lowell himself, writing of it when first published, says that Prometheus was 'the first reformer and locofoco of the Greek mythology,' and that his poem is 'overrunning with true radicalism and antislavery.' Speaking more seriously, he says that he is 'the first poet who has endeavoured to express the American idea.' Prometheus is the mouthpiece of the great principle which underlay the Declaration of Independence. We may admit that Prometheus, in Lowell's poem, keeps at a sufficient distance from Jefferson, and says nothing incompatible with his position as a highly abstract symbol on the top of the Caucasus. His sentiments are much in the same vein as those already reported by Æschylus; and he is free, as Mr Scudder says, from the error of being too didactic. So far, he is unobjectionable; but the question whether Lowell had that disinterested appreciation of the Greek mythology, or, still more, that fineness of poetic workmanship which would enable him to breathe the thin air of the mythical Caucasus, would be more difficult to answer. 'Prometheus' hardly convinces English readers that Lowell had the rare genius necessary to give real distinction to a treatment of classical themes. But this may be British prejudice.

He was meanwhile being absorbed in interests nearer home. The abolitionists were growing in influence, and

naturally attracted Lowell. Here was a plain question of right and wrong, thoroughly congenial to a poetical prophet. Characteristically, however, he could not quite shut his eyes to the foibles displayed by fanatics, even in the best of causes. The abolitionist of the Garrison type attacked the slave-owner in the spirit of an old Hebrew smiting the idolater hip and thigh. Rather than make any concessions, he would break up the Union, which could only, as it then seemed, be preserved by concessions to the Slave-states. Lowell reminded a thorough-going friend that even a slave-holder had, like Shylock, the ordinary complement of senses; and thought that the 'Hebrew prophets had narrowed all the prophets since.' He was too good an American to sacrifice the Union even to abolition, however he might condemn some of the concessions demanded. He contributed to the abolitionist organ, and had some scruples in taking, even in so good a cause, a very small payment, which did not compensate him for giving up other work. A certain tension, however, remained between him and his allies; and they seem scarcely to have recognised the singular value of the blow which he struck in their cause. He was a good abolitionist, but could not be absorbed in one movement.

In the years 1847 and 1848 Lowell gave remarkable proofs of his versatile powers. Happily married, and exhilarated by the movements around him, he produced three works. One was the 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' his most popular, if not his best achievement. It is his most successful attempt to combine an ethical purpose with poetical form. He keeps the dangerous allegory in subjection, and the moral is simple and harmless enough—the superiority to romantic enterprise of a discharge of the humbler charities at hand. Perhaps the most successful part of the poem is the outburst of delight in June. As became a Massachusetts man, Lowell seems to have been specially sensitive to the glories of spring and summer, following the severity of a New England winter, and is at his best when uttering an exuberant passion for the sublimity of reviving nature. Almost contemporary was the 'Fable for Critics.' It is a rollicking series of verses, condescending to some rather small punning, and following the precedents set by Suckling and later by Leigh Hunt. The wit, however, is abundant; and it is

not more remarkable than the singular sagacity and impartiality of the portraiture. Lowell was afterwards to show his critical capacity in a more convenient form, but he never showed his insight more distinctly than in this brilliant series of portraits. The description of Emerson, for example, and the comparison of the Yankee with the Scottish prophet, Carlyle, puts into a few couplets one of the most forcible bits of characterisation of the two men ever written. The criticisms of less eminent authors show an equally keen perception of their genuine merits. If only a few of the superfluous digressions had been suppressed and a little more polish bestowed upon the chief passages, the 'Fable' might have been a gallery of literary portraits not approached by any similar performance. Meanwhile, however, both 'Sir Launfal' and the 'Fable' were being eclipsed by the 'Biglow Papers.'

The first of these was a squib published in 1846. Its success made the author think that he had 'struck the old hulk of the public between wind and water.' For some reason he did not follow up the blow for a year; but, when the 'Biglow Papers' were collected in 1848, Lowell had made his mark effectually. Even John Bull, ignorant of his own, recognised their merits; and some of the sayings of John P. Robinson and Birdofredum Sawin became household words. The poems made Oliver Wendell Holmes 'wriggle all over,' as he characteristically put it, and stirred Tom Hughes to an ecstatic admiration which, uttered in an introduction to an English edition in 1859, made the author blush almost uncomfortably. It would be difficult to find a parallel case in the literature of political squibs, where immediate success has been sanctioned by permanent approval. Perhaps the poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin' gives the most obvious precedent. Without making comparisons, however, the success was due to the felicity with which Lowell had combined the various elements of his powers. He hoped, as he tells Hughes, that the acceptance of the book by English readers proved that in spite of its intense 'provincialism' it had a 'general truth to human nature.' Lowell, in fact, was speaking his native dialect, which was the appropriate vehicle for the characteristic sentiment of his race. He was the *genuine 'Arcadian'* of New England without the gloss

added by the Rousseau spectacles. The democratic creed of that personage was of home growth, not a deduction from the abstract theories of the eighteenth century. It expressed the instincts which had grown up among a community of sturdy independent farmers who, in emigrating, had left behind them the aristocratic elements of the old society. They owed their success, as Lowell observes, as much to their business-like qualities as to their enthusiasm. As men of business they looked askance at high-flown rhetoric; but they also put a business-like doggedness into their religious convictions. If Puritanism generated hypocritical Pharisaism in the meaner natures, it also meant that the religious ideas really congenial were taken in a serious matter-of-fact spirit, and applied with unflinching thoroughness. The Puritan, we know, feared God and kept his powder dry. Genuine zeal, when allied to thorough business habits, makes a very effective form of fanaticism. The 'transcendental' impulse, when it stirred such people, produced survivals of the old Puritan like John Brown. In Lowell, the transcendentalist and the Puritan were combined. The Puritanic fervour has to show itself under the mask of severe self-restraint, and becomes humorous because it must express itself in terms of downright common-sense. It deals in pithy, homely phrases which are yet glowing with passion. That was why Lowell loved the 'unhigh-schooled' talk of the old farmers.

'For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few can metch it,
An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet.'

Lowell's youthful buoyancy at this time, and the superabundant wit which had run riot in the 'Fable for Critics,' made him an adequate incarnation of the old spirit, with an additional element of vivacity due to his personal qualities. No satires ever went straighter to the mark than the attacks upon the contemporary politicians of the 'Birdofredum Sawin' variety; and, here and there, he could introduce appeals to moral and patriotic sentiment, the more effective for their setting.

Lowell's poetic ambition remained, though for a time he did little. Great calamities were to befall him. The

deaths of three out of four children were followed by the loss of his wife in 1853. There are sufficient indications in his letters both of the tenderness and the courage called forth by his troubles. He was living at the old house at Elmwood, where his father still survived. He became professor at Harvard, succeeding Longfellow in 1855; and in 1857 he made a second marriage, as harmonious as the first. His life, however, became one of great seclusion. He lectured with success, and, though a dislike to routine seems to have made him rather discursive and capricious in his choice of topics, he attracted the more intelligent students. He also edited the 'Atlantic,' and not only welcomed promising writers most cordially, but did not shrink from the drudgery of reading the less interesting matter which now and then, in America at least, calls for the attention of editors. At the time, however, and for long afterwards, Lowell's life was that of a student with the appetite, though not the dulness, of the Dryasdust. He mentions reading for twelve hours a day; and only a few friends penetrated to the library, which suggested the appropriate titles for his later essays, 'Among my Books' and 'My Study Windows.' Aided by the consumption of tobacco, he read both widely and keenly. He was a fair, though not a fully trained classical scholar. A year spent in Germany, upon his appointment to the professorship, had given him considerable knowledge of the modern literature of the country. He had already a minute acquaintance with old English authors. In early days he speaks of having collected over a thousand passages from Massinger with a view to some criticisms, and his enthusiasm for the Elizabethans extended upwards and downwards; he became as much at home with Chaucer as with Emerson and Hawthorne. An essay upon Dante was the fruit of Italian studies extending over twenty years; and his love of Cervantes had made him, when he went to Spain, more familiar than the natives with its literature. One of the highest authorities upon early French literature met him, as we happen to know, in Paris, and found that Lowell could converse with him as an equal in point of information. He had read everything that had been printed in that department.

He turned his reading to account in essays of which we can only regret that there are not more. Edward

Fitzgerald, in the letters recently published, speaks of them warmly, and thinks him comparable to Sainte Beuve. Lowell's peculiar merits rather recall the characteristics of Fitzgerald himself—the freshness and independence of judgment, which is natural to a genuine humorist. Sainte Beuve has the extraordinary merit of persuading us that he has achieved the ideal aim of criticism. His estimates are at once so appreciative and so impartial that we are inclined to take them as definitive, and need make no allowance for personal prepossessions. Lowell has not that width and serenity. He shows us himself and his pet likings and antipathies. He was never, for example, quite able to do justice to the school of Pope, because he had imbibed in youth the spirit of the Wordsworthian revolt against the poor eighteenth century. But so long as a man's prejudices are thoroughly frank and genuine, and the product of really strong, if partially misguided instinct, they are themselves instructive and interesting. It was Lowell's merit that, though he had read with the patience of an antiquary, he never lost the enthusiasm generated in a first acquaintance. Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare had become personal friends; and a minute study of small details had never blunted the keenness of his interest. In writing of such men he could not avoid repeating much that had been said, but he is always as much interested as if he was a first discoverer of a neglected genius. The sincerity of his enjoyment is manifest even when it has to struggle against prejudices. No critic has spoken better of Dryden's power, though Dryden's poetry was not of the kind congenial to him; and his essay upon Carlyle, though he had been repelled by the prophet's later developments, shows abundant appreciation of the humour and amazing graphic force of even the 'Frederick.'

Perhaps Lowell was weakest in the criticism which sets forth a writer's relation to the mental and social development of his time. He attributes too much to the individual. Critics who aspire to be philosophical can add the necessary corrections. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to converse with one who is the enthusiastic, though posthumous friend of a great writer, and loves him so heartily as to make the general spirit and the smallest turns of language *mutually illustrative*. Lowell's humour is too

closely allied to common-sense to allow him to become extravagant, though he may be now and then a little fanciful. The spirit of the criticisms is shown still more delightfully perhaps in the essays on his 'Garden Acquaintance' and 'Winter,' where the lover of books blends with the lover of birds and of scenery, and he is comparing tastes with White of Selborne and Cowper and Wordsworth, and reviving the old associations with country sights and sounds. In New England, whatever its faults, there is plenty of snow; and, after reading Lowell's essay, we feel as if no one had ever before done justice to the peculiar charm which it can add to a landscape.

Meanwhile, Lowell's quiet seclusion did not prevent him from being deeply interested in the political situation of the time. He contributed essays to the 'Atlantic' and to the 'North American Review'—of which he became editor in 1864—which have been collected in his works. They cannot have the same interest for the English as for the American reader. Lowell did not profess to be a political philosopher like Tocqueville or the authors of the 'Federalist.' He wrote as one 'outside politics,' in the American phrase; and occasional excursions into the region of literary allusion show that he was scarcely addressing a popular audience. The articles are in the main a grave and dignified assertion of the great moral principle which he took to be involved in the struggle with the slave-holding States. The Union sentiment was now the support instead of the impediment of abolitionism; and Lowell could throw his whole heart into the cause. The main literary result was the second series of 'Biglow Papers' and the 'Commemoration Ode.' In some respects Lowell hardly overcame the proverbial difficulty of repeating a successful hit. Hosea Biglow has become rather diffuse. The attacks upon the policy of England may be justifiable, and are at least perfectly intelligible, from Lowell's point of view; but they lead to argumentation in verse which, though witty and vigorous enough, has not the sharp, pithy emphasis of the old downright blows. On the other hand, the papers incidentally contain some of his best poetry. 'Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line,' begins with a picture of a New England spring. The 'Yankee Idyll,' in which the case of Mason and Slidell is :

starts with a winter's night ramble; and the singularly pathetic lament over the nephews who had fallen in the war is set in a similar framework. If Lowell could not laugh so heartily as of old, or dash off such a charming poem as 'The Courtin',' improvised for the first collection, he could give forcible expression to the mood in which, while the 'snowflakes whispered on the pane' and gave a charm to the blazing logs, his thoughts were absorbed by Grant and Sherman, and longings for a victorious peace. His permanent sentiment is given in the most impressive passage which he ever wrote:—

'O strange New World that yit wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new states as Old-World men pitch tents,
Thou taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan,
That man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin—
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!'

This is the substance of the sentiment expounded in the famous 'Commemoration Ode.' The ode has been judged severely by critics who take the purely poetical standard. It is an instance of the old-fashioned 'Pindaric ode,' introduced into English by Cowley; and, besides being 'formless,' has (they complain) passages of slovenly or 'cacophonous' versification. Lowell defended himself for the plan by saying that he deliberately adopted it as best suited for recitation, after a good deal of painful experience as a listener to the similar performances popular in America. It was written, with the exception of the fine passage upon Lincoln, in two days of strong excitement. His apology indicates the true criterion. It is on the borderline between poetry and rhetoric; and the critic who reads it in his study, *as poetry is generally read now*, may

find that it falls at times below the higher level of poetic inspiration towards that which is appropriate to a public meeting. And yet a poem which has been accepted by a nation as the worthy utterance of its patriotic feelings has better credentials than any that can be given by the literary authority. We must humbly confess, at any rate, to be unable to read it without admitting its singular power, to whatever particular class of literature it may be assignable. The loftier passages, such as that in which he speaks of the martyrs to the cause, seem to us to be genuine poetry, and of a very high order. Anyhow, it has the fervour and glow of deep feeling which makes technical objections appear irrelevant and unworthy.

The intense patriotic feeling which animated the ode was destined to a serious shock. In a letter written a few years later, Lowell says that 'love of country is' in his 'very blood and bones.' 'If I am not an American, who ever was?' He was defending himself for some lines called 'The World's Fair,' in which he had spoken indignantly of certain familiar abuses. He suggested that Americans should exhibit, as specimens of their own invention, their civil service, their State legislatures and 'Rings,' with high officials sharing the plunder. Revelations of corrupt practices had startled him during Grant's second administration, and he had been taunted with the failure of democracy during a visit to Europe. In early days he had attributed such symptoms, not to democracy, but to that subservience to the slave-owning interest which had weakened the moral sense of American statesmen. That evil abolished, the true American was to reveal himself, and be independent in spirit as in politics.

We need not here discuss the true significance of the case. To Lowell it seemed due, partly at least, to the submergence of the New Englander by the importation of foreign pauperism. His early impressions, he says, had been received in a community 'the most virtuous, he believed, that ever existed.' His democratic instinct was a natural outcome of the old Puritanism and the social conditions. Jefferson, as he incidentally remarks, had superimposed upon this native product the abstract doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. The New Englander, like his English ancestors, was a practical man, holding to precedent and tradition, and objecting to

being taxed, on the obvious ground that he liked to know what was to be done with his money. The homespun democrat accepted for the time the doctrine of the 'rights of man,' as it led to the same conclusion for the moment; and Lowell could speak of the Declaration (Bentham's 'hodge-podge of absurdities') as proposing 'for the first time to embody Christianity in human laws.' Yet his inborn Yankee shrewdness led him to condemn *a priori* theories, and to admit that even democracy was an experiment to be judged by its results. He had a strong conservative sentiment, and the contempt of a humorist for the fine phrases which flattered the meaner self-complacency of his countrymen. To himself, indeed, he always remained a convinced democrat. In the address which he delivered at Birmingham in 1884, he showed admirable tact in discussing the point under the eyes of Englishmen on one side, and Americans, rather suspicious of his patriotism, on the other. He spoke, however, with obvious sincerity. He was too buoyant in temperament to be a pessimist, and, while admitting certain weaknesses of the American system, held that the sound common-sense of his countrymen would enable them to 'worry through' in good time. The American constitution would endure, as he told Guizot, so long as 'the ideas of its founders remained dominant.' The 'ideas,' he added, included the 'traditions of their race in government and morals'; and the traditions, no doubt, were pretty fully represented by Parson Willow and Hosea Biglow.

Lowell's denunciation of scandals and his interest in civil service reform led incidentally to his being appointed a presidential elector, and to his receiving the mission to Spain and afterwards to this country. The United States have done us the honour of sending us representatives qualified by literary as well as by political eminence; and Lowell was certainly among the most acceptable. Enough is given in the 'Life' to show that the position had its difficulties. Gentlemen who claimed to be both Irish patriots and American citizens gave him a good deal of trouble; and when he could not take their view of the question, he was accused of 'sickening sycophancy' to a wily aristocracy. To the English ministry, at least, he did not appear to err in the sycophantic direction. His American susceptibilities were easily aroused; and in

society he was ready to take up the cudgels for America even upon questions where he was sensible of a weak side in his case. Lowell, in fact, was often irritated by what he called 'a certain condescension in foreigners.' The amusing essay with that title and certain other passages even in his serious poetry show the feeling rather too strongly for English tastes. We may forgive him on the ground that it was partly due to his affection for the old race. In his youth he had told his countrymen that they had 'a mental and physical stoop of their shoulders.' They accepted a position of inferiority. But, when they had fairly claimed equality, it was the more annoying that Englishmen should still take them to be in the old provincial position. He wished for a friendly feeling founded on mutual respect; and few men have done more to cultivate the desired sentiment. An admirable public speaker and a charming conversationalist, he was a living proof that the descendants of the old Puritans could preserve their homely sagacity and yet take the highest social and literary polish. He was not less the Hosea Biglow that he could be thoroughly at home in the most cultivated European circles. Franklin had shown the charms of republican simplicity to the courtiers of Louis XVI; and Lowell played a somewhat similar part among modern Englishmen. His strong personal affections and his hearty appreciation of many charms of the old home almost naturalised him in spirit, though he was not sufficiently naturalised in law to be admitted to the Rectorship of St Andrew's.

Lowell's personal career was saddened during these years by the illness of his wife, which led to her death just before his mission ended in 1885. He returned to America, where his daughter and grandchildren were still living, and whither he was called by other ties stronger than those which drew him to England. He came in succeeding summers to visit favourite English scenes, especially Whitby, and to keep up the warm friendships which he had formed. A fatal illness began to show itself in the spring of 1890, and after much suffering, borne with undaunted cheerfulness, and solaced by his old literary enthusiasms, he died on 12th August, 1891. The strongest impression made by reading the letters will perhaps be *due to the personal characteristics*—to the admirable sim-

plicity, warmth of heart, and courageous buoyancy of a wholesome and vigorous nature. Lowell had, as became a humorist, quaint crotchets, such as a passion for discovering that every remarkable person had an infusion of Jewish blood in his veins. That theory, and his skill in showing that every so-called 'Americanism' was sanctioned by early English authorities, afforded him opportunities for exerting all his knowledge and ingenuity. Such little oddities only gave zest to his talk and occasional play to a certain amusing pugnacity. Nobody could have been a warmer or more steadfast friend, or have borne the sorrows of life more simply and gallantly.

Of Lowell's services to letters thus much may be said. He did not achieve one of those masterpieces which become permanent monuments of a national literature. He did not rival Emerson as the revealer of a new philosophical aspect to his countrymen. But he did something towards solving the problem from which he started—to show how his countrymen might cease to be 'provincial' in the narrower sense, and yet retain the qualities which had been associated with the old provincial peculiarities. In the vast evolution of a new society which has taken place in America since Lowell's birth, the New England element has become relatively less important by the introduction of so many races which do not share its traditions. Still it has had an immense influence upon the whole mass, and must always be reckoned as one of its main constituents. What Lowell more or less did in all his activities, was to extricate the finer creed of his forefathers from its coarser and more obsolete surroundings, and to apply the sturdy sagacity and strong moral sense, the shrewd humour and deep, if limited, feeling of the old Puritan to the problems of his day. These qualities, he held, would enable them to guide the inevitable democratic tendencies into the paths of downright honesty and sound common-sense, and encounter the dangers of political and social materialism that threaten the faith in plain living and high thinking. We must hope that his trust in the substantial soundness of his people will be justified. At any rate he did his best in his time to support the cause of upright and elevated aspiration.

Art. V.—THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH PROSE.

1. *Puritan and Anglican: Studies in Literature.* By Edward Dowden. London: Kegan Paul, 1900.
2. *English Prose Selections.* Edited by Sir Henry Craik. Five volumes. London: Macmillan, 1893-96.

AFTER the later prose of the eighteenth century had developed and exhausted, in the genius of Burke, all the possibilities of rhetorical grandeur, it lost life and sharpness, declining into a false eloquence of a mechanical and circumlocutory cast. Excessive balance and verbal contrast, idle epithets and withered flowers of speech, came to be the art of prose, as it was generally practised. For ordinary purposes it, perhaps, remained an adequate and even dignified manner of expression. If it was less winning than direct natural speech, it possessed, at least for those who cared to listen, more authority. For the purpose of art, however, the later prose of the eighteenth century became almost as much worn out as the eighteenth century couplet. Consequently, just as the leaders of the new movement in poetry returned to the plays of the earlier dramatists, so the essayists began to study the works of the then neglected prose-writers of the seventeenth century; and in these works they found such beauty of phrase and freshness of rhythm, such idiomatic force and magnificence of diction, that the pre-Restoration period was proclaimed the age of classic prose. But from many causes the return to earlier models in prose has been neither so general nor so lasting as the corresponding movement in poetry. The undoubted grandeur of the earlier writers is not without a kind of ruggedness in the minutiae of composition; and, as a whole, the matter of their writings is not of a nature to engage the interest of an ordinary reader. Besides, those who continued the traditions of Junius and Gibbon had subjects more attractive, and a larger audience, than those who versified in the manner of Pope; so that at the present day the magisterial statement of commonplace thought is still employed in the daily affairs of men, from the leading article and the Blue-book to the circular of the world of commerce.

De Quincey, Hazlitt, Lamb, Shelley, and Landor,

Ruskin, Newman, Pater, and other writers of eminence returned in various ways to the older traditions, but did not firmly re-establish them. By their combined effort they weakened the influence of the accepted eighteenth century diction, which was also greatly modified by Macaulay; but as each writer formed a style of his own, entirely individual and distinct, anything like uniformity was as far from being attained as ever it has been in the history of English literature. The effect of this variety, joined with that continual quest for the surprising phrase which marks and so often mars many fine works of fiction, and aided by the influence of Carlyle on George Meredith and on other writers of equal extravagance and less genius, has been to deprive our latter-day prose of any authoritative standard.

This has led to another reaction. We have again placed before us as the pattern for imitation the authors of 'the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period,' to quote Goldsmith's definition of the Augustan age of England. The manes of Coleridge and De Quincey are sometimes appeased by the admission that there were great writers of prose before Dryden, Swift, Addison, or whoever is about to be restored to the throne of eloquence; but it is contended that the works of the earlier writers contained no principle of development upon which literary art could make a sure and steady advance. They did not, we are told, elaborate a generally accepted style for the journeyman work of literature; and the perfecting of prose, as the instrument of the average purpose, was a reformation accomplished through the influence of French models soon after the Restoration.

From this judgment, and from the more sweeping condemnation of the earlier style as 'cumbersome and unavailing,' we hope to be able to show good reason for dissenting. In our opinion, the fundamental change in our language that occurred soon after the Restoration was a change for the worse, as unnecessary as it was, for any good result, ineffective. We cannot, it is true, find much support for our contention in the modern works that deal with the history of English prose. But in these works, which generally dismiss the subject in a few words, it may be that the true focus for the point in discussion has not been obtained. *In studying the writings of the seven-*

teenth century authors, a reader is apt to grow weary of their stormy wranglings about contemporary questions of government, divinity, philosophy—questions supremely important in their day, but supremely unattractive now; and, apart from any question of style, his sympathies generally become pre-engaged by the stir and colour of daily life in the lighter and gayer works of the succeeding period.

Before directly considering the earlier prose, it may be well to ascertain the origin of that pompous and circumlocutory manner which caused the writers of the Romantic school to return to the diction of the authors who flourished before the Restoration. By dealing first with the defects of the later style, and then approaching the subject from the standpoint of Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt, it may be possible to discern again in the prose of the seventeenth century some of those incomparable qualities upon which they dwell with such relish and delight.

At the outset, it must not be overlooked that, at the time of the Restoration, there were two distinct kinds of prose in vogue, which are usually confused by critics belonging to other schools. In the first place, there was the style mentioned by Bishop Sprat as the standard of the members of the Royal Society. It consisted in rejecting all figurative expressions, and using the everyday tongue of men, in order to arrive at a mathematical plainness of speech. So far as it was possible, however, this dry-as-dust language had already been elaborated and widely employed long before its principles were distinctly enunciated. From Hales and Chillingworth down to Pearson, the development of this unadorned and solid diction can be traced, until at last it loses all literary character.

The other style, which unfortunately concerns our literature more than our science and theology, was that which arose amongst the Cavaliers in the reign of Charles II, when, as Swift says, the Court, which used to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech, became the worst school in England for that accomplishment. Swift, at any rate, was a good judge of style, and he had probably read more of the works of the period he condemns than any modern critic cares to peruse. We *may therefore* accept his statement that this deteriorat

of the English language continued in his time, that is to say, from the age of Dryden to the age of Addison.

Dryden himself, however, does not wholly belong to the Restoration: he is of the transition. Opinions may change, but the ruling habits of thought and expression, acquired when a man's genius takes shape and character, alter little in after-life. And as Dryden, in the most valuable portions of his critical prefaces, while quoting French authorities, developed some of the principles of Ben Jonson, whom he placed before them all, so in the energy of his figures and the racy idiom of his sentences, he adhered to the traditions of style prevalent in his younger days. Halifax also, in the matter of diction, was only a trimmer, in his own meaning of the word. Resembling Swift, who held that the English of the first Charles's reign retained the best qualities of the Elizabethan writers, he displays one at least of its excellences, a masculine use of the vernacular, the secret of which Defoe afterwards recovered but did not communicate.

In spite, however, of the half-measures of men like Dryden and Halifax, and in spite of the conservatism of Barrow and South, a thorough alteration in the structure and material of our language took place. As Swift also says, the licentiousness which entered with the Restoration, from infecting our religion and morals, fell to corrupting our speech. Professor Earle summarises the effect of the Norman conquest on the formation of the English tongue by the statement that a French family settled in England and edited the language. The Cavaliers who returned with Charles II had been so long abroad that many of them appear to have lost their native idiom; and it seemed at first likely that they would succeed in editing the English language a second time. Had they completed their revision, the best and the greatest part of our literature would have now become as dead for most of us as the publications of the Early English Text Society, or, at least, more obsolete than was the Latin of Ennius in the time of Cicero. Happily, however, the foundations had been too strongly built, and the second invasion of the French was not wholly successful; yet the injury sustained was irreparable. Three great losses, we think, are clearly discernible to the student of prose literature.

Firstly, it is from the Restoration that we date that increasing insensibility with regard to the infinite rhythms of our language, which will probably end in English being spoken in the same level unaccented tone as the French. Through the influence, perhaps, of the descendants of the old French colonists of America, this has already come to pass in the United States. And already, by its lack of rhythmic individuality, some of the most vivid and original prose of the present day, English and American, fails not only in charm but in expressiveness. In fact, of all the writers of great merit, from the Restoration to the present century, Newman alone succeeded in recovering that mastery of rhythm which was the characteristic of our prose before its 'reformation.'

A yet greater loss was the vernacular element, which gradually disappeared from all books intended for polite readers; and with it went all the native strength of the language. Amongst a collection of vulgar phrases quoted from authors of eminence, and strongly condemned in a very popular work on composition published in the earlier part of the last century, are many such as—'the *drift* of these letters'; 'his name must *go down* to posterity'; 'the *most agreeable* kind of writing'; 'he *made* no more translations'; and we are warned that, 'however significant it may be, no expression that has a tendency to create sensations of disgust will, by a judicious writer, be thought worthy of admission.' L'Estrange or Sir Thomas Urquhart himself might find comfort in the thought that, when such mild colloquialisms as those which we have quoted were creating sensations of disgust, the accepted prose style was the most verbose, wooden, and unexpressive that ever a nation, after a hundred years of toil, had attained.

Thirdly, though we might particularise other virtues of our prose which were lost at the Restoration, all can be summed up in the one word 'tradition.' It is the only stock upon which grafts can flourish and bear fruit. Without it, Congreve might found a style that was French in its union of brilliant wit and naturalness, and Addison almost equal his achievement by the ease and elegance of his periods; but they were like exotic growths that flower and perish.

Reformations in style appear to resemble revoluti-

in government; they become a habit, and end in either anarchy or tyranny. So far as we have been able to ascertain from a survey of the books produced after the age of the 'reformed' prose, that consummate manner of writing which should fulfil the average purpose was not obtained from the example of Dryden, Swift, or Addison, each of whom was in his way as inimitable as any of his great predecessors. As in the case of authors of a recent date, such as Matthew Arnold and Pater, they only intensified by the force of their genius the diversity of styles which already existed; and this was increased by the mannerisms of inferior writers who attempted to obtain by affectation in diction that distinction which nature had denied them. It required another reformation, we might say another revolution, to produce the literary dictator who should put an end to this anarchy of letters; and the one writer of English who really struck root downward and blossomed upward in the general style, to use Professor Saintsbury's phrase, did not appear until about the middle of the eighteenth century. For Dr Johnson alone succeeded in creating a uniform style which became and remained the general pattern for writers of ordinary ability. So far as Johnson's written work compares with the vigour and originality of his conversation, Garrick's ill-natured epigram upon Goldsmith might have been reversed to fit the author of the 'Rambler' and 'Rasselas,' had it not been that the style of these books was so imitable and so imitated that they belong, if not to English literature, at least to the history of our written language.

Sir Henry Craik claims for Johnson that

'he preserved us against the triviality and feebleness that would have come from the imitation of Addison's prose by the ordinary writer who had not the secret of Addison's genius. . . . It is not too much to say that no competent writer of prose since Johnson's day has not, in spite of all diversities of genius, and in spite even of earnest resistance to his sway, owed much of such rhythm and balance and lucidity as he has attained to the example set by Johnson. . . . To Johnson it was left to establish a code, to evolve order out of disorderly materials, to found a new ideal of style in absolutely logical precision, adding to that precision, dignity and eloquence and force.'

This is more the speech of an advocate than the statement of a judicious critic; yet the usefulness of Johnson's work is unquestionable. It must not, however, be overlooked that, as a matter of history, the prose style most in vogue when the father of all leader-writers invented the instrument of the average expression, was that of Lord Shaftesbury, the author of 'Characteristics,' which has many resemblances to the affected and unidiomatic pomp of diction used by Gibbon; and, next to Johnson's, Gibbon's style has had more influence in English prose than that of any other man. What Johnson did was to return to seventeenth-century models, so far as he could appreciate them, and so far as they were then able to be followed.

'I have studiously endeavoured,' are his words, 'to collect examples from the writers before the Restoration, whose works I regard as the wells of English undefiled, as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language for almost a century has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original Teutonic character and deviating towards a Gallic structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recall it by making our ancient volumes the ground-work of style.'

But, despite the remark of one of his biographers, that he had 'an injudicious partiality' for Sir Thomas Browne, Johnson, it must be confessed, recovered the dead words more than the spirit and imagination of the age of our finest prose. Picture the great dictionary-maker, notebook in hand, reading his favourite author, and endeavouring to ascertain the plain matter-of-fact signification of the words, amidst all the iridescent play of fancies, the choral music, the fine shadings of expression and mood, of that master of eloquence whose mere strength of language so compelled his admiration that he almost pardoned the subtle art with which it was used! For Johnson, with his strong common-sense and lack of imaginative faculty, was a typical example of the English mind in its slow and steady advance in material organisation. The genius of England was then, by laborious enquiries and reasonings, rooting itself deeper into the facts of life, and, like some perennial plant, increasing its hold *upon the earth*, so that, when the storms of winter were

over, it might bear more blossom and fruit and gather strength to face the recurring season of stress and decay. Johnson also was a great reconstructor. It is easy at the present day to find fault with the style that he established, its lack of directness and vivacity, its monotony of balance, and its circumlocution. Neither in its structure nor in its vocabulary did it resemble the prose which he studied to restore. It was a ruder instrument, and one not hard to handle, especially in a slovenly way. Nevertheless, it was constructed in the face of great difficulties. To vary the illustration, Johnson might be charged with not having discovered the real beauty of the mountains through which he passed; but in this case it must be remembered that it was he who built the road over the quagmire that lay at their feet.

This was a work of great labour. If Johnson's style lacks life, it was because he had no living traditions or living language to build upon when he set to work to prevent English writers from being reduced—to use his own phrase—'to babble a dialect of France.' The language of society should have constituted the base of literary expression; but instead of being the idiomatic speech of the people, used with finer art, delicacy, and point, it was worse than useless to a reformer whose inspiration was derived from the genuine eloquence of the pre-Restoration age. When the vulgar tongue remains the basis of expression in literature and social discourse, its idiomatic phrases and words, while giving strength and flexibility to the style, become in turn refined by associations and enriched with more delicate shadings; and it is, we think, chiefly by this process that, in spite of its scantier vocabulary, the French language has obtained its power of significance, its clearness and elasticity.

It is interesting to compare the entirely different direction in which the diction of France developed in the eighteenth century; for it is obvious to every student of French literature that modern French prose, of which Voltaire founded the type, is not the magnificent instrument of expression that Bossuet used. As M. Brunetière remarks, a quicker, more vivacious, and simpler manner of phrasing replaced the rich organic sentences of the older writers. There was, however, no break in the tradition. At the Court and in the *salons*, amidst the

commerce of wit and compliment, the language grew more flexible and sparkling, but the same laws of structure and idiom were observed; and when, with the romantic movement, writers such as Chateaubriand and Lamennais appeared, who required a more poetic and abundant diction, they were able to return to their classics of the seventeenth century without a suspicion of effort or affectation. The permanence of the older tradition still keeps the style of Bossuet in its position as the standard prose of France, and, in spite of innovators, preserves its derivative, the lighter conversational style, as the instrument of the average expression; so that, by the force of this tradition, the average French writer inherits a prose characterised above all others by its clearness, idiomatic flexibility, and charm.

Had our language been left to develop itself according to its own traditions and tendencies, we might not have arrived at a prose equalling the French in its specific qualities, but we should have retained and perfected other powers of expression equally valuable. These two nations, which differ so radically in their dramatic and lyrical poetry, could never have resembled each other in the essential virtues of their prose. The success with which the Russian novelists of the passing age, while learning their art chiefly from the French, yet preserved in their methods and ideas a nationality as distinct as that of any literature in the modern world, is evidence of the assimilative and transforming forces that reside in a language whose peculiar structure and idiom are preserved. This is also the salient point in the history of the modern literature of France. But after the Restoration, wherever our writers resemble those of France, the resemblance serves only to make more patent the inimitable authenticity of inspiration by which in every case the French excel. For even they who hold that our men of letters did well to break away from the traditions of the seventeenth-century diction, must admit that amongst those who in any way imitated the great French prose writers, there is not one who can be placed on a level with his archetype. Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, and Voltaire! Can our Temples, Tillotsons, Drydens or Congreves, our Addisons or Chesterfields compare with *these as masters of prose?*

If we wish to sustain the comparison, we must have recourse to those of our authors who flourished before the Restoration, when England, instead of being, from a literary point of view, almost a province of France, was a powerful and independent nation with a literature almost equal to that of Greece in the age of Pericles. This brings us to the main purpose of our essay. That England held a supreme position in dramatic and lyrical poetry for fifty years in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I would hardly now be denied. We also wish to show, by a brief review of the earlier seventeenth-century writers, that our finest prose style arose amongst the great Elizabethans, and survived and continuously developed until the reign of Charles II; and that, had no disastrous change then occurred, there would probably have been permanently established in England, not only a style capable of every variety of eloquence, but also a secondary diction, terser and more idiomatic, alert and effective than that which we owe to the labours of Dr Johnson. To those who study literature apart from history, the time following the death of Shakespeare may seem to be a period of decadence due to the exhaustion of national creative force. But, even as regards poetry, it appears to us to have been an age that in itself was still full of promise; a brilliant dawn that was suddenly overcast with storm-clouds as it was turning into the clear and equable light of day. The Renaissance, with its promise of general culture and fresh developments of the literary spirit, was obscured by the religious and political disturbances arising out of the Reformation.

Professor Dowden, in his interesting and valuable studies of the Anglican and Puritan literature of the seventeenth century, describes Elizabethan literature as the work of the interacting influences of the two great European movements. But surely the Renaissance view of life was then the literary force. The '*Faerie Queene*,' with its mediæval material, its rich and finished colouring, might almost have been written by some countryman of Dante and Savonarola. Bacon, again, in his philosophical works and essays, owed no more to Protestantism than Galileo and Montaigne did to Catholicism. In fact, with one exception, all the great Elizabethan and Jacobean writers are children of the Italian Renaissance. The settlement of the

questions arising out of the Reformation in England was postponed during the reign of Elizabeth. A great national danger had made for national unity and thus strengthened the position of the Crown; and while it was still possible for a Grindal to become Archbishop of Canterbury, the two parties in religion continued in a state of unstable equilibrium. Had England at that time had its John Knox, there would not have been any opportunity for the development of a popular drama. As it was, Shakespeare, for instance, became neither an ardent Papist nor an ardent Protestant; he saw both sides, and remained a student of life. A chief characteristic of the Renaissance in England, after the founding of the theatre, was that it favoured the production of dramatic poetry more than prose. Not many persons could read a book, but all could follow the acting of a play; and the stage therefore was far more profitable than the printing-press.

Nevertheless Hooker's famous work is alone sufficient evidence that the discussion of the questions arising out of the Reformation spread and deepened. Being mainly confined to an uncultured though earnest body of the people, the Puritan movement found little abiding expression except in Milton and Bunyan; and its force is principally shown in a negative manner by the sudden decline of the drama. As men's thoughts were more and more drawn away from the pageant of human existence, the sane and vigorous genius of the middle classes, from which the greatest dramatists had sprung, was diverted into other channels; and the stage therefore lost its sound and genial outlook on life. Jack Donne, the poet, turning preacher, John Hales quitting the London taverns for the Synod of Dort, typify the national change of mind. The histories of Greece and Rome, that had furnished materials for plays, and the Bible, which Peele had not scrupled to use for this purpose, were now ransacked by the projectors of new systems and theories in matters of Church and State. Religion and politics, in short, absorbed the vital intellectual power of England; and, while dramatic poetry declined, oratory and prose developed. The manner in which men, in the early part of the seventeenth century, began to gather around Ben Jonson and Lord Falkland seems to show that, had the political and religious questions been peaceably settled, there would have ensued in

England, during the reign of the first Stewarts, a far more general spread of culture than that which came about in France in consequence of similar gatherings of courtiers and men of letters. England had then achieved a literature of deeper life and wider appeal than any of her rivals. The national mind, though turning its attention wholly to matters of Church and State, was never stronger and more active; and it may be doubted if there has been a literary dictator who united in himself more learning, natural gifts, and good sense than Ben Jonson.

Towards the close of a great age in any art, when the finest work has been done, there survives too often a desire to accomplish something further in the same direction, which gives rise to a school of extravagant artifice. Men of merit appear, emulous of the success of earlier writers, whose talent was not perhaps superior to theirs, but who wrote before them, in a golden age when the description of the commonplace situations of life contained an originality and a vital truth which could not but be lost in a second handling. The late-comers therefore, in order to escape comparison, are often driven by their ambition to adopt rejected or out-of-the-way themes, the fantastic ugliness and violent representation of which prove that they were written by men in whom the healthiest instincts of life were overpowered by the vanity of the author. The tendency in question can only be restrained and directed to other and virgin fields of literature by a growth of critical taste. This growth of critical taste Jonson could have promoted; and even in the verse of the Jacobean and Caroline days, it is surely to his influence that we owe all those lyrics whose grace and clearness of thought and expression distinguish them from the school of Donne.

Had Jonson completed, published, and discussed the essay on style which lies in rudiments and excellent pieces of translation in his commonplace book, the traditions of our older prose might have been strengthened and preserved. This is not so much a mere dream of the might-have-been, as an appreciation of the striking merits of that little note-book of Jonson's which, though not published until the stormy days of 1641, shows that there was in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century a master of exemplary criticism, with truer

insight into the worth of books and men, with more abundant and active learning, and with finer powers of expression than ever Malherbe, Balzac, Boileau or St Evremond possessed. Jonson, in his 'Discoveries,' discerned so clearly the characteristics of the finest prose of the seventeenth century, and so strongly approved them, that it may not be irrelevant to quote some of his views concerning a style which is now somewhat out of favour. It may be said of him, as he says of another writer of his day, presumably Bacon, that

'he never forced his language, nor went out of the highway of speaking, but for some great necessity or apparent profit; for he denied figures to be invented for ornament, but for aid.'

Yet the use of all the graces of eloquence, in addition to mere perspicuity, was never better commended and exemplified than in his brief jottings.

'A man should so deliver himself . . . that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight; and so apparel fair and good matter that the studious of elegance be not defrauded; redeem arts from their rough and braky seats, where they lay hid and overgrown with thorns, to a pure, open, and flow'ry light, where they may take the eye and be taken by the hand.'

Many of the notes, in which he has heightened some passage from the Roman critics, are admirable for their charm of style. Spenser, he says, in affecting the ancient, wrote no language; yet he himself retained an artist's appreciation of the colour and freshness which an old phrase can give when rightly employed.

'Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of gracelike newness.'

Jeremy Taylor might have written the following passage in the defence of prose as an instrument for the loveliest effects of art:

'Some words are to be culled out for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to strow houses or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow where, though the mere grass and greenness delight, yet the *variety of flowers* doth heighten and beautify.'

It commonly happens that if a man loses anything of worth in his earlier days, he afterwards comes to think that it was of greater price than all that he still retains. Hence it has become the fashion to regret the decay of that brilliant and picturesque use of the vernacular which was one of the kinds of prose obtaining in the Tudor reigns, but which has come down to us in few works of intrinsic merit and in scarce one of original art. But could even the greatest admirer of our Elizabethan translators decline to admit that Bacon, for instance, in his 'Advancement of Learning,' was not justified in his use of the latinised diction, that *vox nova in nostra lingua*, with its deeper tones, its amplitude of rhythm, and its grandeur? As well might the eloquence of Bossuet have been restrained to the natural easy manner of Amyot or Montaigne. We venture also to suggest that the vernacular Elizabethan diction was not eliminated from our literature by the style of Bacon and Hooker. This was done partly, perhaps, by Lilly and Thomas Lodge, but mainly by Sir Philip Sidney.

'Now nothing is good that is natural,' Jonson says; 'right and natural language seems to have least of the wit in it; that which is writhed and tortured is counted the more exquisite. . . . Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed; and this is to write like a gentleman.'

When the authors of English romances set the fashion in outlandish affectation of speech, what headway could be made by the better style, which was only used in translations and pamphlets, and in the pauses of the blank verse of the vulgar playwrights? Even its homely strength and savour must, by contrast, have made the speech of the Arcadians seem daintier and more elegant to the ladies and gallants of the Court and those for whom they were the glass of fashion.

What Dr Johnson did for English prose in his time, the later Elizabethan writers, Bacon, Hooker, and Raleigh, did better in theirs. Their style was not perfect, and it suffered afterwards by the increasing influence of patristic literature. It may be admitted that Hooker, in bringing to our speech somewhat of the majesty and power of Roman oratory, brought also an intricacy of phrase and suspension of thought which at first sight seem almost to

counterbalance all that he gained in sublimity of style and rhythm. But when the sermons of his predecessors, such as Latimer, Coverdale, and Lever, are compared with the works of those of his successors, like Taylor, South, and Barrow, who retained many of his excellences while avoiding his faults, it will be seen that the later Elizabethan prose writers discovered an instrument for the expression of thought second only in elevation and capability to the blank verse of the dramatists of their age. In its elevation it resembled its model, the prose of Cicero; but, unlike the Roman eloquence, it did not disdain the idiom of the people. Had the vernacular thriven also in the other departments of literature, the two styles might have restrained and reinforced each other; but Barrow and L'Estrange speak a different language. The time was not then ripe for the development of the novel in England; and without some familiar and native product of this kind, there was not, amidst the triumphs of the stage, the vogue of affected romance, and the succeeding tumults and wars, any scope for the language of the people to develop into another branch of literature. Defoe and Fielding in that age would have written plays and pamphlets like Nash; Richardson would have given us another virtuous and distressed maiden in another Arcadia. Bunyan was a finer genius, and with the Bible and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' at hand, and a prison close by, he might, at the beginning, as near the end, of the seventeenth century, have described the repentance of a sinner, or the pilgrimage of a Christian through this world, in the commonest, homeliest words and yet in a style as bright and as musical as a stream in the Delectable Mountains.

The trenchant and virile speech of the people did not perish with the Elizabethans to be revived for just a moment by men like Bunyan or Defoe. Though there appeared but few books of immortal worth written wholly in the popular tongue, it subsisted as a principal literary influence. In fact, the great writers of the seventeenth century owe their excellence in a large measure to the life and sparkle which they obtained by an increasing use of idiomatic, racy phrases, amid that heightening rhythm and diction introduced by their earlier models from the *Romans*. This is evident, not only in the works of men like Fuller and South, whose vivacity is commonly

admitted, but also in the 'Liberty of Prophesying' and the 'Dissuasive from Popery' of Jeremy Taylor. The singular evenness and lucidity of structure that Taylor exhibits in such writings as these, would convince many a reader acquainted only with the rich and picturesque qualities of his devotional books, that he has a right to be ranked for ease and persuasiveness, if not for logic, with Pascal and Newman. Hobbes is a still better example. He was nearly fifty years of age when his thoughts began seriously to turn towards philosophy, and until then he had studied almost exclusively the ancient authors with but the one aim—to obtain a good Latin style. Yet, when he came at last to write in English, how pure was his language, how compact, brilliant, and direct every sentence! Even Sir Thomas Browne, one of our most bookish writers, learned to use a diction more latinised than that of Hooker, with far closer regard to the idiomatic laws of our speech than was shown by the great Elizabethan. And Drummond of Hawthornden, whose 'Cypress Grove' will perhaps some day attract the attention it deserves, is an earlier writer of an harmonious and ornate kind of prose, with but little of the parenthesis and loose construction of the older school.

It is, we think, a mistake to regard the prose of the seventeenth century as a tangle of interminable sentences. The long sentence is more the mark of the Elizabethan diction. Sometimes, as with North, the structure is rambling, but finely cadenced, and, on the whole, clear. Sometimes, as with Hooker, it is even more harmonious, but more involved. As a reaction, we find the short sentence being developed quite early in the seventeenth century. It is, for example, amusing, amidst the theological wranglings of the time, to discover Milton villifying Bishop Hall because he did not use well-rounded periods; while earlier in the fray Martin Marprelate had flouted Dr Cooper because he used them. 'Hoo! Hoo! Dean! Take a breath, and then to it again.' There was no pleasing the Puritans. The greater writers, however, while equally solicitous for clearness of statement, did not care to surrender the exquisite music of the periodic style, its fluctuant tones and antiphonal rhythms, its alternations of sweetness and resonance, and all the fulness and elevation of its sweep. They therefore amended the construction of the period. *In Hooker's style—at its worst—*

the main statement is either lost in the preamble, or it plunges out of sight at the beginning of a sentence and reappears in scattered fragments which serve to cement the principal subsidiary clauses. These in their turn are also at times broken into pieces in order to unite a series of less important phrases. The thoughts thus expressed gradually take shape in the middle of the page, the least important often claiming first attention; and the period is at last rounded off with a word or two of the main statement.

This is also the style of Milton and Clarendon—at their worst; and it is for this reason that they cannot be allowed to represent the real development of seventeenth century prose, which is no more to be condemned for their faults than Newman's style is to be neglected because of Carlyle's. Milton, for pages at a time, reveals that he is a great poet; and Clarendon, besides having an orator's gift for striking sayings, carries a reader through his long, intricate, and disjointed sentences by his insight into character, his statesmanship, and his knowledge of men and events. Yet for all this, Milton and Clarendon, in choosing the most difficult of the styles of their day, only show that it was not given, even to men of genius, to excel therein without being masters of prose composition. Milton, at least, knew this.

'In this manner of writing,' he says, 'knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial powers of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand.'

Whilst some critics make Milton's prose a text for a general condemnation of the style of his age, Professor Dowden, on the other hand, is, we think, somewhat extravagant in the praise which he gives to the poet's tracts, as a series of lofty, complete, and reasonable ideals. We cannot help thinking that, if these prose writings had been the only works of Milton, they would have remained in the obscurity in which they were, for the most part, produced—'Areopagitica' excepted. Even in 'Paradise Lost,' and may we add 'Samson Agonistes'? it is difficult to find any touch of a lofty, complete, and reasonable ideal in Milton's opinions on women; and his pamphlets on 'Divorce,' unless their reasonable ideals of domestic life

were specially addressed to the nations of the East, are best excused as the hasty utterances of a man of genius who had made an unhappy marriage. The greater part of Milton's lovers will no doubt be content to regard his prose as not in itself of far-reaching importance in our literature, but as interesting, nevertheless, in so far as it enables us to trace his development, from the author of 'Comus' and the charming earlier verses, to the greater poet of the 'Paradises' and 'Samson.' And if in his prose he exhibits, more than any other writer, the defects of the latinised diction, we must consider them as the price paid by him for that consummate art in the use of the older periodic structure which makes his poetry as inimitable as it is immortal. With this view it is curious to note how frequently lines and even passages of fine blank-verse occur in his prose writings.

In order to discern how little Milton's style represented the real development of the prose in his age, we have only to contrast it with Andrew Marvell's. Until the publication of 'Paradise Lost' placed its author beyond all comparison, Milton and Marvell might have ranked together as poets, not in the sense that they were equal, but for the unrivalled perfection which they had each attained in two different kinds of poetry; Milton representing the clearness and simplicity of the older style, and Marvell, with all his wit and gracefulness, the extravagance of a later style that was already antiquated. In the art of prose, however, there had been real improvement; and the positions were reversed—Milton, who adopted the manner of the older writers, being extravagant and obsolete, and Marvell, who used the diction of his day, being clear, direct, and effective.

In the periodic style of the best prose of the seventeenth century there is scarcely more involution of phrase and suspension of thought than in Newman. It differs from the structure of the prose of the next age in that the correlative and qualifying sentences, instead of being marked off by full stops, are connected by colons, semicolons, and commas, in order that the long-drawn rhythm of the period may be retained. Some instances of Latinisms with regard to the ablative case have been remarked and condemned; but the chief characteristic of its syntax, which distinguishes it, not only from the prose of the

next age, but also from that prose of the nineteenth century which has been studiously modelled upon it, is that it is written according to the English idiom and not according to the systems of our grammarians, who have tried to do away with everything in our language that they could not understand. But, apart from the idiomatic syntax of the seventeenth century prose, its real clearness of composition is often praised in a manner which shows that its other qualities have been overlooked. Bishop Heber, for example, says of Jeremy Taylor that if full stops were substituted for many of his colons and semi-colons, it would be seen that his sentences were as clear and as brief as those of a modern writer. The punctuation of the older authors can only be altered for the worse. In the endeavour to give them by this means a modern appearance, not only would much of their beauty of cadence be destroyed, but there is in their scheme of punctuation an increased power of expression which would also be thereby impaired.

Much has been said by modern critics in praise of the superior clearness of the prose of the eighteenth century as compared with that of the seventeenth. But it has been pointed out that perspicuity is a relative quality; the class of readers is one consideration, the kind of work another. The art of a charming essayist, such as Addison, is not measurable against the masterly grasp and lucid explanation displayed by Hobbes, any more than Dryden's vivacious prefaces can be compared in originality and depth of thought, in majesty and repression of style, with the sermons of Barrow. The novel, in its rise and vigorous growth, certainly enriched the prose literature of the eighteenth century beyond any comparison with that of the seventeenth; but the comparison, we submit, cannot fairly be made. The novels of the Georgian era should rather be measured against the plays of the Jacobean and Caroline reigns; and the achievements of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, and Jane Austen should be set against the achievements of the Elizabethan giants, whose line extends from the days of Ben Jonson to the time 'of the flood.' For novels, it has been well said, are plays for the study, written in prose, with extended stage directions.

Even as Bishop Berkeley, with all his eloquence, could *not make his philosophy as plain to the common under-*

standing as was the satire of it by the wits of his age, so the record of seventeenth century thought, however vital its themes, however fruitful its discourses, can never appeal to the general reader with the attraction of the literature of amusement. The greatest thinkers, the most incisive writers of the earlier Stewart period, have two irremediable defects in the eyes of a modern reader. Their subject-matter does not interest him; and, besides, their manner of dealing with it is antiquated. Chillingworth, not the greatest thinker nor the finest writer, is a fair instance. His work has been recommended by men so far apart in time and temperament as Locke, Sir James Stephen, and Matthew Arnold. For many years after it was written, 'The Religion of Protestants' was studied as the most effective answer made by an Englishman to the declarations of the Church of Rome; and Chillingworth still remains eminent for his broad rational standpoint in an age of theological liberalism. But can it be said that there still survives sufficient interest in the long argumentation between a Protestant and a Jesuit on the facts of the case, as they appeared in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, to make it worth while to republish 'The Religion of Protestants'? Even if the interest existed, the manner in which Chillingworth replies to his opponent's statements 'on every point, every sentence, every insinuation between the sentences,' is apt to fatigue the attention of a reader who wishes to arrive at the gist of the controversy. The rules of the learned game of debate differed from those now obtaining. You had, so to speak, not only to checkmate your adversary's king, but also to sweep off all the other pieces on the board.

'Chillingworth,' says Sir James Stephen, 'wants little but a change in punctuation to be a writer of our own day, and a writer as powerful, as expressive, and as idiomatic as any in the whole history of our language.' ('*Horæ Sabbaticæ*,' p. 195.)

Yet who reads him?

The relation which the style of these men had to the worst or even the average style of their day is entirely irrelevant to the question of their merits. It seems to us that sufficient evidence could be given to prove that the ordinary prose of the last two centuries suffers from

faults, such as a slovenly misuse of words and a lack of natural vivacity, greater than all the instances of excessive latinity and awkward composition in the ordinary prose of the seventeenth century. Even if the truth were otherwise, how would it affect the real literature of the earlier period? Does it prove that Adam Smith or Herbert Spencer has greater art in the expression of thought than Hobbes; or that Richard Baxter could not, in the 'Saint's Everlasting Rest,' use as clear, terse, and vigorous a diction as that of Cobbett?

While the fault of seventeenth century prose is now held to be its cumbersome lengthiness, it is surprising to find that Constable, in his 'Reflections upon Accuracy of Style,' written about 1715, was mainly concerned to show the worthlessness of the terse and pointed cast of sentence, in the manner of Owen Felltham's 'Resolves,' which, it appears, was then being largely imitated and admired. Felltham, though he is still not without admirers, cannot be defended. He wrote what is probably the worst English that has ever been written. But what also met with Constable's disapproval was 'the style of these books, which are often entitled "Characters." How that way of writing can be called eloquence I know not' (says he), 'as I am sure it has more of start and sally than of discourse.'

These works, which extend from Hall to Halifax, should not, we think, be omitted from a survey of the literature of the period. As studies from life, they form a link between the great dramatists and the great novelists, and occupy, in the somewhat broken traditions of our literary history, an equal place with the lyrical poets of the same age, having, at their best, a like natural and witty strain, marred at times by similar far-fetched conceits. But, as a whole, the prose is less defective in this respect than the poetry. For example, George Herbert's character-writing, 'A Priest to the Temple,' is singularly exempt from the extravagance of his verse. The distinctive brevity of phrase is there, but all incongruous comparisons and crudities of thought and diction are avoided. Contrasted with 'The Temple,' the little tract seems to have been written by a man of *another* order of mind. Earle's character-sketches, again, *are full of witty fancies and pleasant touches; and yet*

they remain as free from 'Donnishness' as they are from rambling sentences. While Earle's little book has twice been republished of late, the work of an incomparably greater mind, that of Samuel Butler, who brought the art of character-writing in England to its highest point, still awaits an editor. A great part of it lies in manuscript at the British Museum, written in a style as strong, clear, and incisive as that of Swift, whom Butler strangely resembles in his genius, temperament, and pessimism, and even in his life. They also had in common the talent for writing a clever mechanical kind of verse, which is inferior to their prose. If beside these character-writings there are placed Baxter's 'Autobiography' and 'Saint's Rest,' Howell's 'Familiar Letters,' Walton's 'Angler' and 'Lives,' L'Estrange's 'Æsop,' Urquhart's 'Rabelais,' and the tales translated from the French, Spanish, and Italian, it will be seen that easy and vigorous diction, wit and vivacity, plain, clear, and moderate prose, did not perish in England even under the régime of the Puritans.

One of the most pleasant studies, to our mind, in Professor Dowden's essayson 'Anglican and Puritan' literature, is that of Richard Baxter. It shows how the sympathetic interest in the position of this admirable and clear-minded man, re-awakened by Jowett's sermon on him, has since increased. From a literary point of view, Baxter never fully manifested his undoubted gifts, for he was too hurried and voluminous a writer to leave any deep mark in literature. He might truly have said of all, as he said of one of his works: 'I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived.' Yet on the whole, he wrote with remarkable terseness, vigour, and lucidity, resembling Defoe in many of the qualities of his style; and in the range of our literature it is impossible to find a better type of prose as the instrument of the average expression. And Baxter was not, like Defoe, almost alone in his generation. He represents many writers of his time, such as the unknown author of the 'Whole Duty of Man,' who directly addressed his contemporaries in the sincere, plain, and manly language which they themselves spoke. Their works, however, by virtue of their time, are chiefly of a religious nature, and not therefore very attractive to the profane modern

reader; and, save in the case of Baxter's 'Saint's Everlasting Rest,' and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' they are not literature. Bunyan, especially, put the vernacular into print with the same assurance as other men had done before him, but with far more lasting success.

There are also more entertaining examples of the secondary prose of the seventeenth century. In the 'Familiar Letters,' the subjects of social discourse are touched upon with such lightness and grace that Addison, apart from what he had of incommunicable genius, could have taught but little to James Howell in 1645. As for Izaak Walton, besides that series of portraits wherein, while tracing the features of other men, he discovers to us with winning simplicity all the qualities of his own soul, who in after-times has described the countryside with equal charm and delicacy of phrase? White of Selborne had keener powers of observation, and was, through living in the country and living at a later date, a more competent naturalist. But his book, delightful and instructive as it is, must rank as literature after that of Walton. If Mr Marston will permit us to say so, the 'Complete Angler' is now, from a fisherman's point of view, sadly incomplete and erroneous, and it is the style alone that ensures it immortality. And this, we submit, is true of most of the early seventeenth-century writers. Bacon, so far as his scientific experiments went, did not add a single fact to effective science; and, as Huxley pointed out, his method of induction has been followed in none of the tremendous discoveries of the modern era. As for Burton, the oddest thing about that quaintest of books, the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' is that it was intended for a sober pathological study. And was there ever a philosopher so subtle and exquisite in his credulity, and so ignorant of the real issues, as Sir Thomas Browne? Yet how delectable he is! The work of the scientific pioneers of his time is now melted almost beyond recognition into the sum of human knowledge, and their writings are unread, save by the few conscientious historians of science, while Sir Thomas Browne grows the more attractive the more he ages. To what is this due if not to the resplendence of his diction? a thing of art as full of studied effect as Milton's verse, although perhaps *it is wanting* in that maintaining power which is the per-

fection of Milton's style. The author of 'Religio Medici' and 'Urn Burial' occupies, it seems to us, a place in the prose of the seventeenth century somewhat analogous to that of Marlowe in Elizabethan poetry: he is the master of resonance and mighty cadences. And the great divines of the pre-Restoration traditions—Taylor, Barrow, South, and Fuller—are they not in breadth and energy more akin to the great dramatists than any of our prose writers, even the Elizabethans, with the exception of the few men of commanding eloquence, Bacon, Hooker, and Raleigh, whose art they continued and developed?

Yet in spite of the panegyrics of Emerson, Taine, and other critics of insight and authority, it cannot be allowed that Jeremy Taylor or any one of the great seventeenth-century writers was the Shakespeare of English prose. The instrument which they used was thrown aside at the crisis of its development, before it had in ease and expressiveness equalled the perfection of our blank-verse. As it stood, it was, with some admirable exceptions, like the style of the earlier Elizabethan plays, full of strength, beauty, and melodiousness, but lacking, in many cases, in suppleness. There were, as we have pointed out, in the writings of Chillingworth, Howell, Baxter, Butler, and other men, indications that this greater ease of movement was in course of being obtained. Taylor himself, especially in his controversial works, is another instance; and Dean South also learnt to use the older style with equal power and vehemence and yet with more sprightliness and point. Barrow ranks with Hobbes for the manner in which he combines vigorous and unembellished diction with biting vernacular. In his most striking passages the language is just lofty enough to bring home to the mind of the reader the greatness of his conceptions. They glow with an inward light, as in the magnificent irony of his sermon on Contentment. Descartes, Pascal, and Bossuet are mighty names; but among the writers that stretch between Hooker, Browne, and Bunyan, is Hobbes inferior at all points to Descartes, or Bacon to Pascal? Are there no qualities of imagination, vehemence, and majestic strength in Taylor, South, and Barrow, which would survive a comparison with Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon?

If the prose of the *pre-Restoration* traditions was not

the classic prose of our literature, it is the nearest approach we have had to a style that exhibited the highest qualities of the English mind. With all its defects, our language had then freed itself from Elizabethan affectation, and had united in a living whole the diction of a mighty line of poets and the blunt vivid speech of the people. In freeing itself from Elizabethan affectation it had, in the case of some writers, become too latinistic, though more in vocabulary than in structure; yet this fault was disappearing, and the language was developing into an instrument as expressive and beautiful as any in Europe, while in power and richness it was without a rival. The very words in which Dr Johnson depreciates this age as the time when 'our language was considered by every writer as a subject on which he might try his plastic skill by moulding it according to his fancy,' might have been used by Coleridge in an entirely opposite sense.

The prose of the early seventeenth century was like an organ of many stops and vast compass, upon which all who had the skill might play according to their bent of mind. In Hooker's hands, it filled the cathedrals and churches of England with solemn and victorious strains. For Bishop Taylor it rang with the fulness and the sweetness of all its tones. With it Bacon heralded the advance of science in a triumphant prelude, that was afterwards changed for the clear bugle-note and the sound of the march, as the giant of modern thought, Thomas Hobbes, set out to raze the crumbling towers of scholasticism. With it again, Browne, half-wondering and half-amused, awoke enchanted echoes amidst the ruins of the mediæval world; and Izaak Walton, touching it so lightly and yet with such exquisite art, converted the most ordinary exercise into a pastorate, a thing of country-songs and dances. Even Milton, who reserved his incomparable harmonies for his verse, content too often to deafen his opponents with noisy abuse—what interludes he has, almost despite himself, of divine beauty! But music, the art of expression the most plastic and inexhaustible, is without terms of general significance to apply as critical similitudes to the varying and abundant excellences of those writers of English prose who may be said to begin with Hooker and Bacon and end with Barrow and South.

ART. VI.—THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

1. *Aus den Tiefen des Weltmeeres.* By C. Chun. Jena: Gustav Fischer, 1900.
2. *Tierleben der Tiefsee.* By O. Seeliger. Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann, 1901.
3. *Report of the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger.* Edited by the late Sir C. Wyville Thomson and John Murray. A Summary of the Scientific Results. Published by Order of Her Majesty's Government, 1885.
4. *La Vie au Fond des Mers.* By H. Filhol. Paris: G. Masson, 1885.
5. *The Fauna of the Deep Sea.* By Sydney J. Hickson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., 1894.

THE first recorded attempt to sound the depths of the ocean was made early in the year 1521, in the South Pacific, by Ferdinand Magellan. He had traversed the dangerous Straits destined to bear his name during the previous November, and emerged on the 28th of that month into the open ocean. For three months he sailed across the Pacific, and in the middle of March, 1521, came to anchor off the islands now known as the Philippines. Here Magellan was killed in a conflict with the natives. The records of his wonderful feat were brought to Spain during the following year by one of his ships, the *Victoria*; and amidst the profound sensation caused by the news of this voyage, which has been called 'the greatest event in the most remarkable period of the world's history,' it is probable that his modest attempt to sound the ocean failed to attract the attention it deserved. Magellan's sounding-lines were at most some two hundred fathoms in length, and he failed to touch bottom; from which he 'somewhat naïvely concluded that he had reached the deepest part of the ocean.'

It was more than two hundred years later that the first serious study of the bed of the sea was undertaken by the French geographer, Philippe Buache, who first introduced the use of isobathic curves in a map which he published in 1737. His view, that the depths of the ocean are simply prolongations of the conditions existing in the neighbouring sea-coasts, though too wide in its generalisation, has been shown to be true as regards the sea-

bottom in the immediate vicinity of continental coasts and islands; and undoubtedly it helped to attract attention to the problem of what is taking place at the bottom of the sea.

Actual experiment, however, advanced but slowly. So early as the fifteenth century, an ingenious cardinal, one Nicolaus Cusanus (1401-64), had devised an apparatus consisting of two bodies, one heavier and one lighter than water, which were so connected that when the heavier touched the bottom the lighter was released. By calculating the time which the latter took in ascending, attempts were made to arrive at the depths of the sea. A century later Puehler made similar experiments; and after another interval of a hundred years, in 1667, we find the Englishman, Robert Hooke, continuing on the same lines various bathymetric observations; but the results thus obtained were fallacious, and the experiments added little or nothing to our knowledge of the nature of the bottom of the ocean. In the eighteenth century Count Marsigli attacked many of the problems of the deep sea. He collected and sifted information which he derived from the coral-fishers; he investigated the deposits brought up from below, and was one of the earliest to test the temperature of the sea at different depths. In 1749 Captain Ellis found that a thermometer, lowered on separate occasions to depths of 650 fathoms and 891 fathoms respectively, recorded, on reaching the surface, the same temperature, namely, 53°. His thermometer was lowered in a bucket ingeniously devised so as to open as it descended and close as it was drawn up. The mechanism of this instrument was invented by the Rev. Stephen Hales, D.D., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, the friend of Pope, and perpetual curate at Teddington Church. Dr Hales was a man of many inventions, and, amongst others, he is said to have suggested the use of the inverted cup placed in the centre of a fruit-pie in which the juice accumulates as the pie cools. His device of the closed bucket with two connected valves was the forerunner of the numerous contrivances which have since been used for bringing up sea-water from great depths.

These were amongst the first efforts made to obtain a *knowledge* of deep-sea temperatures. About the same

time experiments were being made by Bouguer and others on the transparency of sea-water. It was soon recognised that this factor varies in different seas; and an early estimate of the depth of average sea-water sufficient to cut off all light placed it at 656 feet. The colour of the sea and its salinity were also receiving attention, notably at the hands of the distinguished chemist, Robert Boyle, and of the Italian, Marsigli, mentioned above. To the latter, and to Donati, a fellow-countryman, is due the honour of first using the dredge for purposes of scientific enquiry. They employed the ordinary oyster-dredge of the local fishermen to obtain animals from the bottom.

The invention of the self-registering thermometer by Cavendish, in 1757, provided another instrument essential to the investigation of the condition of things at great depths; and it was used in Lord Mulgrave's expedition to the Arctic sea in 1773. On this voyage, attempts at deep-sea soundings were made, and a depth of 683 fathoms was registered. During Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition (1839-43) the temperature of the water was constantly observed to depths of 2000 fathoms. His uncle, Sir John Ross, had twenty years previously, on his voyage to Baffin's Bay, made some classical soundings. One, two miles from the coast, reached a depth of 2700 feet, and brought up a collection of gravel and two living crustaceans; another, 3900 feet in depth, yielded pebbles, clay, some worms, crustacea, and corallines. Two other dredgings, one at 6000 feet, the other at 6300 feet, also brought up living creatures; and thus, though the results were not at first accepted, the existence of animal life at great depths was demonstrated.

With Sir James Ross's expedition we may be said to have reached modern times: his most distinguished companion, Sir Joseph Hooker, is still living. It is impossible to do more than briefly refer to the numerous expeditions which have taken part in deep-sea exploration during our own times. The United States of America sent out, about the time of Ross's Antarctic voyage, an expedition under Captain Wilkes, with Dana on board as naturalist. Professor Edward Forbes, who 'did more than any of his contemporaries to advance marine zoology,' joined the surveying ship *Beacon* in 1840, and made more

than one hundred dredgings in the *Ægean Sea*. Lovén was working in the Scandinavian waters. Mr H. Goodsir sailed on the *Erebus* with Sir John Franklin's ill-fated polar expedition; and such notes of his as were recovered bear evidence of the value of the work he did. The Norwegians, Michael Sars and his son, G. O. Sars, had by the year 1864 increased their list of species living at a depth of between 200 and 300 fathoms, from nineteen to ninety-two. Much good work was done by the United States navy and by surveying ships under the auspices of Bache, Bailey, Maury, and de Pourtales. The Austrian frigate, *Novara*, with a full scientific staff, circumnavigated the world in 1857-59. In 1868 the Admiralty placed the surveying ship, *Lightning*, at the disposal of Professor Wyville Thomson and Dr W. B. Carpenter for a six weeks' dredging trip in the North Atlantic; and in the following year the *Porcupine*, by permission of the Admiralty, made three trips under the guidance of Dr W. B. Carpenter and Mr Gwyn Jeffreys.

Towards the end of 1872 H.M.S. *Challenger* left England, to spend the following three years and a half in traversing all the waters of the globe. This was the most completely equipped expedition which has left any land for the investigation of the sea, and its results were correspondingly rich. They have been worked out by naturalists of all nations, and form the most complete record of the fauna and flora, and of the physical and chemical conditions of the deep which has yet been published. It is from Sir John Murray's summary of the results of the voyage that many of these facts are taken. Since the return of the *Challenger* there have been many expeditions from various lands, but none so complete in its conception or its execution as the British expedition of 1872-75. The U.S.S. *Blake*, under the direction of A. Agassiz, has explored the Caribbean Sea; and the *Albatross*, of the same navy, has sounded the western Atlantic. Numerous observations made by the German ships, *Gazelle* and *Drache*, and by the 'Plankton' expedition; by the Norwegian North Atlantic expedition; the Italian ship, *Washington*; the French ships, *Travailleur* and *Talisman*; the Prince of Monaco's yachts, *Hirondelle* and *Princesse Alice*, under his own direction; the Austrian 'Pola' expedition; the Russian investigations in the Black

Sea, and lastly, by the ships of our own navy, have, during the last five-and-twenty years, enormously increased our knowledge of the seas and of all that in them is. This knowledge is still being added to. At the present time the collections of the German ship, *Valdivia*, are being worked out, and are impatiently awaited by zoologists and geographers of every country. The *Discovery* and the *Gauss*, although primarily fitted for ice-work, can hardly fail to add much to what is known of the sea-bottom; and amongst men of science there is no abatement of interest and curiosity as to that *terra incognita*.

Before we attempt to describe the conditions which prevail at great depths of the ocean, a few words should be said as to the part played by cable-laying in the investigation of the subaqueous crust of the earth. This part, though undoubtedly important, is sometimes exaggerated; and we have seen how large an array of facts has been accumulated by expeditions made mainly in the interest of pure science. The laying of the Atlantic cable was preceded, in 1856, by a careful survey of a submerged plateau, extending from the British Isles to Newfoundland, by Lieutenant Berryman of the *Arctic*. He brought back samples of the bottom from thirty-four stations between Valentia and St John's. In the following year Captain Pullen, of H.M.S. *Cyclops*, surveyed a parallel line slightly to the north. His specimens were examined by Huxley, and from them he derived the *Bathybius*, a primeval slime which was thought to occur widely spread over the sea-bottom. The interest in this 'Urschleim' has, however, become merely historic, since John Y. Buchanan, of the *Challenger*, showed that it is only a gelatinous form of sulphate of lime thrown down from the sea-water by the alcohol used in preserving the organisms found in the deep-sea deposits.

The important generalisations of Dr Wallich, who was on board H.M.S. *Bulldog*, which, in 1860, again traversed the Atlantic to survey a route for the cable, largely helped to elucidate the problems of the deep. He noticed that no *algæ* live at a depth greater than 200 fathoms; he collected animals from great depths, and showed that they utilise in many ways organisms which fall down from the surface of the water; he noted that the conditions are such that, whilst dead animals sink from the

surface to the bottom, they do not rise from the bottom to the surface; and he brought evidence forward in support of the view that the deep-sea fauna is directly derived from shallow-water forms. In the same year in which Wallich traversed the Atlantic, the telegraph cable between Sardinia and Bona, on the African coast, snapped. Under the superintendence of Fleeming Jenkin, some forty miles of the cable, part of it from a depth of 1200 fathoms, was recovered. Numerous animals, sponges, corals, polyzoa, molluscs, and worms were brought to the surface, adhering to the cable. These were examined and reported upon by Professor Allman, and subsequently by Professor A. Milne Edwards; and, as the former reports, we 'must therefore regard this observation of Mr Fleeming Jenkin as having afforded the first absolute proof of the existence of highly organised animals living at a depth of upwards of 1000 fathoms.' The investigation of the animals thus brought to the surface revealed another fact of great interest, namely that some of the specimens were identical with forms hitherto known only as fossils. It was thus demonstrated that species hitherto regarded as extinct are still living at great depths of the ocean.

During the first half of the last century an exaggerated idea of the depth of the sea prevailed, due in a large measure to the defective sounding apparatus of the time. Thus Captain Durham, in 1852, recorded a depth of 7730 fathoms in the South Atlantic, and Lieutenant Parker mentions one of 8212 fathoms—depths which the Challenger and the Gazelle corrected to 2412 and 2905 fathoms respectively. The deepest parts of the sea, as revealed by recent research, do not lie, as many have thought, in or near the centres of the great oceans, but in the neighbourhood of, or at no great distance from, the mainland, or in the vicinity of volcanic islands. One of the deepest 'pockets' yet found is probably that sounded by the American expedition on board the *Tuscarora* (1873-75) east of Japan, when bottom was only reached at a depth of 4612 fathoms. More recently, soundings of 5035 fathoms have been recorded in the Pacific, in the neighbourhood of the Friendly Islands, and south of these again, one of 5113 fathoms; but the deepest of all lies north of the Carolines, and attains a depth of 5287 fathoms. It thus appears that there are 'pockets' or pits

in the sea whose depth below the surface of the water is about equal to the height of the highest mountains taken from the sea-level. Both are insignificant in comparison with the mass of the globe; and it is sometimes said that, were the seas gathered up, and the earth shrunk to the size of an orange, the mountain-ranges and abysmal depths would not be more striking than are the small elevations and intervening depressions on the skin of an orange.

But it is not with these exceptional abysses that we have to do; they are as rare and as widely scattered as great mountain-ranges on land. It is with the deep sea, as opposed to shoal water and the surface layers, that this article is concerned; but the depth at which the sea becomes 'deep' is to some extent a matter of opinion. Numerous attempts, headed by that of Edward Forbes, have been made to divide the sea into zones or strata; and, just as the geological strata are characterised by peculiar species, so, in the main, the various deep-sea zones have their peculiar fauna. These zones, however, are not universally recognised; and their limits, like those of the zoogeographical regions on land, whilst serving for some groups of animals, break down altogether as regards others. There are, however, two fairly definite regions in the sea; and the limit between them is the very one for our purpose. This limit separates the surface waters, which are permeable by the light of the sun, and in which, owing to this life-giving light, *algæ* and vegetable organisms can live, from the deeper waters which the sun's rays cannot reach, and in which no plant can live. The regions pass imperceptibly into one another; there is no sudden transition. The conditions of life gradually change, and the precise level at which vegetable life becomes impossible varies with differing conditions. With strong sunlight and a smooth sea, the rays penetrate further than if the light be weak and the waters troubled.

Speaking generally, we may place the dividing-line between the surface layer and the deep sea at 300 fathoms. Below this no light or heat from the sun penetrates; and it is the absence of these factors that gives rise to most of the peculiarities of the deep sea. It is a commonplace which every school-boy now knows, that all animal life is ultimately dependent on the food-

stuffs stored up by green plants; and that the power which such plants possess of fixing the carbonic acid of the surrounding medium, and building it up into more complex food-stuffs, depends upon the presence of their green colouring matter (chlorophyll), and is exercised only in the presence of sunlight. But, as we have pointed out, 'the sun's perpendicular rays' do not 'illumine the depths of the sea'; they hardly penetrate 300 fathoms. This absence of sunlight below a certain limit, and the consequent failure of vegetable life, gave rise at one time to the belief that the abysses of the ocean were uninhabited and uninhabitable; but, as we have already seen, this view has long been given up.

The inhabitants of the deep sea cannot, any more than other creatures, be self-supporting. They prey on one another, it is true; but this must have a limit, or very soon there would be nothing left to prey upon. Like the inhabitants of great cities, the denizens of the deep must have an outside food-supply, and this they must ultimately derive from the surface layer.

The careful investigation of life in the sea has shown that not only the surface layer, but all the intermediate zones teem with life. Nowhere is there a layer of water in which animals are not found. But, as we have seen, the *algæ* upon which the life of marine animals ultimately depends, live only in the upper waters; below 100 fathoms they begin to be rare, and below 200 fathoms they are absent. Thus it is evident that those animals which live in the surface layers have, like an agricultural population, their food-supply at hand, whilst those that live in the depths must, like dwellers in towns, obtain it from afar. Many of the inhabitants of what may be termed the middle regions are active swimmers, and these undoubtedly from time to time visit the more densely peopled upper strata. They also visit the depths and afford an indefinite food-supply to the deep-sea dwellers.

But probably by far the larger part of the food consumed by abysmal creatures consists of the dead bodies of animals which sink down like manna from above. The surface layers of the ocean teem with animal and vegetable life. Every yachtsman must at times have noticed that the sea is thick as a *purée* with jelly-fish, *with that little transparent, torpedo-shaped creature,*

Sagitta. What he will not have noticed, unless he be a microscopist, is that at almost all times the surface is crowded with minute organisms, foraminifera, radiolaria, diatoms. These exist in quite incalculable numbers, and reproduce their kind with astounding rapidity. They are always dying, and their bodies sink downwards like a gentle rain. In such numbers do they fall, that large areas of the ocean bed are covered with a thick deposit of their shells. In the shallower waters the foraminifera, with their calcareous shells, prevail, but over the deeper abysses of the ocean they take so long in falling that the calcareous shells are dissolved in the water, which contains a considerable proportion of carbonic acid gas, and their place is taken by the siliceous skeletons of the radiolarians and diatoms. Thus there is a ceaseless falling of organisms from above, and it must be from these that the dwellers of the deep ultimately obtain their food. As Mr Kipling, in his 'Seven Seas,' says of the deep-sea cables,

'The wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops down from afar—

Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.'

In trying to realise the state of things at the bottom of the deep sea, it is of importance to recognise that there is a wonderful uniformity of physical conditions *là-bas*. Climate plays no part in the life of the depths ; storms do not ruffle their inhabitants ; these recognise no alternation of day or night ; seasons are unknown to them ; they experience no change of temperature. Although the abysmal depths of the polar regions might be expected to be far colder than those of the tropics, the difference only amounts to a degree or so—a difference which would not be perceptible to us without instruments of precision. The following data show how uniform temperature is at the bottom of the sea.

In June, 1883, Nordenskiöld found on the eastern side of Greenland the following temperatures : at the surface $2\cdot2^{\circ}$ C. ; at 100 metres $5\cdot7^{\circ}$ C. ; at 450 m. $5\cdot1^{\circ}$ C. In the middle of December, 1898, the German deep-sea expedition, while in the pack-ice of the Antarctic, recorded the following temperatures : at the surface -1° C. ; at 100 m. 0° C. ; at 400 m. $1\cdot6^{\circ}$ C. ; at 1000–1500 m. $1\cdot6^{\circ}$ C. ; at

4700 m. -0.5° C. These may be compared with some records made in the Sargasso Sea by the Plankton expedition in the month of August, when the surface registered a temperature of 24° C.; 195 m. one of 18.8° C.; 390 m. one of 14.9° C.; and 2060 m. one of 3.8° C. It is thus clear that the temperature at the bottom of the deep sea varies but a few degrees from the freezing-point; and, whether in the tropics or around the poles, this temperature does not undergo anything like the variations to which the surface of the earth is subjected.

There are, however, some exceptions to this statement. The Mediterranean, peculiar in many respects, is also peculiar as to its bottom temperature. In August, 1881, the temperature, as taken by the Washington, was at the surface 26° C.; at 100 m. 14.5° C.; at 500 m. 14.1° C.; and from 2500 m. to 3550 m. 13.3° C. These observations agree, within one fifth of a degree, with those recorded later by Chun in the same waters. There are also certain areas near the Sulu Islands where, with a surface temperature of 28° C., the deep sea, from 730 m. to 4660 m., shows a constant temperature of 10.3° C.; and again, on the westerly side of Sumatra, the water, from 900 m. downwards, shows a constant temperature of 5.9° C.; whilst, in the not far distant Indian Ocean, it sinks at 1300 m. to 4° C., and at 1700 m. to 3° C. In spite of these exceptions, we may roughly say that all deep-sea animals live at an even temperature, which differs by but a few degrees from the freezing-point. Indeed the heating effect of the sun's rays is said not to penetrate, as a rule, further than 90-100 fathoms, though in the neighbourhood of the Sargasso Sea it undoubtedly affects somewhat deeper layers. In the Mediterranean the heat rays probably do not penetrate more than 50 fathoms. Below these limits all seasonable variations cease. Summer and autumn, spring and winter, are unknown to the dwellers of the deep; and the burning sun of the tropical noonday, which heats the surface water to such a degree that the change of temperature from the lower waters to the upper proves fatal to many delicate animals when brought up from the depths, has no effect on the great mass of water below the 100-fathom line.

Again, in the depths the waters are still. A great calm reigns. The storms which churn the upper wat-
tumultuous fury have but a superficial effect

unfelt at the depth of a few fathoms. Even the great ocean-currents, such as the Gulf-stream, are but surface-currents, and their influence is probably not perceptible below 200 fathoms. There are places, as the wear and tear of telegraphic cables show, where deep-sea currents have much force; but these are not common. We also know that there must be a very slow current flowing from the poles towards the equator. This replaces the heated surface-waters of the tropics, which are partly evaporated and partly driven by the trade-winds towards the poles. Were there no such current, the waters round the equator, in spite of the low conductivity of salt water, would, in the course of ages, be heated through. But this current is almost imperceptible; on the whole, no shocks or storms disturb the peace of the oceanic abyss.

An interesting result of this is that many animals, which in shallower waters are subject to the strain and stress of tidal action or of a constant stream, and whose outline is modified by these conditions, are represented in the depths by perfectly symmetrical forms. For instance, the monaxonid sponges from the deep sea have a symmetry as perfect as a lily's, whilst their allies from the shallower seas, subject as they are to varying tides and currents, are of every variety of shape, and their only common feature is that none of them are symmetrical. This radial symmetry is especially marked in the case of sessile animals, those whose 'strength is to sit still,' attached by their base to some rock or stone, or rooted by a stalk into the mud. Such animals cannot move from place to place, and, like an oyster, are dependent for their food on such minute organisms as are swept towards them in the currents set by the action of their cilia. A curious and entirely contrary effect is produced by this stillness on certain animals which, without being fixed, are, to say the least, singularly inert. The sea-cucumbers or holothurians, which can be seen lying still as sausages in any shallow sub-tropical waters, are nevertheless rolled over from time to time, and present now one, now another, surface to the bottom. These have retained the five-rayed symmetry which is so eminently characteristic of the group Echinoderma, to which they belong. But the holothurians in the deep sea, where nothing rolls them over throughout life to present the same sur-

face to the bottom; and these have developed a secondary bilateral symmetry, so that, like a worm or a lobster, they have definite upper and lower surfaces. These bilateral holothurians first became known by the dredgings of the Challenger, and formed one of the most important additions to our knowledge of marine zoology for which we are indebted to that expedition.

At the bottom of the sea there is no sound—

‘There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,

Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables creep.’

The world down there is cold and still and noiseless. Nevertheless many of the animals of the depths have organs to which by analogy an auditory function has been assigned. But it must not be forgotten that even in the highest land-vertebrates the ear has two functions. It is at once the organ of hearing and of balancing. Part of the internal ear is occupied with orientating the body. By means of it we can tell whether we are keeping upright, going up-hill or descending, turning to the right or to the left; and it is probably this function which is the chief business of the so-called ears of marine animals. Professor Huxley once said that, unless one became a crayfish, one could never be sure what the mental processes of a crayfish were. This is doubtless true; but experiment has shown, both in crayfishes and cuttlefishes, that, if the auditory organ be interfered with or injured, the animal loses its sense of direction and staggers hither and thither like a drunken man. It is obvious that animals which move about at the bottom require such balancing organs quite as much as those which skim the surface; and it is in no wise remarkable that such organs should be found in those dwellers in the deep which move from place to place.

If we could descend to the depths and look about us, we should find the bottom of the sea near the land carpeted with deposits washed down from the shore and carried out to sea by rivers, and dotted over with the remains of animals and plants which inhabit shoal waters. This deposit, derived from the land, extends to a greater or less distance around our coast-line. In places this

distance is very considerable. The Congo is said to carry its characteristic mud six hundred miles out to sea, and the Ganges and the Indus to carry theirs a thousand miles; but sooner or later we should pass beyond the region of coast mud and river deposit, the seaward edge of which is the 'mud-line' of Sir John Murray.

When we get beyond the mud-line, say a hundred miles from the Irish or American coast, we should find that the character of the sea-bottom has completely changed. Here we should be on Rudyard Kipling's 'great grey level plains of ooze.' All around us would stretch a vast dreary level of greyish-white mud, due to the tireless fall of the minute globigerina shells mentioned above. This rain of foraminifera is ceaseless, and serves to cover rock and stone alike. It is probably due to this chalky deposit that so many members of the 'Benthos'—a term used by Haeckel to denote those marine animals which do not swim about or float, but which live on the bottom of the ocean either fixed or creeping about—are stalked. Many of them, whose shoal-water allies are without a pedicel, are provided with stalks; and those whose shallow-water congeners are stalked are, in the depths, provided with still longer stalks. Numerous sponges—the alcyonarian *Umbellula*, the stalked ascidians, and, above all, the stalked crinoids—exemplify this point.

Flat as the Sahara, and with the same monotony of surface, these great plains stretch across the Atlantic, dotted here and there with a yet uncovered stone or rock dropped by a passing iceberg. In the deeper regions of the ocean—where, as we have already seen, occasional pits and depressions occur, and great ridges arise to vex the souls of the cable-layers—the globigerina ooze is replaced by the less soluble siliceous shells of the radiolarians and diatoms. The former are largely found in pits in the Pacific, the latter in the Southern Seas. But there is a third deposit which occurs in the deeper parts of the ocean—the red clay. This is often partly composed of the empty siliceous shells just mentioned; but over considerable areas of the Pacific the number of these shells is very small, and here it would seem that the red clay is largely composed of the 'horny fragments of dead surface-living animals, of volcanic and meteoric dust, and of small pieces of water-logged pumice-stone.'

On whichever deposit we found ourselves, could we but see the prospect, we should be struck with the monotony of a scene as different as can well be imagined from the variegated beauty of a rock-pool or a coral island lagoon.

There is, however, an abundance of animal life. The dredge reveals a surprising variety and wealth of form. Sir John Murray records 'at station 146 in the Southern Ocean, at a depth of 1375 fathoms, that 200 specimens captured belonged to 59 genera and 78 species.' He further states that this was 'probably the most successful haul, as regards number, variety, novelty, size, and beauty of the specimens,' up to the date of the dredging; but even this was surpassed by the captures from the depths at station 147. The Southern Ocean is particularly well populated. The same writer says: 'The deep-sea fauna of the Antarctic has been shown by the Challenger to be exceptionally rich, a much larger number of species having been obtained than in any other region visited by the expedition; and the Valdivia's dredgings, in 1898, confirm this.' There seems to be no record of such a wealth of species in depths of less than 50 fathoms, and we are justified in the belief that the great depths are extremely rich in species.

The peculiar conditions under which the Benthos live has had a marked influence on their structure. Representatives of nearly all the great divisions of the animal kingdom which occur in the sea are found in the depths. Protozoa, sponges, coelenterata, round-worms, annelids, crustacea, polyzoa, brachiopoda, molluscs, echinoderms, ascidians, fishes, crowd the sea-bottom. The Valdivia has brought home even deep-sea etenophores and sagittas, forms hitherto associated only with life at the surface. The same expedition also secured adult examples of the wonderful free-swimming holothurian, *Pelagothuria ludwigi*, which so curiously mimics a jelly-fish. It was taken in a closing-net at 400-500 fathoms near the Seychelles. Most of these animals bear their origin stamped on their structure, so that a zoologist can readily pick out from a miscellaneous collection of forms those which have a deep-sea home. We have already referred to a certain 'stalkiness,' which lifts the fixed animals above the slowly deepening ooze. Possibly the long-knobbed tentacles of the deep-sea jelly-fish, *Pectis*, on the tips of which it is

thought the creature moves about, may be connected with the same cause. The great calm of the depths and its effect upon the symmetry of the body have also been mentioned; but greater in its effect on the bodies of the dwellers in the ocean abysses is the absence of sunlight.

No external rays reach the bottom of the sea, and what light there is must be supplied by the phosphorescent organs of the animals themselves, and must be faint and intermittent. A large percentage of animals taken from the deep sea show phosphorescence when brought on deck; and it may be that this emission of light is much greater at a low temperature, and under a pressure of one to two tons on the square inch, than it is under the ordinary atmospheric conditions of the surface. The simplest form which these phosphorescent organs take is that of certain skin-glands which secrete a luminous slime. Such a slime is cast off, according to Filhol, by many of the annelids; and a similar light-giving fluid is exuded from certain glands at the base of the antenna and elsewhere in some of the deep-sea shrimps. But the most highly developed of the organs which produce light are the curious eye-like lanterns which form one or more rows along the bodies of certain fishes, notably of members of the Stomiadæ, a family allied to the salmons. From head to tail the miniature bull's-eyes extend, like so many port-holes lit up, with sometimes one or two larger organs in front of the eyes, like the port and starboard lanterns of a ship, so that when one of these fishes swims swiftly across the dim scene it must, to quote Kipling again, recall a liner going past 'like a grand hotel.' Sometimes the phosphorescent organ is at the tip of a barbel or tentacle, and it is interesting to note that the angler-fish of the deep sea has replaced its white lure, conspicuous in shallow water, but invisible in the dark, by a luminous process, the investigation of which leads many a creature into the enormous toothed mouth of the fish.

A peculiar organ exists in the body of certain radiolarians found only in the deep seas and known by the name 'phæodaria.' It has been suggested that this structure gives forth light; and, if this be the case, the floor of the ocean is strewn with minute glow-lamps, which perhaps give forth as much light as the surface of the sea on a calm summer's night. There is, however,

much indirect evidence that, except for these intermittent sources, the abysses of the ocean are sunk in an impenetrable gloom.

When physical conditions change, living organisms strive to adapt themselves to the changed conditions. Hence, when the inhabitants of the shallower waters made their way into the darker deeps, many of them, in the course of generations, increased the size of their eyes until they were out of all proportion to their other sense-organs. Others gave up the contest on these lines and set about replacing their visual organs by long tactile tentacles or feelers, which are extraordinarily sensitive to external impressions. Like the blind, they endeavour to compensate for loss of sight by increased tactile perception; and in these forms the eyes are either dwindling or have quite disappeared. An instance in point is supplied by the crustacea, many of whom have not only lost their eyes but have also lost the stalk which bore them; but amongst the crustacea some genera, such as *Bathynomus*, have enormous eyes with as many as four thousand facets. It is noticeable that this creature has its eyes directed downwards towards the ground and not upwards, as is the case with its nearest allies. On the whole the crustacea lose their eyes more readily, and at a less depth, than fishes. Many of the latter, e.g. *Ipnotops*, are blind, and in others the eyes seem to be disappearing. Thus, amongst the deep-sea cod, *Macrurus*, those which frequent the waters down to about 1000 fathoms have unusually large eyes, whilst those which go down to the deeper abysses have very small ones. Many of the animals which have retained their eyes carry them at the end of processes. Chun, in his brilliant account of the voyage of the *Valdivia*, has figured a series of fishes whose eyes stand out from the head like a pair of binoculars; and similar 'telescope' eyes, as he calls them, occur on some of the eight-armed cuttle-fish. The larva of one of the fishes has eyes at the end of two stalks each of which measures quite one fourth of the total length of the body.

The colour of the deep-sea creatures also indicates the darkness of their habitat. Like cave-dwelling animals, or the lilac forced in Parisian cellars, many of them are blanched and pale; but this is by no means always the case.

There is, in fact, no characteristic hue for the deep-sea fauna. Many of the fishes are black, and many show the most lovely metallic sheen. Burnished silver and black give a somewhat funereal, but very tasteful appearance to many a deep-sea fish. Others are ornamented with patches of shining copper, which, with their blue eyes, form an agreeable variety in their otherwise sombre appearance. Many of the fishes, however, present a gayer clothing. Some are violet, others pale rose or bright red. Others have a white almost translucent skin through which the blood can be seen and its course traced even in its finer threads. Purples and greens abound amongst the holothurians; other echinoderms are white, yellow, pink, or red. Red is perhaps the predominant colour of the crustacea, though it has been suggested that this colour is produced during the long passage to the surface, and that some of the bright reds which we see at the surface are unknown in the depths. Violet and orange, green and red, are the colours of the jelly-fishes and the corals.

It thus appears that there is a great variety and a great brilliancy amongst many of the bottom fauna. With the exception of blue, all colours are well represented; but the consideration of one or two facts seems to show that colour plays little part in their lives. Apart from the fact that to our eyes, at any rate, these gorgeous hues would be invisible in the depths, it is difficult to imagine that each of these gaily-coloured creatures can live amongst surroundings of its own hue. Again, it is characteristic that the colour is uniform. There is a marked absence of those stripes, bands, spots, or shading which play so large a part in the protective coloration of animals exposed to light. Although there is no protective coloration amongst the animals of the deep sea, the luminous organs, which make, for instance, some of the cuttle-fishes as beautiful and as conspicuous as a firework, may, in some cases, act as warning signals. Having once established a reputation for nastiness, the more conspicuous an animal can make itself the less likely is it to be interfered with. One peculiarity connected with pigment, as yet inexplicable, is the fact that, in deep-sea animals, many of the cavities of the body are lined with a dark or, more usually, a black epithelium. The mouth, pharynx, and respiratory channels, and even the

visceral cavity, of *Bathysaurus* and *Ipnops*, and indeed of all really deep-sea fishes, are black. It can be of no use to any animal to be black inside; and the only explanation hitherto given is that the deposit of pigment is the expression of some modification in the excretory processes of the abysmal fishes.

It was mentioned above that the absence of eyes is to some extent compensated by the great extension of feelers and antennæ. Many of the jelly-fishes have long free tentacles radiating in all directions; the rays of the ophiuroids are prolonged; the arms of the cuttle-fish are capable of enormous extension. The antennæ of the crustacea stretch out through the water and, in *Aristoeopsis*, cover a radius of about five times the body-length. In *Nematocarcinus* the walking-legs are elongated to almost the same extent; and this crustacean steps over the sea-bottom with all the delicacy of Agag. The curious arachnid-like pycnogonids have similarly elongated legs, and move about, like the 'harvestmen' or the 'daddy-long-legs,' with each foot stretched far from the body, acting as a kind of outpost. The fishes, too, show extraordinary outgrowths of this kind. The snout may be elongated till the jaws have the proportions of a pair of scissor-blades, each armed with rows of terrible teeth; or long barbels, growing out from around the mouth, sway to and fro in the surrounding water. In other cases the fins are drawn out into long streamers. All these eccentricities give the deep-sea fishes a bizarre appearance; their purpose is plainly to act as sensory outposts, warning their possessor of the presence of enemies or of the vicinity of food.

All deep-sea animals are of necessity carnivorous, and probably many of them suffer from an abiding hunger. Many of the fishes have enormous jaws, the angle of the mouth being situated at least one third of the body-length from the anterior end. The gape is prodigious, and as the edge of the mouth is armed with recurved teeth, food once entering has little chance of escape. So large is the mouth that these creatures can swallow other fish bulkier than themselves; and certain eels have been brought to the surface which have performed this feat, the prey hanging from beneath them in a sac formed of the distended stomach and body-wall. It has been said of t¹

desert fauna that 'perhaps there never was a life so nurtured in violence, so tutored in attack and defence as this. The warfare is continuous from the birth to the death.' The same words apply equally to the depths of the ocean. There, perhaps, more than anywhere else, is true the Frenchman's description of life as the conjugation of the verb 'I eat,' with its terrible correlative 'I am eaten.'

Connected with the alimentary tract, though in some fishes shut off from it, is the air-bladder, an organ which contains air secreted from the blood, and which, amongst other functions, serves to keep the fish the right side up. The air can be re-absorbed, and is no doubt, to some extent, controlled by muscular effort; but there are times when this air-bladder is a source of danger to deep-sea fishes. When they leave the depths for shallower water, where the pressure is diminished, the air-bladder begins to expand; and, should this expansion pass beyond the control of the animal, the air-bladder will act as a balloon, and the fish will continue to rise with a rate of ascension which increases as the pressure lessens. Eventually the fish reaches the surface in a state of terrible distortion, with half its interior hanging out of its mouth. Many such victims of levitation have been picked up at sea, and from them we learnt something about deep-sea fishes before the self-closing dredge came into use.

One peculiarity of the abysmal fauna, which, to some extent, is a protection against the cavernous jaws mentioned above, is a certain 'spininess' which has developed even amongst genera that are elsewhere smooth. Such specific names as *spinosus*, *spinifer*, *quadrispinosum*, are very common in lists of deep-sea animals, and testify to the wide prevalence of this form of defence. A similar spiny character is, however, found in many polar species, even in those of comparatively shallow water; and it may be that this feature is a product of low temperature and not of low level. The same applies to the large size which certain animals attain in the depths. For instance, in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas the isopodous crustacea, which upon our coasts scarcely surpass an inch in length, grow to nine or ten inches, with bodies as big as moderate-sized lobsters. The gigantic hydroid polyps, e.g. *Monocaulus imperator* of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, illustrate the same tendency; and so do the enormous single spicules,

several feet long and as thick as one's little finger, of the sponge *Monorhaphis*. Amongst other floating molluscs at great depths, chiefly pteropods, the Valdivia captured a gigantic *Carinaria* over two feet in length. Of even greater zoological interest were giant specimens of the *Appendicularia*, which were taken at between 1100 and 1200 fathoms. This creature, named by Chun, *Bathochordæus charon*, reaches a length of about five inches, and has in its tail a notochord as big as a lamprey's. All other genera of this group are minute, almost microscopic.

There are two other peculiarities common amongst the deep-sea fauna which are difficult to explain. One is a curious inability to form a skeleton of calcareous matter. The bones of many abysmal fishes are deficient in lime, and are fibrous or cartilaginous in composition. Their scales, too, are thin and membranous, their skin soft and velvety. The shells of deep-sea molluscs are as thin and translucent 'as tissue-paper'; and the same is true of some brachiopods. The test of the echinoderms is often soft, and the armour of the crustacea is merely chitinous, unhardened by deposits of lime. Calcareous sponges are altogether unknown in the depths. This inability to form a hard skeleton—curiously enough this does not apply to corals—is not due to any want of calcareous salts in the bottom waters. It is known that calcium sulphate, from which animals secrete their calcium carbonate, exists in abundance; but those animals which dwell on the calcareous globigerina ooze are as soft and yielding as those which have their home on the siliceous radiolarian deposits. Animals which form a skeleton of silex do not suffer from the same inability; in fact the deep-sea radiolarians often have remarkably stout skeletons, whilst the wonderful siliceous skeletons of the hexactinellid sponges are amongst the most beautiful objects brought up from the depths.

The second peculiarity, for which there seems no adequate reason, is the reduction and diminution in size of the respiratory organs. Amongst the crustacea, the ascidians, and the fishes this is especially marked. The gill laminae are reduced in number and in size; and the evidence all points to the view that this simplification is not primitive but acquired, being brought about in some way by the peculiar conditions of life at great depths.

When the first attempts were made to explore the bed of the ocean, it was hoped that the sea would give up many an old-world form; that animals, known to us only as fossils, might be found lurking in the abysmal recesses of the deep; and that many a missing link would be brought to light. This has hardly proved to be the case. In certain groups animals hitherto known only as extinct, such as the stalked crinoids and certain crustacea, e.g. the Eryonidæ, have been shown to be still extant. The remarkable *Cephalodiscus* and *Rhabdopleura*, with their remote vertebrate affinities, have been dragged from their dark retreats. Hæckel regards certain of the deep-sea medusæ as archaic, and perhaps the same is true of some of the ascidians and holothurians; but, on the whole, the deep-sea fauna cannot be regarded as older than the other faunas of the seas. The hopes that were cherished of finding living ichthyosauri or plesiosauri, or the Devonian ganoid fishes, or at least a trilobite, or some of those curious fossil echinoderms, the cystoids and blastoids, must be given up. Certain of the larger groups peculiar to the deep sea have probably been there since remote times; but many of the inhabitants of the deep belong to the same families, and even to the same genera, as their shallow-water allies, and have probably descended in more recent times. There, in the deep dark stillness of the ocean bed, unruffled by secular change, they have developed and are developing new modifications and new forms which are as characteristic of the deep sea as an alpine fauna is of the mountain heights.

Art. VII.—MR NEWMAN ON 'THE POLITICS' OF ARISTOTLE.

The Politics of Aristotle; with an Introduction, Two Prefatory Essays, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. In four volumes. By W. L. Newman, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1887-1902.

IN one respect at least the 'Politics' of Aristotle has had a more fortunate history than most of his other works. His political treatise has never been exalted into an authoritative text-book, whose doctrines it was presumption or heresy to doubt; but for that very reason it has never suffered from the chill of reaction, nor been subjected to long periods of disparagement and wilful neglect. In ancient times, indeed, its influence seems to have been mainly indirect. It is doubtful whether either Polybius or Cicero knew Aristotle's 'Politics' except through intermediate writers, such as the Stoic Panætius. A meagre epitome of Peripatetic doctrines on 'economics' and politics is preserved by Stobæus, and is generally ascribed by scholars to Areius Didymus, the grammarian of the time of Augustus, or else to another person of the same name, of the time of Nero. It is chiefly important as evidence that the books of the 'Politics' were then arranged in the same order, or disorder, in which they have come down to us in the manuscripts.

In the age of the great Aristotelian commentators of the Roman Empire, philosophers were no longer interested in the discussion of political systems which had ceased to exist or to have much meaning; and we have no expositions of the 'Politics' from Neoplatonic or Christian commentators, such as we have of the logical, metaphysical, psychological and ethical treatises. The Aristotle who was known to the earlier Middle Ages was only the dialectician. Until the middle of the twelfth century only the two small logical treatises, the 'Categories' and the 'De Interpretatione,' appear to have been accessible (in the version of Boethius) to Latin Christendom. But when other Aristotelian writings came, at first through translations from the Arabic and afterwards through translations directly from the Greek, to be studied in the schools of the West, the 'Politics' at once took a pl^h

among the influences on European thought which it has never since lost. The Latin version, made by the Dominican friar, William of Moerbeke—a version whose grotesque literalness gives it almost the value of a Greek manuscript—was used by Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas for their commentaries, and was the only medium through which the 'Politics' was studied till a less barbarous translation was made by Leonardo Bruni of Arezzo in the fifteenth century. In the thirteenth century the 'Politics' of Aristotle was, in the language of Mr R. L. Poole, the influence which raised mediæval discussions on politics 'from a medley of empirical axioms to something approaching the character of a philosophical theory.' The 'De Regimine Principum,' ascribed to Thomas Aquinas, and probably written in part by him, shows the impress of Aristotle's doctrines; and the work of the same name and of the same school by Ægidius Romanus follows the 'Politics' almost slavishly, venturing however to recognise, as Aquinas had already done, 'the kingdom,' above 'the city,' which to Aristotle was the ultimate political unit. Nor was the influence of Aristotle limited to writers on the ecclesiastical side. It may be traced in Dante's 'De Monarchia,' and more strongly in the work of Marsiglio of Padua. Even Wyclif, whose revolutionary political theories are quite independent of Aristotelian promptings, thinks it necessary to argue that Aristotle's criticisms of Plato's communism apply only to the community of wives and not to the community of goods.

The Renaissance led to a revolt against the domination of Aristotle, or what was supposed to be Aristotle, in the realms of theology and of natural science; but the comparative neglect into which his logical and metaphysical works fell did not affect the interest taken in the 'Politics.' In fact, the recovery of the older Hellenic culture, the whole movement which has been called the secularisation of politics, and the abandonment of the ideals of Imperial unity, all contributed to make it more possible, at this period, to understand and appreciate Aristotle's 'Politics' than it had ever been before. It may be true that Machiavelli was not directly or consciously influenced by Aristotle in writing his 'Prince'; but, if we read that *much-abused* work alongside of the

book of the 'Politics' in which Aristotle gives prescriptions for preserving a tyranny, we understand better the real meaning of Machiavelli, and we see the affinity in spirit between the Greek man of science and the Italian politician. Both treat political questions with an 'objectivity' and cold-bloodedness which would have been impossible in the Middle Ages, and was impossible to most political writers of later times. Rousseau was certainly less able to appreciate Aristotle than Machiavelli; but even his 'Contrat Social' gives several indications that he had studied the 'Politics.' Between the beginning of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth there were published some fifteen different editions of the 'Politics' with Latin translations and commentaries. The German translations and commentaries begin with the admirable work of Schlosser at the end of the eighteenth century. From the nature of its subject, the 'Politics' has shared to a full extent in the renewed interest in Greek history and in Aristotelian philosophy which is so characteristic a feature of the nineteenth century.

In recent years English scholarship has contributed not a little to the special study of the 'Politics.' The edition of Eaton (Oxford, 1855), which appears to be the first edition with English notes, has not perhaps received the credit it deserves. It gave a judicious selection from the notes of older editors, and it had the distinctive merit of furnishing a good many interesting illustrations of Aristotle's political doctrines from modern writers, treating Aristotle's work in the manner congenial to an Englishman, not as a mere curious monument of ancient literature, but as a book on politics to be read along with Grotius and Hobbes, Montesquieu and Hume. The edition of Congreve (1855 and 1874) has an excellent index of Greek words, but the commentary gives somewhat meagre help to the student; and its inadequacy is accentuated by the conspicuous assertion in the preface of the editor's 'dislike of what is called classical education.' Mr Andrew Lang's brief but suggestive 'Essays,' published as an introduction to Mr Bolland's translation of three books (1877), and Mr A. C. Bradley's essay 'On Aristotle's Conception of the State' in 'Hellenica' (1880) have been appreciated by *scholars* and have also helped to bring some of the ideas

of Aristotle before a wider circle. Dr Welldon published a scholarly English translation in 1883; and Professor Jowett's translation and notes appeared in 1885. In his translation Jowett set before himself the same object as in the now classic version of Plato—to provide a book which could be read with profit and intelligence by the reader ignorant of Greek, or who had not the Greek before him. Aristotle's works, as they have come down to us, do not, indeed, lend themselves to this style of translation so well as those of Plato; and it is perhaps a pity that Jowett buried among notes on grammatical questions many shrewd and happy sayings of the same kind as those which illuminate his 'Introductions to the Platonic Dialogues.' The work was to have included a number of essays, but these were left unfinished. Mr Hicks of Cambridge published in 1894 a very useful translation, or rather adaptation, with much original supplement, of Susemihl's German commentary. Mr Hicks's edition is still incomplete, the commentary on three books not having yet appeared. In one respect, of a minor but yet important kind, Mr Hicks's edition has set an example which might be more widely followed. He has made it possible for any one using any system of references to Aristotle's 'Politics' employed in modern books to find the passage without difficulty.

The first two volumes of Mr Newman's edition appeared in 1887, and the last two, completing the work, have at length been issued this year. Not only Mr Newman himself, but the republic of letters, may be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of so great an undertaking. There can be little doubt that Mr Newman has produced a commentary on the 'Politics' such as meets the requirements of the thorough student more fully than any other edition at present in existence. Mr Newman has given the greater part of a lifetime of trained and specialised skill to this one work. He has built, of course, but always with independent judgment, on the work of other scholars, using not only editions but numerous separate dissertations and scattered articles in periodicals. His edition includes a careful reconstruction of the text with critical notes, and a discussion of the value of the Greek manuscripts (on which he differs somewhat from Susemihl and other editors) and of the manu-

scripts of the old Latin version. The introduction, which occupies the whole of Volume I, is a treatise of importance to the student of Greek history and to the student of political science, as well as to the Aristotelian scholar. It is supplemented by some of the essays which appear in subsequent volumes. Volume IV contains a minute examination of 'The Constitutions dealt with by Aristotle.' The notes contain not merely such discussion of questions of interpretation and of allusions as leaves no difficulty of that sort unnoticed; but they contain also 'modern instances' and parallels, many of the most striking kind. The history of Venice and other Italian republics, the constitution of Swiss cantons in ancient and modern times, the experience of the United States and the experience of South Africa, furnish luminous illustration of Aristotle's remarks. Sir Walter Scott is cited in confirmation of the definition of tyranny, and John Knox in confirmation of the opinion that seaports are most quickly affected by new doctrines.

Some inconveniences arise from the fact that the first two volumes of the work were published a long time before the two last; others are due to principles deliberately adopted by the editor, on which, nevertheless, opinions may reasonably differ. It may be hoped that a second edition will soon give Mr Newman an opportunity of incorporating in their proper places the additions and corrections at present dispersed through four volumes, and of considering whether some re-arrangement of the whole work would not be an improvement. Thus the reader would certainly gain if the Introduction (covering 563 pages) were broken up into chapters, and if the essays which are printed in the second, third and fourth volumes were put together. As Mr Newman has constructed his own text, it would be more convenient to have it in one volume than in three; and critical notes of moderate bulk are more in place at the foot of the page to which they relate than after the text. The elaborate commentary would be more easy to use if it were in separate volumes from the text to which it relates, so that the student could have text and commentary open before him at once. These suggestions are made in no captious spirit; but, just because we recognise that Mr Newman's edition is likely to remain the best for a very

long time, and is in any case a work of permanent value for all future students of the 'Politics,' it is the more important that its utility should not be hampered by any avoidable inconveniences.

On another matter opinion will probably differ more. Mr Newman has, like several recent editors, altered the order of the books from that in which they have come down to us in the manuscripts; but, whilst he has followed St Hilaire, Spengel, Congreve, Susemihl and others in putting Books VII and VIII after Book III, he has not followed them in transposing Books V and VI—a change for which very good arguments can be produced, Book VI being a continuation of Book IV, unless indeed it is rather to be considered a duplicate of it or a varied treatment of the same subject. Consequently, when Mr Newman speaks of 'the seventh' and 'eighth' books, he means what no other recent editor means by these numbers. In the two new volumes, indeed (except sometimes in the index), he is always careful to add the old numbering in brackets; so that the reader is spared some of the inconvenience caused in the Introduction. Now Mr Newman's arrangement of the books is a conjectural order, however certain he may consider his conjecture (and he is not too dogmatic on the point); and it seems to us *pessimi exempli* that a conjectural order should be used in references, though an editor may undoubtedly be justified in printing his edition in the order which he thinks best. As Aristotelian scholars have agreed to accept, for purposes of reference, the paging of the great edition of the Prussian Academy, might they not also agree to quote the numbers of the books according to that edition? Or, as a compromise, it might be agreed to quote them always according to the Greek letters of the alphabet, as given in the manuscripts and in the Berlin edition, any conjectural number being added in Roman figures. When any one speaks of Book B or Γ of the 'Metaphysics,' we know what he means: if he speaks of the Third Book of the 'Metaphysics' or of the Seventh Book of the 'Politics,' we are not at once certain.

On the actual question of the condition in which the 'Politics' has come down to us, Mr Newman's judgment is most sound and cautious. He will not indeed accept the view that the work is made up of notes taken by

pupils at Aristotle's lectures, but he inclines to the opinion that it may be made up of notes written down by Aristotle either for his lectures or after his lectures—at any rate in connection with his lectures—as the material for a treatise never fully completed. This opinion, it may be remarked, agrees on the whole with that taken of the 'Ethics' by its most recent English editor, Professor Burnet, who says:

'It is clear that we have not before us a book intended for publication in the ordinary sense of the word. Primarily it is the manuscript of a course of lectures intended for the lecturer's own use, and also doubtless for consultation by members of the school.'

If the 'Politics' originated in notes for lectures, whether intended ultimately for publication or only for circulation in the school, but in any case left unfinished by their author, and edited after his death by disciples either too unskilful to weave their master's work into the harmony of a finished treatise, or too reverent towards his least utterance to permit themselves to attempt such a task, we can easily understand the condition in which it has reached us—a condition in which it clearly was when the epitome of Areius Didymus was made. This epitome, it should be noted, treats the first book as dealing, not with *πολιτική*, but with *οικονομική* (the art or science of household management)—a perfectly correct description of the contents of the book. It then gives a brief notice of the contents of Books III to VII (in the old manuscript order), omitting all reference to the criticisms of preceding theories and of model states in Book II, and stopping short without any reference to Book VIII. The 'programme' at the end of the 'Nicomachean Ethics'—which there is no more reason for rejecting than any of the other references in the Aristotelian writings—refers expressly to the criticism of preceding theories (Pol. II), but makes the discussion of the causes of the preservation and destruction of states (treated especially in Pol. V) a preliminary to the discussion of the best state (Pol. VII), thus on the whole agreeing with the old order, though giving a very imperfect sketch of what we have in the 'Politics.'

On the whole, the most probable hypothesis seems

be that Aristotle, in a finished treatise, would have placed the discussion of the best or ideal state before the discussion of the imperfect forms. This would be in accordance with what Plato had done in the 'Republic': it would also be in accordance with Aristotle's own procedure in the 'Ethics,' where the ideal type of each virtue is described before an account is given of the imperfect forms. But although, if he had lived to complete and 'publish' his work, he might have arranged the material thus, he may very well have found it better in his lectures to discuss the various actual states—oligarchies and democracies and mixed forms—with which he and his audience were familiar, before proceeding to sketch out his ideal commonwealth: or, again, he may have adopted one method of treatment in one year and a different one in another, and we may thus explain the fact that both orders seem to have left traces on the text as we have it. The much smoother style of Books VII and VIII, and some of the literary characteristics of Book V, suggest that these parts of the work may have been written independently of the rest, and placed where they are by Aristotle's editors because their subject-matter fitted in with some one or other of his courses of lectures.* The distinguished Aristotelian scholar Bernays suggested with much plausibility that the opening chapters of Book VII might be an extract from one of Aristotle's dialogues. In another place (III, c. 10 and 11) we find a 'difficulty' (*ἀπορία*) discussed in a manner which can best be described as a 'suppressed dialogue,' even the colloquial oath *μή Δία* occurring twice in the passage.

If the books be re-arranged as they are by Mr Newman we do not get rid of the difficulties presented by the manuscript order; for we have to explain how this supposed better order can have given place to a worse at a very early date; and we have the additional puzzle that Book VIII is clearly unfinished, so that, by making it into Book V, we introduce a gap into the middle of the treatise. Is it not safer then to keep the books in the order in

* The recently published work on 'Philosophy: its Scope and Relations,' by the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, is made up of lectures written out by the author (some of them privately printed and circulated among his students), supplemented by some passages from published articles. (See Dr James Ward's 'Editorial Note'.)

which they have come down to us? We are free to read them in any order we think best. The most probable hypothesis with regard to the whole problem of the Aristotelian writings appears to be that Aristotle's finished and definitely published works consisted mainly of dialogues, of which we possess only a few fragments, though portions of them may very well have been worked into some of the treatises which we possess; that during his years of teaching at Athens (335 B.C.-323 B.C.) he was steadily accumulating the materials for what, in the modern German phrase, we might call his 'Philosophical Encyclopædia.' It was all mapped out in his mind; parts of it were more or less worked out in lecture form; parts of it had been treated in more popular published writings or in works intended for publication though not yet finished; parts were represented only by the roughest jottings and suggestions. Out of this material has been edited, perhaps more than once and (as tradition says) not always skilfully, 'our Aristotle.'

We must remember, moreover, that publication cannot have been as definite a thing—least of all in the case of philosophical treatises—in the Athens of the fourth century B.C. as in these days of printed books. A work might circulate among friends and some copies be made, and yet the author might be able to make additions and alterations from time to time. The devices of the printer, again, make it possible to put in footnotes much that an ancient writer could only insert in the text or in the margin: so that in works not primarily of an artistic character we must not too readily regard apparent irrelevancies and irregularities as necessarily implying corruption. Moreover, even when we have before us what is clearly a work of literary art and a finished work like Plato's 'Republic,' we can see that the order in which it was written need not have been that in which we now have it. And, still further, we must remember that the Greeks—even the systematising Aristotle—had not the same idea and standard of system which scholasticism has left as an inheritance to us, and perhaps to Frenchmen and Germans more than to Englishmen, who are accustomed to the treatment of philosophical questions in unsystematic essays. As we have seen, the dialogue form *leaves its traces* under the surface of the Aristotelian

lecture or treatise; and, even where these traces of the Platonic tradition are faintest, Aristotle's idea of philosophical method in regard to human affairs, which belong to the sphere of the 'contingent,' is that such matters cannot be treated by demonstration, like mathematics, but only admit of dialectical discussion.

If the force of all these considerations be admitted, it becomes unreasonable to expect by any re-arrangement of books to put the 'Politics' into the shape of a systematic treatise, or to reject some passages as clearly less genuine than others, or to settle exactly which passages are duplicates. Such enquiries are interesting and attractive to the ingenuity of the scholar; but perhaps, after some experience of them, a good many readers will fall back on the sceptical conservatism of Jowett, who keeps the books in the manuscript order, and accepts all as equally 'Aristotelian,' on the principle that 'real uncertainties are better than imaginary certainties.'

In his minute study of the 'Politics,' Mr Newman points out many inconsistencies in detail, and might sometimes seem to give the impression of unnecessary fault-finding; but this impression, received from the details of his criticism, should be counteracted by his clear admission of the dialectical character of Aristotle's method. Thus, in the Introduction, he says of 'the unreconciled contradictions, a plentiful crop of which usually comes to light whenever we make a careful study of Aristotle's teaching on any subject,' that 'they arise in part from Aristotle's desire to do justice to all points of view' (Vol. I, p. 284, note). He fully recognises the traces of the dialogue in 'the aporetic debates,' where 'Aristotle, who has studied throughout to preserve the impartiality of a chairman, accepts the result of the discussion' (I, 480). Aristotle, he says,

'is great as a systematizer, but he is also fond of dealing with a subject part by part, and hence a not infrequent "patchiness" of treatment; he is in one passage possessed by one point of view, and in another by another, and he does not pause to bring the two sections of his work into absolute harmony; indeed, he seems usually unaware of the defect. He inherits much of the Platonic freedom of handling, which had its good side, for a narrow systematizer misses much truth' (i, 527, 528).

Thus many of Aristotle's apparently divergent statements must be regarded as complementary rather than contradictory.

In turning over the new volumes we must confess to some feeling of disappointment at the omission of one subject, where we were looking forward to Mr Newman's deliberate judgment. We might have expected that an essay or an appendix would have been devoted to considering the relation between the 'Politics' (and especially the last chapter of Book II) and the work on 'The Constitution of the Athenians,' which has been recovered from the dustheaps of Egypt, and was first edited by Mr Kenyon in 1891, after the publication of Mr Newman's first two volumes. The work is indeed frequently referred to in the new volumes, but there is no general discussion of its character and value. In some six or seven places Mr Newman points out seeming inconsistencies between it and the 'Politics'; but then he admits that,

'even if the *Ἀθ. Πολ.* is from Aristotle's pen, which is doubtful, there is no reason why all its statements should agree with those of the "Politics," for statements which are not in complete harmony with each other are to be found in the "Politics" itself' (iv, 523).

But Mr Newman gives no special reasons, in these volumes, for considering the Aristotelian authorship 'doubtful.' Are we to infer that he still adheres to the scepticism of ten years ago, when, in an article in the 'Classical Review' (April 1891), he summed up on the whole in a manner unfavourable to the genuineness of the treatise? On its first appearance the work was naturally received with a good deal of reasonable suspicion, such as was expressed at the time by Mr Newman and by the writer of an article which appeared in the same month in the Quarterly Review. There was no doubt at first some hesitation among scholars—and it still exists—to revise the views about Athenian history to which they had become accustomed, and to enlarge their conceptions of Aristotle's literary capacity. But now there seems no reason for doubting that the work, though it has only come to us in this one careless copy, is based, at least, on an original which must have been written during Aristotle's later years. It is also clear

that the papyrus contains the same work which was known to the ancients as Aristotle's: and as such it is far better supported by external testimony than the 'Politics.' The arguments in favour of its genuineness are forcibly put by Dr Sandys in his useful and admirable edition (1893). In the opinion of one of the most eminent of living authorities on Greek philosophical writings—Diels—quoted by Dr Sandys,

'it is not only genuinely Aristotelian, but more Aristotelian than most of the text-books by which these sceptics hold.'

The plain, easy, historical style in which it is written is worthy of the Aristotle whose writing was praised by good judges among the ancients; and it is a style not incongruous with that of the more smooth and finished passages scattered up and down the philosophical treatises, though it is naturally different from the crabbed notes which make up the 'Metaphysics' and many parts of the 'Ethics' and 'Politics.' Aristotle was not such a pedant as to introduce the technical phrases of his theoretical, or even of his practical, philosophy into a work on constitutional history written evidently for the perusal of ordinary citizens. Whether the work was completed before the 'Politics' or not, may be open to doubt. The 'Politics' alludes with certainty to no later event than the death of Philip (B.C. 336), whereas 'The Athenian Constitution,' as we have it, alludes to events of 329 or 328 B.C.: it cannot have been written after 322, and was apparently written before 325.* But though, in its present form, it thus falls within Aristotle's latest years, much of it may have been written earlier. A work of this particular kind, even though already published, would be subject to alteration and addition. And, on the other hand, Aristotle, in his lectures on 'Politics,' may purposely have avoided referring to contemporary events. So that there is no reason to reject the traditional opinion that the *Πολιτεῖαι* were written as a preparatory study for the political philosophy expounded in the 'Politics.'

So far as we have observed, Mr Newman has taken no special note of the fact that, if 'The Athenian Constitu-

* Cf. Dr Sandys' edition, pp. xxxix, xl.

tion' is Aristotle's (or even if it was only written at his instigation, and under his influence), it supplies a most striking confirmation of a brilliant suggestion of his own. In *Pol. IV* (Mr Newman's VI), 11, 1296 a 38, Aristotle says: 'One man only of those formerly in a position of supreme authority was persuaded to introduce this constitution'—i.e. the constitution which avoids the extremes of oligarchy and democracy, and is in the mean between them. Lycurgus, Solon, Pittacus, Epaminondas, Alexander the Great, and others, have been named by various commentators as the person here referred to. Mr Newman, in his first volume, suggested Theramenes (p. 470); and the manner in which 'The Athenian Constitution' refers to this statesman entirely agrees with this hypothesis. It is easy to understand why Aristotle should only allude to Theramenes without naming him in his lectures; whereas if he had meant Solon (the most probable of the previous conjectures), he would surely have mentioned him by name to any audience in Athens.

The work on 'The Athenian Constitution' also confirms Mr Newman's attribution to Aristotle of 'the historical faculty.' He quotes with approval the expression, 'Aristotle the historian,' from a German writer (A. Hug) who ranks him next to Thucydides. From the fragments of the 'Politeiai' previously known, it might have been supposed that they were merely miscellaneous notes on political institutions; but 'The Athenian Constitution,' especially the part which is most perfect in the manuscript, is a systematic constitutional history of Athens—the first example known to us of a constitutional history. So that the new papyrus has added one more to the many departments of study which Aristotle was the first to mark off as separate scientific subjects; and the distinction would still be his, though it were held that the work, as we have it, was written by a pupil.

The importance of the 'Politics' of Aristotle to the special student of Greek history need hardly be mentioned; and a glance through the names of Greek cities and persons in Mr Newman's Index will show what an indispensable book of reference he has provided for such students. Aristotle has an interest in facts and details which Plato lacked; and, though a severe critic of the evils of extreme democracy and extreme oligarchy, he is

more ready to sympathise with any moderately good or tolerable form of government than Plato. Hence the value of his judgments for the historian. On one subject, indeed, he preserves silence, where we should be most eager to have his opinion. Throughout the whole of the 'Politics' there is no mention of Alexander. Aristotle's association with the Macedonian Court, and his special connection with the young king and with Antipater and Nicanor, make it certain that he cannot have looked at Greek politics from the point of view of Demosthenes, and that he must also have seen some things in a very different light from that in which they appeared to Plato, who died some years before the battle of Chaeroneia. And yet Aristotle writes as if the independent city-state was still the only possible form in which civilised mankind could realise the full capacities of human nature. The fragment quoted by Plutarch, in which Aristotle advises Alexander to treat the Hellenes as their leader (*ἡγεμονικῶς*), the barbarians as their master (*δεσποτικῶς*), is probably genuine, and is in perfect agreement with Aristotle's views, as expressed in the 'Politics,' about the kind of rule for which Greeks and barbarians were respectively fitted. The saying may, indeed, suggest one reason for Aristotle's silence about what we call the Macedonian 'Empire.' Interpreting facts, as even the most scientific thinker does, by his hopes and wishes, he thinks of Alexander as the leader of sovereign and independent Greek states, united against the barbarian; but he does not think of this 'hegemony' of the Macedonian king as necessarily interfering with the political institutions of Greek republics. When he speaks (Pol. VII, 7, 1327 b 29) of the Hellenic race as capable of ruling all others if they attained a single constitution, the modern reader is tempted to suppose that Aristotle must be thinking of the unification of Greece under the Macedonian monarchy; but, as Mr Newman cautiously points out, there are other possible solutions.

'What kind of "unity of constitution" Aristotle has in his mind is not clear; he may be thinking of the establishment of a common council of Greece by Philip of Macedon after the battle of Chaeroneia, or of an union of the free States of Greece, not under the headship of Macedon, but under some Federal bond. The latter kind of union would be more truly

an union of Greeks than an union under the headship of Macedon, and it is of an union of Greeks that Aristotle speaks' (iii, 366).

When Aristotle discusses the absolute monarchy of the one man whose excellence surpasses that of all the other citizens taken together (Pol. III, 17), it has sometimes been thought that he has before his mind an idealised Alexander. It is more probable, as Mr Newman suggests (I, 277), that Aristotle wishes to check the tendency of his age to despair of constitutional government, by showing the very exceptional circumstances which alone could make the rule of one man a form of the ideal state. As Professor Henry Sidgwick put it, 'Aristotle wishes to conduct ideal kingship respectfully beyond the range of practical politics.' Mr Newman suggests in his notes to Book V (his Seventh Book) that in the prescription for the preservation of monarchies, including tyrannies, Aristotle 'probably wished to do what could be done to amend the worst of Greek institutions, and he may also have desired to keep the Macedonian kingship in the right track' (IV, 413).

'It is possible that not a little in 1313 a 34—1314 a 12 ("How to preserve a tyranny") was written in the hope that it might meet Alexander's eye, and be useful in strengthening his sense of what is truly kingly in conduct, at a time when some of the characteristics which Aristotle ascribes to the tyrant were disclosing themselves in him; but the counsels contained in this passage would also be useful to meaner men' (iv, 449).

When Aristotle warns despots against drunkenness, he may have thought of Alexander (IV, 469); when he speaks of the effect of music in calming excited minds, he may have observed with a physician's eye the case of Alexander's mother (III, 563). But in such matters it is impossible to go beyond guesses; and, after all, as Mr Newman says, 'Aristotle's relation to Plato was the critical fact of his life, not his relation to Philip or Alexander' (I, 478). It is indeed unreasonable to expect that Aristotle should have seen that the city-state was not the highest form of political organisation possible to mankind. It was the highest form known to the experi

ence of his time ; and, it may be added, it was the highest form for long ages afterwards. As Mr Newman says,

'History justified the leaning of Aristotle. The future rested not with the Macedonian *Evros*, but with Carthage and Rome' (i. 478, note).

Nor must we forget that, under the Macedonian hegemony, and even to some extent under the Roman Empire, by far the greater part of what Aristotle valued in Greek political institutions continued to exist. The Greek cities were still self-governing ; and Aristotle would hardly have thought it a loss if they were kept from wasting their energies on perpetual wars with one another. The best service of the political philosopher is to understand his own age ; it is that and not stray fragments of prophecy which we should require of him.

Are we then to say that the 'Politics' has only an interest for the historian ? It professes to be, in Mr Newman's phrase, a 'Statesman's Manual.' But, if it is only the statesman's manual of a bygone age, should it not, except for the prejudices of classical education, be left on the shelf among old year-books, of use to the historian but to nobody else ? In reaction against a superstitious reverence for the wisdom of the ancients, some modern Englishmen have said in their haste, that more political instruction can be got from a single copy of the 'Times' newspaper than from works such as this, dealing with the local politics of a few little towns in a remote age. To this it may be answered that a great deal of political instruction can doubtless be got from the 'Times,' as well as from other newspapers ; but that the reader of the 'Times' whose mind has been trained by the study of Aristotle's 'Politics' will be able to get much more instruction than the reader who has had no such training. Mr Newman quotes many passages from the 'Times' and similar sources ; but it is the study of 'comparative politics,' under the guidance of Aristotle, which has given the eye to see the full significance of the modern instances. It is true that Aristotle's highest ideal is that of the independent city-state ; that the 'Nation' was to him (as it long continued to be) a lower type of political organisation ; and that 'Empires' and 'Federations' were not discussed by him at all. It is also true that he does not

know the significance of representative institutions and the part which they were destined to play in making it possible for large states to enjoy some of the advantages which he, like many others long afterwards, thought were only attainable in small states. The very fact that in enumerating the various possible ways of constituting a deliberative assembly he names 'elected persons' as an oligarchic form (Book IV, 14, 1298 a 35, *seq.*), without giving any illustration or saying anything more about it, shows how little representative government had then come within the range of practical or even of theoretical politics. It only turns up among the logically possible ways of arranging the deliberative body.* Accepting the institution of slavery, defending it against those who had attacked it as always 'contrary to nature,' but endeavouring to reform it as against those who were content to base it on force or conquest, Aristotle escapes, or seems to escape, most of the problems which are due to the political enfranchisement of those who have insufficient leisure or insufficient training for the proper discharge of the functions of citizenship. Above all, Aristotle has no question of Church and State to trouble him. This indeed is what makes his political theories, revered as they were in the later Middle Ages, so grotesquely inapplicable to mediæval controversies. At the same time it is worth noting, with Mr Newman (I, 234), how the question discussed by Aristotle, 'whether the identity of a state depends on identity of race or upon identity of constitution,' finds its best modern analogue in the controversy whether the Church of England lost its identity by the changes of the Reformation or by the alterations in form of government made by the Long Parliament and the Commonwealth.

When, however, the historical limitations in Aristotle's point of view have been fully admitted, the 'Politics' still remains the greatest work on political science that the world possesses; and it may still be used as the textbook of the student and even in some sense as the manual of the statesman, where the statesman is willing to reach

* Attention is called to the significance of this by Sir T. Erskine May in his 'Democracy in Europe' (I, 130). Mr Newman discusses the passage in Aristotle in vol. iv, p. 1, as well as in his note on it, but does not refer to the significance of Aristotle's meagreness of statement.

some width of outlook as a preparation for dealing with the problems of his age. Aristotle will not supply party watch-words nor authoritative decisions on complex problems which have arisen in very different surroundings. Isolated texts from 'the philosopher' may easily be applied or misapplied in politics, as they have been in natural science and in theology; but to use Aristotle in this way has always been to miss his most important lessons. His qualified defence of slavery, his condemnation of 'usury,' his laudation of an ideal monarchy, his trust in the political sagacity of the middle classes (which, as Mr Newman points out, really means for him those able to equip themselves and undergo training as heavy-armed infantry), are not directly applicable to later conditions. It was in vain that mediæval controversialists sought to find in him an advocate of the claims of Pope or Emperor; and it is futile in modern times to cite Aristotle's authority in condemnation of large states or of 'Empire,' in any modern sense of that term, or to ask (except in examination papers intended to test the verbal memory and argumentative quickness of undergraduates) what Aristotle would have said about 'One man, one vote,' or Disestablishment, or Home Rule, or Female Suffrage, or Voluntary Schools. What is permanently valuable in the 'Politics' is, above all, Aristotle's conception of the method of studying political questions, the breadth of outlook with which he approaches his problems, the philosophical calmness of judgment which is united with so keen an interest in concrete details and with so sharp an eye for differences in types of human character and political institutions.

When we turn to the greatest political writers of modern times, we find much that we do not find in Aristotle, and could hardly expect to find in him; but we find united in Aristotle the scattered lights which after long intervals have shone out again in diverse quarters. Dr Arnold maintained the paradox that the work of Thucydides relates to modern and not to ancient history; and this is true in the sense that Pericles and Pitt could have understood one another, while Charlemagne and Hildebrand and even Oliver Cromwell seem to belong to a different world from both. If Thucydides may be counted a modern historian because of the kind

of events he deals with, and still more perhaps because of the manner in which he deals with them, it may be said with still greater truth that Aristotle is modern in his conception of political science. The hybrid but convenient word 'sociology' was invented by Auguste Comte; but the term would do very well to translate what Aristotle calls *πολιτική* (though that word implies the notion of statesmanship as well); for *πολιτική* includes the consideration of man in the private relations of life, in the household and various smaller associations, as well as in his membership of the state. Aristotle indeed marks off the province of ethics and that of 'economics' from that of politics in the special sense, and in doing this creates political science as a separate department; but he does not lose sight of the connection between the different branches, which are all divisions of 'sociology.' Under the name of 'Chrematistic,' Aristotle has defined the province of what we call political economy, as a science subservient to 'economics' and 'politics'; and he takes account of what we call the economic substructure of society, not only in his sketch of an ideal state, but in distinguishing from one another the different forms of oligarchies and democracies.*

The Social Contract theory had already been used by some of the Greek sophists, as it was afterwards used by Epicurus; but Aristotle rises far above the need of any such artificial fiction. In the brief account which he gives of the growth of the state out of the patriarchal family he has shaken off the mythical setting in which Plato had enveloped the theory in the 'Laws' (Book III); and we find ourselves at the same point of view as in reading Sir Henry Maine's 'Ancient Law.' With the insight of a modern anthropologist, Aristotle uses the Greek belief that Zeus was king among the gods as evidence that the Greeks themselves had originally lived under monarchical institutions. When Aristotle says that the isolated human being is like the hand severed from the body, he has grasped the essence of the conception of society as an organism without the exaggerations that have come from attempting to carry the parallel out into

* This recognition of the economic and social factors differentiates the classifications of Book VI from the classifications of Book IV.

detail, such as we find in various forms in Hobbes, in Bluntschli, and in Mr Herbert Spencer. Like Plato, Aristotle is ready to construct an ideal state; but it is Plato's 'Laws' with their close study of Athenian institutions that he has taken as his model, and not Plato's 'Republic'; and his ideal state is only supposed to be applicable to particular conditions of race, geographical situation and economic environment, which are carefully and minutely discussed. Aristotle has no interest in aerial constitution-making; he is constantly urging what has been called 'the relativity of politics.' He is no doctrinaire with a model plan to be erected anywhere and everywhere. He can see that monarchy is the right form in some cases, and unsuitable in others. He is ready to provide suggestions for the maintenance and moderate reform of imperfect states such as oligarchies and democracies. He even gives shrewd advice to despots, anticipating Machiavelli and helping us to understand him better.

The controversy between Macaulay and James Mill about the proper method of political science, the opposition that we still hear of between the inductive and the deductive, between the historical and the analytic methods, represents a one-sidedness from which Aristotle was free. The laborious student of natural history, who collected accounts of 158 constitutions as part of his preparatory work, was clearly no bigoted partisan of abstract deduction; but the author of the 'Analytics' and the 'Metaphysics' knew that collections of facts were not science, but only materials for scientific analysis. Aristotle's method is a perpetual testing of theories by facts, a perpetual interpretation of facts by theories. Aristotle writes about political matters so that he can be read intelligently without a knowledge of his 'Metaphysics'; but he cannot be fully appreciated, unless the underlying metaphysical theories are taken into account. He maps out separate provinces in the problems of human thought, which philosophers before him had attempted to control indiscriminately or all at once; and the boundary lines which he fixed are mostly accepted at the present day, only some further subdivisions being needed and some new provinces added. But Aristotle did not intend to break up the unity of philosophy into a mere chaos of disconnected enquiries; and so his metaphysical theories

necessarily affect his treatment of political science, helping his insight in some directions, hindering it, as we may think, in others—not because philosophy and politics have nothing to do with one another, but because his metaphysics have their defects. A philosophical treatment of a subject attempts something more than merely putting facts and stray judgments on them alongside of one another; but, of course, it carries with it the necessary imperfection of all human systems.

The great distinction which Aristotle inherits from the Platonic school and from older Greek thought—the distinction between 'Being' and 'Becoming'—underlies his treatment of the relation between the question of the origin of the state and the question of its nature and functions. 'The city-state comes into existence for the sake of life (i.e. to satisfy physical needs), but its being is for the sake of the good life.' This philosophical distinction between historical origin and ethical validity saves him from the one-sidedness of so much later speculation about the state. Those, like Sir Robert Filmer, who in the seventeenth century maintained the origin of the state in the patriarchal household, thought they had thereby proved that the only legitimate form of government must be paternal despotism; on the other side John Locke, in order to defend constitutional government, felt it necessary to suppose society originating in a contract for the protection of person and property. Aristotle, as a man of science, has an interest in purely historical questions of origin; but he never assumes that the history of how an institution came to be decides the question what is its proper function now. In adopting a genetic or historical method, Aristotle does not discard the use of an analytic method also, nor escape the question of teleology. The true nature of a thing, he holds, is determined by its end or complete realisation (Pol. I, 2).

Mr Newman, who in his Introduction approaches Aristotle's 'Politics' first on its metaphysical side, has noticed how the distinctions of Form and Matter, of Actuality and Potentiality, affect his whole treatment of the state. His metaphysical conception that 'matter' is the potentiality of 'form,' and his recognition that the *actual concrete whole* must consist of a certain matter *which conditions* the form it can take, save him from th

delusion that any given constitution can be imposed from without on any given race or country.

Other ways, however, in which Aristotle's political theories seem to be affected by his metaphysics do not appear to be noticed in Mr Newman's commentary. When the identity of the state is made to depend on identity of constitution rather than on identity of race (Pol. III, 3), this may indeed be due in part to the smallness of the Greek state, which made the form of government count for so much more in determining the lives and the thoughts of its citizens than it does under the complex arrangements of a large modern nation; but it is probably in part also a consequence of the tendency which, in spite of his criticisms of Plato, Aristotle inherits from the Platonic school—the tendency to identify the essence of a thing exclusively with its form: a thing's kind or species (*elōs*) is its form, so far as the Greek words go. Again, in the interesting discussion of the causes of revolutions (V, 2, 1302 a 20, *seq.*), there can be little doubt that Aristotle is guided by his distinction of material, final and efficient cause. The condition of the people is the material cause, 'the ends for which men revolt' the final cause, and the occasion of the outbreak is the 'beginning of movement' or efficient cause. The formal cause is not mentioned, for it is supposed to be already known: it is the revolution, e.g. the change from an oligarchy to a tyranny, which has to be explained. It is in connexion with this subject of revolutions that Aristotle makes the profound reflection that 'political disturbances may arise out of small matters but are not therefore about small matters' (V, 4, 1303 b 17).^{*} It is simply one application of his distinction between the efficient cause or occasion and the nature or final cause. His metaphysics and, we should add, his common-sense and his wide acquaintance with affairs, save him from the narrowness of anecdotal historians and journalists who treat great movements such as revolutions and wars as if they could be properly explained by small personal motives.

It is not of course meant that Aristotle's logical and metaphysical theories of themselves endowed him with

^{*} Mr E. T. Cook has appropriately chosen this saying of Aristotle's as the motto for his *Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War*,

political insight; it is the combination of philosophical grasp with minute attention to concrete historical details that constitutes the distinctive excellence of his method, and that makes the 'Politics,' incomplete, unfinished and scrappy as the work is, a model for all time. Where the actual institutions of his age gave him no material or no sufficient material, it is unreasonable to expect that we should find prophetic insight into tendencies as yet undeveloped. The nature of a thing, as he says, is to be found in its complete realisation; and so he was quite right in taking the city-state as the highest form of political organisation, for it was the highest form yet attained. We might have wished, indeed, that the philosopher who clearly accepted the idea of progressive growth in philosophical speculation and regarded his own system as the outcome of all that had gone before, could have made some effort to apply the same idea to human history generally. Had he taken a wider range of human experience and compared the few centuries of Greek political development with the long ages of barbarism and of despotic government, he might have admitted that the future had new political possibilities as yet existing only in germ. But his attention was concentrated mainly on the perpetual fluctuation of progress and decay in a multitude of separate Greek states and their immediate barbaric neighbours; and so, in his philosophy of history, he was content with the semi-mythical notion of a recurring cycle.

We are apt, however, to forget that the notion of progress is a very modern notion indeed, not universally accepted even now, and not very clearly conceived where it is accepted; and, apart from the absence of this notion in Aristotle, we may say that his political philosophy has more affinity with the distinctive ideas of our age than with those of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. That the state is made up by a contract between individuals for the protection of their natural rights, and that its function is limited to this aim—the theory of the sophist Lycophron (*Pol.* III, 9, 1280 b 10), as it was the theory of Jefferson—he puts aside as insufficient. The state exists in order to make the citizens good, i.e. (for we must not narrow the Greek conception of 'virtue') to give them the opportunities for realising their souls. What place each

individual is to have in a well-regulated state depends, of course, on what the capacities of his soul are, and on how far all kinds of people have them. It is on this question that Aristotle would differ from most modern theorists rather than in his conception of the end of the state.

Almost all the thoughtful and careful writers of recent years on politics and ethics, or on the relation between them, will be found to have more spiritual affinity with Aristotle's 'Ethics' and 'Politics' than with the theories of Hobbes or Locke or Rousseau; and this is not peculiar to those trained in any one school. It follows, of necessity, that those who have been influenced by Hegel should be influenced by Aristotle; for Hegel's way of thinking about the state and about ethics comes largely from his return to the Aristotelian point of view. But in writers like Bluntschli, like the late Professor Sidgwick, or like Sir F. Pollock, who, while differing widely from one another, can none of them be accused of any Hegelian bias, the influence of Aristotle's methods and conceptions may be strongly felt. Among our leading writers only Mr Herbert Spencer, in strange inconsistency with his conception of society as an organism, is to be found defending the theory of natural rights, the social contract, and what Huxley called 'administrative nihilism.' Even in practical politics the abstract belief in some particular form of government as the best or the only right form, and the consequent enthusiasm for constitution-making, have given way to the strenuous assertion of the moral function of the state—its duty to increase the happiness and to raise the character of the population—however much people may differ as to the means by which this is to be done.

Art. VIII.—PAN-GERMANISM.

1. *Der Kampf um das Deutschtum: Die Weltstellung des Deutschtums: Die alldeutsche Bewegung und die Niederlande.* By Fritz Bley. Munich: Lehmann, 1897.
2. *Deutsche Weltpolitik.* By Prof. Dr Ernst Hasse, Member of the Reichstag. Munich: Lehmann, 1897.
3. *Deutschlands Ansprüche an das türkische Erbe.* Munich: Lehmann, 1896.
4. *Die Deutsche Ostmark.* Aktenstücke und Beiträge zur Polenfrage. Berlin: M. Priber, 1894.
(Nos. 1-4 are issued by the Pan-German League.)
5. *Volks- und Seewirtschaft.* Addresses and Essays by Prof. Dr Ernst von Halle. Two vols. Berlin: Mittler, 1902.
6. *L'Allemagne, la France, et la Question d'Autriche.* Deuxième Édition. By André Chéradame. Paris: Plon, 1902.
7. *L'Impérialisme allemand.* By Maurice Lair. Paris: A. Colin, 1902.

ONE might be tempted to regard Pan-Germanism as purely a phenomenon of to-day, or to date its rise from the end of the past century. To be sure, it is not much more than five years since it first began to attract the attention of Europe: before then, for Europe, it was as good as non-existent. It had not even a name—the plainest proof that it did not greatly occupy the public mind. It is only quite recently that the term *Alldeutschtum* was coined for it, or the foreign equivalent, Pan-Germanism (by analogy with Pan-Slavism), supplied. But however natural this assumption may be, it is far from being correct, for Pan-Germanism is by no means so new as it looks. Its origin may be traced back to the beginning of the nineteenth century; so that really it may boast of a very respectable antiquity.

Generally speaking, it is not easy to assign a fixed date to the beginning of any intellectual movement; but in this case we shall not go far wrong in taking 1813 as the birth-year of Pan-Germanism. For, as it happens, Pan-Germanism owes its existence to Germany's bitterest

enemy—Napoleon I. This is no paradox; it is a perfectly well-founded statement. The iron fist which made such a terrific mark on the face of Europe pressed most heavily on Germany. Of necessity it called forth a stubborn resistance, and roused in the people so cruelly oppressed an ungovernable desire for freedom, and a consuming hatred of their tyrant. It is in this great rising against a despotic foreign government that we must look for the true root of Pan-Germanism. It was originally nothing more nor less than the German nation's justifiable instinct of revolt against an insupportable foreign yoke. But if that yoke was ever to be shaken off, and that despotism overthrown, it was useless for the German states to struggle singly and alone. It was a case of all or none—all Germany, Austria included. And this great national idea did actually rally round its banner all the little German states, which hitherto had been chiefly occupied in getting in each other's way. It was under this banner that German soldiers, with their allies, fought those great fights at Leipzig and Waterloo which put an end to Napoleon's despotism.

If Napoleon may thus be considered the (purely involuntary) creator of the German national ideal, there were two men who were pre-eminently the leaders of the movement—Moritz Ernst Arndt and Friedrich Ludwig Jahn. Both belonged to the professorial class; both applied their whole strength to the task of awakening the national consciousness of Germany. It was their example and their words that first fired it to do battle against the foreign despot; it was they who first held before it as the prize of victory the prospect of a great united Germany.

In our more sober days, poetry, even the most inspiring, does not play a very serious part in politics. But when Germany was groaning under the yoke of the great Tamer of Nations, when the laurels which 'der alte Fritz' wreathed round the Prussian standards, half a century before, at Rossbach and Leuthen, Prague and Zorndorf, lay low in the blood-stained dust of Jena and Auerstädt, German hearts were quick to kindle at the burning words of poets like Arndt and Körner, Schenkendorf and Kleist. In those days poetry might fairly claim a share in the great movement; and the songs of the War of Liberation stand in the foremost ranks of German literature,

It is in some of these lyrics that the Pan-German ideal first finds clear utterance, so clear that we may fairly regard Arndt's famous song, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' as the classic motto and programme of Pan-Germanism. 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' cries the poet, and goes on to ask

'Ist 's Preussenland? Ist 's Schwabenland?
Ist 's wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?'

And so he tells over all the German lands by name, and answers his own question with the cry

'Nein! Nein! Nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein!'

What it is to be he tells us:

'So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt!
Das soll es sein,
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne dein!'

No further explanations are needed; here we have the Pan-German ideal in an unmistakable form.

At bottom this ideal was a superbly ambitious one; it could only be realised by a reckless policy of conquest. For the 'German tongue' was 'heard,' not only in Austria (which belonged to the German 'Bund'), but in France (Alsace), Switzerland, Denmark (Schleswig-Holstein), Russia (the Baltic Provinces), and Hungary, including Transylvania. In order to unite all these countries into a single state, Germany would have had to organise as many campaigns of conquest—a detail which the singers of freedom in the first wild intoxication of their nationalism had not properly considered. It would be rash to assume that the people who then raved about national

* 'What is the German's Fatherland?
Is it Prussia-land? Or Swabia-land?
Or banks of Rhine where vineyards are?

Nay! Nay! Nay!
His Fatherland is more than they!
Where'er is heard the German tongue,
And German hymns to God are sung,
There take thy stand,
And call that land thy Fatherland!'

liberty and preached a crusade against Napoleon's policy of plunder, desired, on their side, to carry war into all neighbouring countries and subjugate them in their turn. The Pan-German ideal, as presented by the lyric poets of the Liberation, would be better described as a vague Utopia, an exuberant overgrowth of the spirit of freedom and nationalism.

Moreover—and this point cannot be too strongly emphasised—the movement at that time bore a character of unimpeachable loyalty. It took for its cry the official formula, 'Mit Gott für König und Vaterland'; and it was under this motto that its followers went out to the great fight. But after the fall of Napoleon all this was changed. When the German states were freed from the French yoke, Nationalism had attained its original goal. But over and above this negative aim it had a positive one—the union of all German-speaking countries in one great German Empire; and this goal, far from being attained, was not even contemplated by the German governments. Not only the governments, but the vast majority of the German nation were entirely satisfied with their achievement as it stood. After so many miserable years of war and foreign dominion, every one felt a great longing for peace and quietness. The nation was simply suffering from the natural reaction following a protracted period of stress and strain. In these circumstances nothing could be further from the thoughts of the German governments and their adherents than any attempt to realise the national ideal of the enthusiasts, a thing that could only be done with an immense outpouring of blood.

But though the people were satisfied, the Nationalists were not. For them the mere liberation of the German lands was not enough; they desired to see their union accomplished, and were unceasing in their efforts to this end. And as these efforts were received with opposition on the part of the governments, and a certain lack of sympathy, not to say aversion, on that of the population at large, there arose a state of antagonism, of hostile tension, which gradually assumed an acute form. Prince Metternich, then in the zenith of his power, was certainly not the man to smile on efforts in the direction of nationalism and liberty. If the peace of Europe and the safety

of thrones were not to be endangered a second time, all such manifestations must be ruthlessly suppressed. Conservative and monarchical principles required this.

Suppression naturally called forth resistance; and nationalism gradually acquired the character of discontent, more or less consciously revolutionary. The chief seats of this discontent were the universities—its representatives the students; its leaders the professors. It was more especially in the student societies (*Burschenschaften*) and gymnastic clubs (*Turnerschaften*) that Pan-Germanism and rebellious tendencies were fostered. Both elements—the scholarly and the gymnastic—were the offspring of the Wars of Liberation; they were, so to speak, the living symbols, the incarnation of Pan-Germanism and the spirit of insurrection. The '*Burschenschaften*' consisted entirely of university students, and originally comprised only those who had taken part in the War of Liberation. The first society was founded on June 12th, 1815, at Jena, under the inspiration of the philosopher Fichte and the 'Father of Gymnasts,' Jahn. Their watchword was 'Honour, Freedom, Fatherland'; their colours the black, red, and gold. These were not, as might be supposed, the colours of the old German Empire (which were only black and gold), but were meant to symbolise the sentiment: 'Out of the black night of slavery, through the red blood of battle, to the golden day of liberty.'

Roughly speaking, the students' societies were the intellectual, the gymnasts' the physical training-schools for Pan-Germanism and freedom. The gymnastic societies were somewhat the older of the two, having been already formed in 1811, by Jahn, with the object of preparing the youth of Germany for the great War of Liberation, by hardening their muscles and developing their bodily strength and dexterity. Jahn hoped, by a methodical course of physical exercises, to raise up a generation sound and clean, and strong in heart and limb. His undertaking was, no doubt, in its original aim, most praiseworthy; it certainly had some effect in increasing physically the military efficiency of Germany. But though both sorts of societies were blameless in their origin, and worked for the good of Germany as pioneers and leaders on the path of liberation, a spirit was growing up in them which very soon declared itself a danger to public peace.

The Wartburg festival, a tercentenary celebration of Luther's Reformation, which the students and professors held on the Wartburg on the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig (Oct. 18th, 1817), sufficiently revealed the revolutionary intentions of some at least who took part in it. A mad scheme to overthrow the thirty-three German principalities at once, or, failing this, to murder the princes who ruled them, was a still more dangerous symptom; and when, in 1819, August von Kotzebue was assassinated, merely by way of a warning to despots, the authorities thought it high time to interfere. The clubs were suppressed, and the movement, to all appearance, became for a while extinct. There followed a long period of outward peace, but all the time the Nationalist fire was secretly glowing under the ashes. The 'Burschenschaften' of students, and to some extent the 'Turnerschaften' also, were ostensibly abolished, but they still existed in secret; and this secrecy had a detrimental effect. The Christian-German and monarchical element disappeared and gave place to a democratic-republican Liberalism, which was enormously encouraged by the French Revolution of July, 1830. It revealed itself in most unmistakable fashion at the German National Festival at Hambach (May 27th, 1832). On this occasion the reformation of Germany on republican lines was set forth as the goal to be striven for. Nationalism displayed itself in a new direction, aiming at a universal 'Union of Nations'—an aim, by the way, diametrically opposed to the first principle of Nationalism. Naturally, this open declaration of war against monarchism only resulted in still more stringent regulations, among others the prohibition of the so-called German colours—black, red, and gold. The Nationalists, in their turn, replied with still more drastic measures, and even attempted to do away with the 'Bundestag' in Frankfort by force.

The next public appearance of Nationalism was, however, by no means revolutionary. It was the work, not of young enthusiasts and agitators, but of cool, clear-headed men. We allude to the formation of the German 'Zollverein' under Prussian leadership, the first act of any practical importance in the history of the movement, the first real advance towards the union of Germany. Soon afterwards national solidarity was still further strengthened.

ened by the hostile attitude of France in 1840. It was then that the song, 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' afterwards so famous, gave poetic utterance to the national aspirations. But the national enthusiasm was not merely lyrical; it found vent also in some thoroughly practical demands. Voices were heard clamouring for a common merchant-fleet, a common navy, common consulates, and a common judicial system. The question of German colonisation was also raised.

This programme had to wait long for realisation; but the democratic-republican party among the Nationalists continued to labour more or less secretly for these ends. When the Revolution of February broke out in Paris, the wild cry for freedom from the Seine woke loud and protracted echoes on the Danube and on the Spree, and especially in Southern Germany. In the German Revolution that followed, republicanism and democracy were the dominant elements; the principal object of the insurrectionary party was the complete overthrow of existing authorities—the monarchy, the aristocracy and the standing army; and the banner they fought under was the once condemned and now glorified black, red, and gold.

The revolution of 1848-49 passed without any practical results for Nationalism. The German Republic remained a dream, as did also the more moderate scheme of a German Empire under Prussian dominion, for Frederick William IV refused the imperial crown when it was offered him; while, after Olmütz, the outlook for German unity, except under Austrian dominion, seemed further off than ever. But where the revolutionists failed, the monarchists and reactionaries—for such Bismarck was in his domestic policy—succeeded. It was not by means of parliamentarism, but in spite of it, that the end was attained, partially attained at least; for while the expulsion of Austria led to the union of Germany, it left eight millions, now the cause of much trouble, outside. A decisive step was, however, taken in 1866; and after Sadowa it was seen that German unity was only a question of time. Four years later the work was accomplished. The new German Empire rose glorious from the ruins of the obsolete German 'Bund'; and by an extraordinary freak of destiny it was again a Napoleon who *involuntarily* helped to complete what, sixty years before,

the first Napoleon had begun. The dream of 1813 was realised, the Nationalists' aim attained, but not by the Liberals and Democrats of the black, red, and gold. It was the work of an autocratic statesman; and this gave an entirely novel character to the national movement, which went on with increased impetus, but on new lines.

After the Franco-Prussian War, Germany was no longer a merely geographical conception, a loose conglomerate of numerous little principalities; it was a solid empire, a proud structure built upon firm foundations, and cemented with the blood of thousands of German soldiers. Certainly it had few friends and many enemies on its frontiers; but they never ventured on an attack. The time had passed when every German state followed its own policy: when each of the two leading powers, Austria and Prussia, simply chose whatever course happened to be most objectionable to its rival; and when the rest would take advantage of this jealousy by playing them off against each other. Those times were gone for ever. So far as Europe was concerned, in Germany there was but one leading state—Prussia; and in Prussia but one leading spirit—Bismarck.

The commercial prosperity of the new Empire grew with the growth and strengthened with the strength of its political power. It advanced with such rapidity that it soon not only reached the commercial standard of other European states, but in most departments surpassed it. Even France and the United States are in this respect behind the German Empire; it is second to none but the British Empire at the present day. This is not the place for a detailed enquiry into the economical progress of Germany as compared with that of other nations; the facts are sufficiently in all men's minds.* What is not equally well understood is the nature of the ambitions to

* The newest work on this subject, and one of the most complete, is that entitled '*L'Impérialisme allemand*,' by M. Lair. This book is written with great knowledge of affairs and in a brilliant style, but, with the exception of a few chapters, is limited to the national-economical side of the question—a field in which few readers will be able to follow the author intelligently. M. Lair comes to the conclusion that the unexampled industrial growth of Germany is inevitably accompanied by spiritual and intellectual decay, and quotes with approval the 'mot' of Nietzsche, that '*das deutsche Reich*' would be the death of '*der deutsche Geist*.'

which this political and commercial growth has given rise.

In view of its rapid growth, it is hardly to be wondered at if the German nation has awoke to the consciousness of its power and is asserting itself in somewhat overbearing fashion. To what degree this tendency to self-assertion has grown may be seen from Fritz Bley's more than self-confident utterances, in his work, '*Die Weltstellung des Deutschtums*.' He there says of the Germans:

'We are without doubt the greatest military nation in the world. We are the ablest nation in all departments of science and the fine arts. We are the best colonists, the best sailors, even the best shop-keepers.'

It is evident that Herr Bley does not lack self-confidence; and there is no doubt that this is not merely his private and personal opinion, but that of many Germans; at any rate it is more or less that of all those who, like him, belong to the Pan-German League.

The object of this league, which was founded in 1894, is to strengthen the spirit of patriotism, which in the opinion of the league is much too languid and unenterprising, in order that the German nation may ultimately take the place which belongs to it by right. The Pan-German League 'does not believe that Germany's development was completed once for all with the results of the war of 1870-71.' Rather, it considers that the position the nation then won opened up before it 'a series of problems and duties, new and great, the ignoring of which would bring about its ruin as a nation.' Herr Bley goes on to explain the nature of these duties:

'Among them' (he says) 'must be reckoned, in Europe, a closer economical and political connection with all other states of German race; that is to say, with Austria, the two Netherlands, and Switzerland; and, beyond Europe, the acquisition of suitable colonial possessions beyond the seas, which will not only give us elbow-room for the annual addition to our population of nearly 600,000,* but will make us economically independent of foreign countries.'

This means that the Pan-German League has taken up the old ideal of 1813, the ideal of a 'great Germany'

* According to E. von Halle the increase in population during four years was as follows: 1896, 816,000; 1897, 785,000; 1898, 845,000; 1899, 795,000.

embracing every inch of earth where German is spoken; and that it aims at nothing short of realising this national ideal. Arndt's old song is again the fashion. In fact, what the Pan-German League wants is a set-off to Sir Charles Dilke's 'Greater Britain'—a 'Greater Germany,' or, as the exponents of this idea would say, a 'Pan-Germany.' Yet it would be incorrect to regard the two ideas as identical. Both 'Greater Britain' and 'Greater Germany' mean the welding together of all countries where Englishmen and Germans respectively live; so much they have in common. But the radical difference between the two aims lies in the fact that the English are already, almost without exception, in possession of those countries, and the Germans are not. With the one, it is a case of closer fusion with the mother-country; in the other, of annexation. 'Greater Britain' implies a more pacific intention than 'Greater Germany.' In the face of the Boer War this assertion may seem indefensible; nevertheless it is perfectly justified. It does not necessarily mean that a 'Greater Britain' can be established altogether without bloodshed. But it does mean that, compared with Pan-Germany, this could be accomplished with far less danger to the rights of other nations; and, what is of most importance, it would necessitate no cessions of territory on the part of European states, and no disturbance of the European balance of power—two things indispensable to the realisation of the Pan-German idea.

The Pan-German party-leaders have issued many pamphlets in which they are at pains to describe their aims as entirely peaceable, and their accomplishment as a bloodless evolution. But it is madness to listen to these siren-songs of peace when the logic of psychology and experience goes to prove the inner falsehood of such assurances. The Pan-German programme demands a customs-union for the German Empire, Austro-Hungary (with Bosnia), the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, and even Roumania. Professor E. Hasse has made a calculation showing that this customs area of 1,322,228 square kilometres would embrace a population of more than 100,000,000, with a yearly internal trade of 6,634,000,000 of marks, and a foreign trade of 10,562,000,000. He adds: 'It is obvious that the union cannot stop short at the customs. In what it would have to be extended to other

departments, and more especially to the entire system of communications (Verkehr).'

If this were all, there seems no reason—in theory, at any rate—why this scheme should not be carried out without bloodshed. But it is not all. The Pan-German programme also requires a political reform of the relations of the German Empire with the countries in question, a common army of defence, and, above all, a common navy. This is an aim that could not be attained without war, for it presupposes that Austria, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland should stand in the same relation to the German Empire as Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony; in other words, that they should be virtually the vassals of Prussia. To such self-effacement these states are not likely to consent, except under compulsion; and the German Empire would have to shed blood like water before it succeeded in compelling them. The Pan-German party must have almost as much *naïveté* as self-confidence to regard the realisation of its dreams as a thing so easy, not to say obvious. Evidently they reason from the assumption that, since the greater part of the population of these countries is racially allied, their ardent desire must be to renounce their independence and yield themselves in rapture to the wide embrace of the German Empire. But this assumption is altogether false. Such a preposterous wish is entertained only by an infinitesimal proportion; it exists only in the heads of radical Nationalists, fanatics like the Pan-Germans of Austria, and perhaps a fraction of the Flemings in Belgium.

But if these countries really experienced this singular desire for self-annihilation, they would find serious difficulties in gratifying it. In Austria, beside the eight million so-called Germans, who are, after all, almost as much of Celtic and Slavonic blood as German, there are fourteen million Slavs. The very last thing they would desire would be German dominion; and, what is more, they would resist any attempt to force it on them in a very impressive and sanguinary fashion. And this is only counting the Austrian half of the Empire. If the Pan-German programme is to apply to the Hungarian half, too (which is extremely probable, seeing that Roumania is mentioned in the propaganda), it would stand a still *worse chance* of being carried out; for, while there may

the two million Germans on the other side of the Leitha, there are also fifteen million Magyars, Slavs, and Roumans.

As for Switzerland, the French and Italian-speaking inhabitants, numbering some eight hundred thousand, as opposed to two millions of German Swiss, can hardly be regarded as a negligible quantity. In Belgium again, the Walloons, who make up two fifths of the total population, would offer a very energetic resistance to union with the German Empire, even if their Flemish compatriots really had as much sympathy with the Germans as the Pan-Germans believe; while an attack on Belgium would infallibly bring France into the field, with England, in such a case, at her side.

There remains only Holland. In Holland, the whole nation being racially akin to that of the German Empire, there would be no other nationality there to oppose the union. But the Dutch themselves would resist: of this there can be no doubt whatever. It is not long since Dr Kuyper, the Dutch Prime Minister, expressed himself on this point with a clearness that left nothing to be desired. On his last visit to Berlin, when some journalist asked him whether he regarded any kind of connexion with the German Empire as possible, he replied with an energetic 'No,' supplementing it with the observation that the German Empire would only saddle itself with an Ireland which would one day be its ruin.

Nevertheless, the Pan-Germans seem to be specially anxious for 'connexion' (Angliederung) with Holland—at any rate, this is the favourite theme of most of their pamphlets; and it is extremely interesting to note with what zeal and what expenditure of arguments they try to prove the necessity for the union. Fritz Bley has written a pamphlet on this subject, and Professor Ernst von Halle has devoted a long and exhaustive chapter to it in his book, 'Volks- und Seewirtschaft.' Both try to make out that this union would be as much in the interest of Holland as of Germany. Bley chiefly insists on the point of community of race, and, with the unconscious humour of the Pan-German fanatic, explains the Dutch to be Germans, and their language a barely distinguishable variety of Low German. Halle, on the other hand, lays more stress on the economic aspects of the question, which he elucidates with scientific thoroughness.

But England is the trump-card of both, the bogey to frighten little Holland into good behaviour. Halle deals with this branch of his subject in one chapter, where, with subtle irony, he bestows on England the title of 'Protector of Holland,' gives Holland a solemn warning against perfidious Albion, and describes the terrific dangers that threaten her from that quarter. To this end he invokes the memory of the past, reminding her that it was England that overthrew Holland's maritime power, and with it her political importance. He hints ominously at the possibility of England's incidentally absorbing the Dutch colonies, and points to the fate of Spain and the Boer Republics as an awful example. A similar doom infallibly awaits Holland if she refuses to attach herself to Germany, whose stalwart arm alone can protect her against these dangers. In order to make these arguments more impressive, Professor von Halle does not scruple to give Holland a very broad hint that she would do well to follow his good advice, otherwise Germany may be reluctantly compelled to force her into the desired connexion; not, of course, that Germany is greedy of conquest, but entirely with a view to her own safety. The fundamental interests of Germany do not allow of a small maritime nation being in a position to 'influence commerce on the Lower Rhine, and acting there for her private advantage, without regard for the general interest of the Hinterland.' The integrity of the German Empire inexorably demands that it should be able 'to establish and to guard its line of defence in whatever position is most advantageous to itself.' In other words, its attitude is that of Goethe's Erl-König: 'Bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt.'

This amply shows what 'connexion' with Holland means for the Pan-Germans; and from their point of view it is all perfectly intelligible. For the economic and strategic advantages to Germany would be enormous if she thus gained that extension of her maritime power which, with England before her, she regards as her supreme goal. Being then so keenly interested in the possession of Holland (for the word 'connexion' is a polite euphemism), she is naturally at immense pains to credit England with the same cupidity as herself, and so cast suspicion on her in the eyes of Holland. So far as

that goes, there need be no pharisaic pretence that the possession of Holland's wealthy East Indian colonies would not be desirable for England. But it is needless to point out that such a scheme, even as regards the Dutch colonies only, has never been so much as hinted at by any publicist, much less by any responsible statesman, in Great Britain, since the Napoleonic wars placed her in possession of Ceylon and the Cape; and that, as for continental Holland, its independence is so much bound up with the safety of Great Britain, that she would fight to the last man to maintain it. Great Britain is well aware that any threat to Dutch colonies would infallibly drive Holland into the arms of Germany, and she is therefore the last Power that is likely to attack them. Professor von Halle's whole argument shows a ludicrous misconception of the interests and the policy of Great Britain; but it calls attention to a danger against which she may well be on her guard. Speaking of the Göttingen Professors and the unity of Germany, the great historian Sybel once said, 'Was die Professoren gewusst, das hat Bismarck gekonnt' ('What the Professors foresaw, Bismarck carried out'); and there may yet arise a Bismarck who will attempt, at least, to realise Professor von Halle's dream. If so, he will have to face France as well as Great Britain, and will raise the greatest storm that has ravaged Europe since the days of Napoleon.

So much for 'connexion' with the Netherlands. The Pan-Germans, in Germany proper, do not seem to be quite so anxious about connexion with Austria. We do not, however, mean to suggest that they are not deeply interested in it. The extension of Germany's power towards the south, which joint dominion over the Adriatic would give her, is a dream which must be dear to all Pan-German hearts. But evidently they do not consider it advisable to elaborate this scheme—presumably not so much out of delicate consideration for the feelings for their 'ally,' as from fear lest, by too open a publication of their views on this subject, they should create enemies for themselves in Austria, and so do damage to the cause. Possibly, also, they may consider that the time is not yet ripe, and prefer to wait till the process of dissolution in Austria is so far advanced that they will have nothing to do but to sit still and enjoy the result. The speediest

means of achieving the dissolution they leave to their Austrian adherents to devise; and that they have every reason to be satisfied with their allies we shall presently show.

It might be supposed that the Pan-Germans would have been content with Holland, Belgium, Austria, and Switzerland. Not at all: they lay claim to Ottoman territory also. In sober earnest the Pan-German League has published a pamphlet entitled '*Deutschlands Ansprüche an das Türkische Erbe*,' which leaves no shadow of doubt upon this point. The laying down of a railway in Anatolia by German contractors has put into German heads the idea of establishing a permanent settlement in that country, a scheme which they defend on the authority of no less a person than Count von Moltke. And not in Asia only, but in Europe also, the Pan-Germans lay claim to possessions other than the countries already mentioned. Professor von Halle, in the book referred to, says that

'It is a question of recovering from the Slavs the whole course of the Danube, from its sources in Germany to its mouths.'

As we see, Pan-Germanism can hardly be styled modest in its demands. It wants nothing less than German dominion over the whole of Middle Europe, and more. Of course, such pious wishes need not lead to war, nor are they likely to do so, unless they take the shape of demands made, not merely by the Pan-German party, but by the German government. For the moment, indeed, there is no sign of this. The German government at present maintains towards other states a punctiliously correct attitude; it misses no opportunity of insisting on its desire for peace. We might fairly suppose that the ways of Pan-German agitators would not always be agreeable to it, seeing that they might at any moment land it in an awkward situation. On the other hand, we should not be far wrong in assuming that German authorities are not wholly unfavourable to the Pan-German movement. This view is justified by the fact that, among the leading members of the Pan-German League, are many men holding office under government—councillors of state, assessors, members of the provincial assemblies, and even retired officers. This would be in

conceivable if the Pan-German movement were entirely offensive to the powers that be.

The assumption is further supported by the action of the German government towards the Poles. In this direction it has put in practice a system of terrorism altogether in keeping with the Pan-German spirit; and there is little room for doubt that in this instance it has been influenced by the movement. Not content with forbidding Poles to use their mother-tongue in public assemblies, and their children to be examined in their own language, the Germans have made it illegal for the poorest Polish subject even to say his prayers in Polish. No less than two hundred million of marks are set aside for the total suppression of the Polish nation; and this fund is devoted to buying up all available Polish property, so as to keep it from ever again falling into the hands of Poles, who will thus be driven from the homes of their fathers.

There can be no doubt that in these proceedings the German government is supported by the hearty encouragement of the Pan-Germans, in whose opinion its policy with regard to the Poles has not yet been sufficiently 'rigorous' (a favourite word of the Pan-Germans); but it is equally certain that it has also won for itself the condemnation of all right-thinking people. The coercive policy recently adopted may perhaps succeed, but, in the case of a people that clings to its national individuality with such fanatical persistence as the Poles, it is possible that it may only lead to further trouble. There is also another circumstance that leaves the expediency of this policy in doubt. The German government and the Pan-Germans have shown their hand too plainly. All those nations that were to be made happy by 'alldeutsche Liebe' have witnessed the impressive spectacle of the fate that awaits them when they too come under the dominion of the German Empire. No doubt they have profited by the object-lesson, and after such an exhibition will hardly feel any burning desire to assist in realising the great Pan-German dream.

German Nationalism is one thing in the German Empire, and quite another thing in Austria. While in Germany it suddenly dropped its democratic-liberal character after 1848, in Austria it is as democratic-liberal

as ever. Under the conditions that prevailed in these two countries this was not unnatural. In the German Empire the great aim of the democratic-liberal party—German unity—was accomplished by their opponents the Monarchists and, above all, by the Army. Thus the nationalist idea was no longer the monopoly of Liberals and Democrats; it had become universal. But in Austria nothing occurred to bring about a similar transformation. On the contrary, the anti-nationalist and monarchical principle, incarnate in the Austrian army, sustained a crushing defeat in 1866, and so brought about the very thing most intolerable to Liberals with nationalist tendencies—separation from the German Empire. Therefore, quite inevitably, the nationalist idea remained their exclusive possession and preserved intact the democratic-liberal stamp it bore in 1848, together with the old colours, the symbolic black, red, and gold.

It was no less self-evident that, in Austria, German Nationalism was bound to become ever more passionate and bitter.* The Germans of Austria found themselves confronted by a considerable Slav majority, beyond the restraining influence of the Germans of the Empire. Besides, through the introduction of the dual monarchy, they had lost no little influence themselves. Under the single monarchy, the leadership used to be more or less in the hands of German, or at least, of German-speaking officials; but now they had lost Hungary, with Transylvania and Croatia, and also Galicia, where a separate Polish-speaking administration was established. Even on this side the Leitha the non-German races no longer acquiesced peaceably in German rule. The Czechs in

* The international importance of the Austrian question is discussed in a manner as acute as it is interesting in the book '*L'Allemagne, la France, et la Question d'Autriche*,' by André Chéradame—an abbreviation of the larger work by the same author, entitled '*L'Europe et la Question d'Autriche au seuil du vingtième siècle*.' The conception of the Pan-German movement disclosed in this book agrees in almost every point with the views maintained by the present writer—a circumstance which speaks strongly in favour of the correctness of those views; for it is certainly a striking coincidence when a Frenchman, a foreigner, passes the same judgment as a native upon Austrian conditions. The book of M. Chéradame may be recommended to every one interested in this great question as at once attractive and instructive. The writer betrays an intimacy with Austrian affairs especially noteworthy in a French author, and far beyond what most Austrians can boast.

and Moravia, and the Slovenes in the southern districts revolted against it, and demanded the abolition, in all public offices, of the Czech and Slovene as well as German, hitherto the only official language. Evident that the immediate result of these efforts would be a Babel of tongues, with the question of Austria as the remoter issue, since in a multilingual country only one language could have absolute supremacy, and that language must be German.

During the three last decades of the past century the conflicts, to which these national aspirations gradually increased in violence and significance, were inclined, now to the Germans, now to the Slavs, now to whichever party happened to be in power; the whole it favoured the Slavs, who had many confederates among the higher aristocracy and the army. Both sides, especially the German, became more and more embittered. Some members of the great Liberal party, which represented Nationalism in parliament, voted for a more decided attitude upon the question, and broke with their colleagues, forming out of their own ranks that called itself the 'German Party.' They invented a certain style of parliamentary conduct known as the 'schärfere Tonart,' which attracted many by its excessive violence. But even this failed to attract the most radical of the Germans; and a split took place in the Club, which led to the formation of a new party, the German Nationalists. Their representative, Count Schönerer, soon distinguished himself by his extreme Chauvinism and his insane hatred of every Slav and Magyar. In parliament there were at first very few who had the courage to join him; for the policy he advocated was nothing short of high-treason. On the other hand, he had an enormous following among university students, with a scattering of raw lads from the Gymnasiums and Technical Schools. Very soon there was found among these young people a regular Schönerer Club, which signalled itself by uproarious demonstrations, and chose for its symbol the corn-cockle, popularly supposed to be the Emperor William's favourite flower—a fact that the Emperor of the German Nationalists is not aware of, but a Hohenzollern.

Under Schönerer's leadership the nationalist move-

ment took not only a different, but in some respects an opposite direction to that which it had previously followed. Till then it had travelled wholly in the path of Liberalism; so much so, that Germanism and Liberalism had become synonymous. It bore the unmistakable traces of 1848. Now it began to break with this tradition and to oppose it. Excepting its distaste for the Catholic clergy, it retained nothing in common with Liberalism. Its chief distinguishing mark was now its hatred of the Jews, who found in the Liberals their warmest protectors and supporters. It was the German Nationalists who first made anti-Semitism an important social and political factor in Austria; and it was their anti-Semitism, rather than their Germanism, that raised the Nationalists to a position of influence which otherwise they could hardly have reached; for the feeling of nationality was not very strong in the German-speaking population of Austria. But dislike of the overpowering Jewish element, and dissatisfaction with the Liberalism that supported its claims, were emotions shared by nearly everybody; and the anti-Semites welcomed the new movement as a potent barrier against Jewish encroachments, though they had no very clear notion of what it or its leaders meant.

The incessant onslaughts of the Czechs on the German official language naturally gave fresh impetus to the nationalist movement. Still, except in Bohemia and Moravia, Nationalism failed to reach the great mass of the people. Its chief lever, anti-Semitism, was now no longer its own; it had passed into the hands of the Christian Socialists, a party rapidly forcing itself into notice. Nationalism of the Radical-German type was chiefly confined to certain well-defined classes: the lawyers, physicians, professors, and of course, as before, the students. These last, when they did not belong to the aristocratic or military class, were almost invariably staunch supporters of Schönerer. Therefore, for a long time the Schönerer party, which had only two representatives in the Reichsrath, was unable to play any very important part. It was the unfortunate Language Ordinances of Count Badeni that supplied the first occasion of its rise to influence and power. The battles waged in the Austrian Parliament over these Ordinances have already been described in a previous number of this Review

(October 1901). They went so far that parliament had to be closed; and Count Badeni, so detested by the Germans, sent in his resignation.

Obviously, the little group of German Radicals would never have been strong enough to extort such a result if the other German parties in the house (with very few exceptions) had not blindly followed them. But follow them they did. They had no scruples in using the Radicals as convenient tools; in fact, they vied with them in ruffianism and brutality. Not only were they not ashamed of this conduct, they actually gloried in it, and really seemed to think they had achieved something most praiseworthy, not to say heroic. So strong were nationalist delusion and the *furor teutonicus*.

Those who cherished the pleasing and not unnatural belief that peace and quietness would follow the fall of Badeni were soon cruelly disillusioned. The nationalist agitators took good care that peace and quietness there should be none. Even the repeal of the Language Ordinances failed to soothe the feelings of the Germans. This was made clear at the next elections to the Reichsrath, in all the simple eloquence of figures. The strength of the German Radicals (now known as the Pan-Germans) had increased from five to twenty-one members; that is to say, it was more than quadrupled. It is evident that a parliament in which this party was represented in such force could not count upon a time of peaceful, decorous activity. The first sitting of the new House amply verified this melancholy surmise; and quite recently an outrageous attack on the President's platform recalled the scenes of the Badeni era, and roused grave fears for the future.

Not content with inflaming the public mind on the language question, and undermining the whole social fabric of Austria, the Pan-Germans have ended by involving the country in a religious war. With their cry of 'Los von Rom!' they have fallen on the Church of St Peter, and insist on all Germans instantly going over to the religion of Luther. The motives for this religious war are in reality anything but religious. Prussia is Protestant, and in the Catholic clergy of Austria the Pan-Germans recognise their most formidable opponents. They know perfectly well that it is their influence that has hitherto prevented Pan-Germanism from gaining any stronghold

over the country-people and the population of Vienna. Accustomed to victory, they are roused to madness by this resistance. They are trying to overpower the Catholic Church and clergy by means of revolting libels and abuse; they do not scruple to resuscitate the horrible times of the Thirty Years' War. And they are not alone in the struggle. They have found their most zealous allies—but only on this point—in the Jewish press and the Social Democrats, all three regarding the clergy as the strongest bulwark of the enemy.

No doubt the German party in Parliament comprises many members (chiefly among the great landed proprietors) who detest these proceedings and clearly foresee their dangerous consequences; but these warning voices are drowned by the infernal din made by their frenzied compatriots. They have neither strength nor courage to break with their fanatical allies; afraid lest, by an open rupture with them, they should incur the reproach of being un-German. And so, against their will, they too are helping to bring about the downfall of Austria—for the Pan-Germans are struggling for nothing less. They have taken good care that there shall be no mistake about their views. With incomparable effrontery they have declared in Parliament that what they want is to attach Austria to Germany, as Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg are attached. In other words, they desire the destruction of Austria's independence and the dethronement of her dynasty; for it goes without saying that no member of the House of Habsburg will ever submit to be the vassal of Prussia. This is clear from their motto—'One People, one Emperor, one Faith'; and that the one emperor must be a Hohenzollern is to be inferred from the cheers for the House of Hohenzollern lately given by a Pan-German deputy in Parliament. That no measures to this end would be too extreme for them was proved by Schönerer, in the memorable session of November 8th, 1898, when he gave utterance to the wish that he might see the day when the armies of the German Empire would march into Austria, there to 'deliver' the German people.

It appears then, that so long as Pan-Germanism was democratic, and flew the revolutionary black, red, and gold, its menace was practically confined to the

German principalities. Now that it flies the imperial black, red, and white, it is a danger to the peace of Europe. Seeing that the aim of the Pan-Germans in Austria is confessedly the annihilation of this state and its absorption in one 'Great Germany' from the North Sea to the Adriatic, their proceedings have ceased to be a mere incident of Austria's internal policy, and have become a question of European importance. The fall of a state of Austria's rank, extent, and geographical position cannot be a matter of indifference to other European states; it would infallibly give rise to the most serious complications, even to a European war. If the Pan-Germans, in the blindness of their megalomania, imagine that Europe would sit still and tamely look on while the German Empire was being extended to the Adriatic at Austria's expense, they are very greatly mistaken. Neither Russia, nor England, nor France, would agree to that; and the fourteen million of Slavs who at present inhabit Austria would be the last to consent. It is difficult to believe that that mighty Pan-Germany, stretching from the North Sea to the Adriatic, will ever be anything but what it is—a dream.

We cannot leave this subject without briefly considering one other striking phenomenon which is closely connected with Pan-Germanism, and which has special interest for English readers; we allude to the pro-Boer agitation. This agitation, it is true, has not been confined to Germany and the German parts of Austria, but has extended over the whole continent. It has flourished in Lisbon and St Petersburg, in Rome and Paris, as well as in Vienna and Berlin. Consequently, it cannot be regarded as by any means the product of Pan-Germanism; but the Pan-Germans have adopted the movement in order to use it for their own ends, and have infused into it a peculiar malice. It is natural, therefore, to call attention to it in this place, so far as Pan-Germanism is concerned in its propagation.

That the Boers should have found sympathy all over the Continent is not unnatural; the mere disproportion of numbers and of force would alone be sufficient to account for this. Sympathy with the weaker party was further strengthened, on the one hand, by the astonishing

courage and resolution which the Boers displayed in their struggle with a vast empire; and, on the other, by the 'splendid isolation' of Great Britain, which possessed no single assured political friend on the Continent, but, on the contrary, was encompassed by populations almost uniformly hostile. But it was in Germany that British defeats were received with the loudest shouts of triumph, in Germany that British commanders were made the butt of the most violent abuse, in Germany that the grossest caricatures were displayed—caricatures which did not spare the revered and aged Queen herself. Not even in Holland did the Press display such bitter animosity.

This circumstance requires explanation; and several explanations may be given. But, to pass over other causes, one thing is clear, namely, that the Pan-Germans found in the pro-Boer campaign an opportunity too good to lose. Pan-Germanism regarded, or affected to regard, the war against the Boers as an insult and a challenge to the German nation. That the Dutch in Holland so regarded the war is no matter of surprise. But in the mouth of a German such a declaration is ridiculous, and only shows to what extravagant ambitions and absurd confusions of thought Pan-Germanism can lead; for, after all, the Boer is no German, whatever Herr Fritz Bley may say. He is, indeed, no nearer to the German than to the Englishman. But, if Holland is to become German, if the Rhine, from source to mouth, is to be a German river, and Rotterdam a German port, then no doubt the Germans become the natural protectors of the Boers—in the higher interests of Germany, be it understood, as we have already seen (p. 164) in dealing with German designs on Holland. Hence the peculiar venom of the German attacks on England, for the establishment of British influence in South Africa puts a spoke in the Pan-German wheel, and deprives Germany of a very lucrative 'sphere of influence,' to use the mildest term, to which the 'connection' with Holland would have given her—had the Dutch republics not been conquered—a prior claim.

But, supposing that Herr Fritz Bley were right, and the Boers were related to the Germans, as he supposes, how comes it that Pan-Germanism looks the other way when Germans are overridden in the Baltic Provinces? And these Germans are own brothers to the Germans in Ger-

many, whereas the Boers are at most a sort of cousins. The reason is not far to seek. To befriend the Germans on the Baltic would bring the Pan-Germans to grips with Russia—a very different matter from insulting England. Russia is the Colossus whose friendship, or at least neutrality, is indispensable to Germany; England is the colonial and industrial rival, to whose empire good Pan-Germans hope one day to succeed.

But this is far from being the only striking inconsistency in the Pan-German pro-Boer campaign. These loud invectives against the injustice and brutality of Great Britain sound strangely, and would sound strangely even if the reproach were just, in the mouth of a nation which brought the forces of two huge states against the tiny Denmark; which then, by absorbing the common conquest, forced its former ally into a fatal war; and which, finally, by studied provocation, drove its western neighbour into ruin. We do not discuss the question how far great and laudable ends, such as the making of the German Empire, may justify means in themselves highly reprehensible; but we do say that a nation which has risen to power by such means must have a short memory, or think that other nations have none at all, before it can regard itself as justified in preaching political morality to others. By what right did Prussia deprive the King of Hanover of his throne? By what right is a war of annihilation now carried on against the Polish nationality in Posen—a war in which children are flogged for praying in their native language, and mothers thrown into prison for endeavouring their defence? In the face of facts like these, it requires a high degree of effrontery in the organs and the leaders of Pan-Germanism to cast reproaches on the score of cruelty and injustice in the teeth of England. But universal history is full of similar ironies.

Art. IX.—A FORGOTTEN POET: GEORGE DARLEY.

1. *The Errors of Ecstasie*. Whittaker: London, 1822.
2. *The Labours of Idleness*. John Taylor: London, 1826.
3. *Sylvia, or the May Queen*. John Taylor: London, 1827.
4. — Another edition. Dent and Co.: London, 1892.
5. *Nepenthe*. [Privately printed]: London, 1836.
6. — Another edition. Elkin Mathews: London, 1897.
7. *Poems*. [Privately printed]: Liverpool, 1890.
8. *Thomas à Becket*. E. Moxon: London, 1840.
9. *Ethelstan*. E. Moxon: London, 1841.

SOME time ago Mr Leslie Stephen fluttered the bibliographical dovescotes by complaining of the longevity of books, observing, in that strain of half-humorous Philistinism of which he has the secret, that the world would be none the poorer if every book ever printed had disappeared after an existence of a hundred years. Collectors of Caxtons could hardly be expected to listen patiently to such treasonable sentiments; but Mr Stephen's views would certainly be endorsed by the librarians of the British Museum, to whom the problem of housing the rubbish which accumulates upon their shelves becomes every year more acute. There is a good deal, too, to be said in support of Mr Stephen's desires from the literary point of view. Very few really valuable books have lain for a hundred years without being reprinted. Among the poets there are certainly some who have suffered a century's eclipse—Herrick, Vaughan, and Campion, for instance. But, even if Mr Stephen's law had been in force in their time, we should not have lost them wholly. Some of their works—and probably the best of them—would have survived in anthologies. As a rule one may safely say that what the world forgets for a hundred years had better remain forgotten.

Perhaps it would be dangerous hastily to assume the truth of the converse; but when a man's poems are reprinted fifty years after his death, it will generally be found worth while to see what sort of stuff they are made of. Unquestionably it is so in the case of George Darley. It is more than a hundred years since Darley was born, and more than fifty since he died. Even during his lifetime he was never popular. Five-and-twenty years

For his death one would have supposed him completely forgotten; and yet, within the last few years, no less than three reprints of various works of his have appeared. In anthologies, too, he is steadily winning his way. It is true that the latest edition of the 'Golden Treasury' omits him not, but for many years one of his most charming lyrics figured anonymously, and not unworthily, on the side of Carew in that historic collection. Where Mr Palgrave discovered it we know not, for we can find no trace of its having been printed during Darley's lifetime. However, Darley's it undoubtedly is; and it duly appears in Canon Livingstone's reprint of his master's lyrical poems. The following are a few stanzas from it:—

'It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed;

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers;

These are but gauds: nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youths to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?'

Mr Palgrave need not have been ashamed of mistaking this for the work of one of the cavalier poets; but when he discovered that the author was a nineteenth-century poet, he banished the poem from his pages, though he stultified himself by retaining in the section devoted to seventeenth-century poetry, Scott's 'Thy hue, dear edge,' which is as poor an imitation of the work of 'Ol. 196.—No. 391.

Carew and his fellows as 'It is not beauty' is a good one. But later anthologists have valued Darley more justly. Mr Churton Collins included a number of his shorter poems in the 'Treasury of Minor Poetry'; and in Mr Quiller-Couch's 'Oxford Book of English Verse' there are three of Darley's best pieces. One of these—that beginning 'Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers'—is interesting as having possibly been the model of Mr George Meredith's 'Love in the Valley,' the first version of which appeared in his little collection of poems published in 1851. People still talked about Darley in the fifties; and Mr Meredith may well have known something of Darley's work. In any case, the resemblance between the two poems, in sentiment as well as in metre, is sufficiently close to merit a word of notice.

The principal incidents of Darley's career may be briefly recapitulated. He was born in 1795 of a good Irish family, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was afflicted from his earliest youth by an unfortunate habit of stammering, which defied all attempts at cure, and finally compelled him to relinquish the hope of succeeding at the Bar, the profession for which he was originally designed. Soon after taking his degree he made his way to London, and thenceforth devoted himself to literature. He made friends among the choicest spirits of the time. He knew Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, Beddoes, Chorley, Procter; but the hesitation in his speech, to which he himself referred as 'a hideous mask upon my mind, which not only disfigures but nearly suffocates it,' made him shrink from society; and he seems to have had but few friends and fewer intimates. His tastes were various. He wrote upon the drama in the 'London Magazine' and upon art in the 'Athenæum,' where his views upon the early Florentine painters and upon the then popular Eclectics were in strong contrast to the average opinion of the hour. He was a good mathematician and had an extensive knowledge of architecture, but he was first and foremost a poet; and there is no doubt that his repeated failures to win the ear of the world did much to embitter his life and perhaps even hastened his death, which took place in 1846.

As a rule no one is more utterly dead than the minor poet of two generations ago. The minor poet, as Mr

Churton Collins, who is an authority upon the subject, has pointed out, represents the average level of taste of his period more fully than his more famous brother, 'whose soul is as a star and dwells apart.' Consequently he becomes old-fashioned very soon. Darley may very likely have been a minor poet, but, if he was so, he is an exception to the rule. He had very little in common with the age in which he lived. In the midst of the enthusiasm for Byron he declined to be Byronic, and so lived unread. In 1842 came the decisive appearance of Tennyson, which eventually killed Byronism. But even then Darley did not profit by the changed fashion; for the new poet carried all before him, and Darley was left stranded again. We can look back calmly enough now upon the literary rivalries of early Victorian days, and it may be that our cooler judgment will exalt Darley to the position which his contemporaries denied him.

Darley announced his arrival in London by publishing a small volume of poems entitled 'The Errors of Ecstasie,' which appeared in 1822. He was twenty-seven years old when this book came out; but the poems which it contains show but little sign even of that degree of maturity which might be expected from a man of his age. Probably a good many of them were boyish efforts. The poem from which the book takes its name begins with a Hamlet-like soliloquy upon suicide, delivered by a personage aptly named the Mystic, and ends with a fantastic dialogue between the Mystic and the Moon. There are fine lines in it, but the blank-verse is monotonous and the Mystic's utterances are prolix and involved. The Moon, on the other hand, is a lady of strong common-sense, and expresses herself in language that is straightforward even to baldness. One of her observations has a certain biographical interest. It probably tells us the secret of Darley's emigration to London.

'Didst thou not quit,
Most rash, most unadvised and most vain,
No proferable cause asserted why,
The track which sober Wisdom pointed out
And plain Experience 'stablish'd as the true,
Th' ascent to riches, happiness and fame?
Didst thou not barter Science for a song,
Thy gown of learning for a sorry mantle,

The student's quiet for the city's din,
 At once, thy social duty—to assist
 By rational pursuits the common good
 Bound in thine own—for selfish Fantasie
 Useless to others, fatal to thyself ?'

The poet tells us in a footnote that this passage must not be read as a literal piece of autobiography ; but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he is here recalling his career at Trinity College, and his aversion from what, a few lines later, he calls

' the dull,
 Undeviating, dusty road of Science.'

'The Errors of Ecstasie' was, of course, a complete failure from the popular point of view, but it may have helped to introduce Darley to the literary world. At any rate we find him in 1823 a steady contributor to the 'London Magazine,' which at that time commanded the best talent of the day. He sprang into notoriety as the author of a series of slashing articles on living dramatists, written under the pseudonym of John Lacy, in which some of the most famous of them came in for uncommonly rough treatment. Procter, whose 'Mirandola,' in particular, was severely handled, ventured upon a reply, to which Beddoes refers in a letter written in 1824. He says :

'I have just been reading your epistle to our Ajax Flagellifer, the bloody John Lacy. On one point, where he is most vulnerable, you have omitted to place your sting—I mean his palpable ignorance of the Elizabethans and many other dramatic writers of this and preceding times, with whom he ought to have formed at least a nodding acquaintance before he offered himself as physician to Melpomene.'

Beddoes himself had no reason to complain of Darley's criticism, for, together with Joanna Baillie—'a woman and a boy'—he was selected by the stern reviewer as an example of what was best in contemporary drama, on the strength of his 'Bride's Tragedy,' which had been published in 1822. Beddoes does not appear to have met Darley more than once or twice, but he evidently entertained a genuine admiration for Darley's poetry. Beddoes congratulates his friend Kelsall upon 'awakening to a

sense of Darley,' and even suggests that the latter is to be the comet to illumine the darkness in which the death of Shelley had plunged the poetical firmament.

Darley's connexion with the 'London Magazine' introduced him to many of the literary lights of the day. In 1823, when he joined the staff, John Scott, the original editor of the magazine, had been in his grave for two years, the victim of one of the most famous literary quarrels of the century, which ended in a duel one moonlight night in the fields near Chalk Farm. In 1823 the magazine was the property of Messrs Taylor and Hessey, who had established the custom of inviting their contributors to dinner once a month at their office in Waterloo Place. At their hospitable board Darley met many men whose names are now household words. His inveterate stammer prevented him from taking his place on equal terms in the feast of reason and the flow of soul, which, from all accounts, seem to have consisted chiefly of interminable strings of bad puns; but he won the respect of all his colleagues, and the affection of a few of them. With Cary, the translator of Dante, his friendship extended to intimacy; and he was on thoroughly familiar terms with Lamb. Here, too, he met John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant-poet, open-mouthed with amazement at the wonders of London, together with Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, Hood, Talfourd, Keats's friend Reynolds, De Quincey, and many others, including Wainewright, the poisoner, who, under the pseudonym of Janus Weathercock, contributed to the magazine a series of foolish and impertinent articles, ostensibly upon artistic subjects, but in reality dealing only with himself and his follies and affectations.

Several years passed before Darley again tried his fortune with the publishers. In 1826 appeared his 'Labours of Idleness,' a collection of prose tales and sketches, some of which had already seen the light in the 'London Magazine.' This was published under the pseudonym of Guy Penseval. The tales are written in a somewhat laboured style, but some of them have a touch of pathos, and others are not without power. The best of them are 'Lilian of the Vale,' a pretty pastoral, which is the germ of his later work, 'Sylvia, or the May Queen,' and a fantastic Poe-like piece of extravagance called 'The

Dead Man's Dream,' which, for all its exaggeration, contains some really imaginative writing. But to lovers of Darley the most interesting thing in the book is the first essay, 'The Enchanted Lyre,' which may safely be taken as a piece of autobiography, and, so read, gives us a clearer picture of the poet's character and attitude towards life than all the comments and criticisms of his contemporaries.

He writes in the person of a philosophic youth, who has forsworn society, and dwells on the banks of a stream in a secluded valley, with no companions but his own thoughts. We will let him tell his own story.

'Solitude,' he says, 'is not so much my necessity as my inclination. I have neither love for society nor those agreeable qualities of mind, manner and disposition, which would make society love me. To confess a truth, I once made the experiment, more from curiosity than a desire to succeed, but it was like to have cost me my own good opinion as well as that of my acquaintances, who, whilst I remained in seclusion, voted me a philosopher, but the moment I exhibited myself in society, set me down as a fool. I always found myself so embarrassed in the presence of others, and every one so embarrassed in mine; I was so perpetually infringing the rule of politeness, saying or doing awkward things, telling unpalatable truths or giving heterodox opinions on matters long since established as proper, agreeable, becoming, and the contrary, by the common creed of the world; there was so much to offend and so little to conciliate in my manners; arrogant at one time, puling at another, dull when I should have been entertaining, loquacious when I should have been silent (for I could sometimes be very witty out of place and very instructive upon uninteresting topics); I was, in fine, such an incomprehensible, unsystematised, impersonal compound of opposite qualities, with no overwhelming power of mind to carry off, as I have seen in others, these heterogeneous particles in a flood of intellectuality, that I quickly perceived obscurity was the sphere in which Nature had destined me to shine, and that the very best compliment my friends could pay me, when I had left them, was to forget me and my faults for ever. At first, indeed, there were several persons who liked or seemed to like me from a certain novelty or freshness in my manner, but as soon as that wore off they liked me no longer. I was "an odd being," or "a young man of genius, but very singular," something to fill up the gap of tea-table conversa-

ion, when the fineness of the evening and the beauty of the prospect had been already discussed by the party.'

An attractive feature of 'The Labours of Idleness' lies in the number of charming lyrics with which it is plentifully besprinkled. Many of these had already appeared in various periodicals, and are here introduced with scarcely a semblance of explanation. Oddly as they occur, they are not the less welcome. Here are some exquisite stanzas from one of them :—

'Listen to the lyre!
Listen to the knelling of its sweet-toned ditty!
Shrilly now as pain resounds the various wire
Now as soft as pity!
Soft as pity!

Will the dreamer know
Who upon the melancholy harp loves weeping?
Dreamer, it is I that tell the tale of woe,
Still while thou art sleeping,
Thou art sleeping!

I was once the flower,
The all-beloved lily of this sweet, sweet valley;
Every wooing Zephyr came to this green bower
Fain and fond to dally,
Fond to dally!

I could love but one;
He had loved me ever, but the flood's green daughters
With their siren music drew the sweet youth down,
Down beneath the waters,
'Neath the waters!

In his oozy bed
Coffinless he slumbers, with the wild flood rolling;
Mermen are his ringers and his dirge is dread,
Still for ever tolling,
Ever tolling!

Some of Darley's friends seem to have thought that 'Lilian of the Vale' had the elements of a drama in it; and in response to their suggestions he wrote 'Sylvia, or the May Queen,' in which the innocent little plot of his tale is made the basis of a kind of fairy opera. The appearance of 'Sylvia' was, in a sense, the culminating

point of Darley's career. With it he approached nearer to the confines of success than at any other time in his unhappy life. 'Sylvia' is often referred to in the memoirs of the period, and never without eulogy. Miss Mitford thought it 'an exquisite thing, something between "The Faithful Shepherdess" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"'; Miss Elizabeth Barrett, as she then was, spoke of it as 'a beautiful pastoral'; Lamb sent 'Darley's very poetical poem' to his friend Bernard Barton with a few kind words; and even the mighty Coleridge read it with approval. But the public would none of it, and Darley had again to endure the bitterness of disappointed hopes. To tell the truth, 'Sylvia' has few of the elements of success. So far as form goes, it more resembles one of the later Caroline masques or fairy pastorals than anything else, and it is a clever imitation, too; but the stuff of a dramatic poet was not in Darley. 'Sylvia' begins brightly enough, but the poet soon tires of his puppets; and before the play is over their shadowy figures seem to have melted into thin air. Besides, Darley's blank-verse is often nerveless and monotonous, and he ventured to supplement the poetical parts of 'Sylvia' with would-be humorous prose scenes, which are the most dismal fooling imaginable. The charm of 'Sylvia' lies in the exquisite lyrics in which it abounds, and in the versified introductions to the various scenes, which recall the Elizabethan use of the Chorus. These 'scenical directions in verse,' as Lamb called them, are the distinguishing feature of 'Sylvia.' In the earlier scenes they are brief and to the point; but, as the play goes on and the author gradually loses interest in his characters, he concentrates himself more and more upon these choral interludes, until towards the close of the play he presents us, *à propos des bottes*, with—of all things in the world—a piece of literary criticism in the shape of a comparison between Milton and Byron! Oddly as it occurs, there is some very fine writing in the passage, of which the following extract will give some idea:—

'One gloomy Thing indeed, who now
Lays in the dust his lordly brow,
Had might, a deep indignant sense,
Proud thoughts and moving eloquence.

But oh! that high poetic strain,
 Which makes the heart shriek out again
 With pleasure half mistook for pain,
 That clayless spirit which doth soar
 To some far Empyrean shore
 Beyond the chartered flight of mind,
 Reckless, repressless, unconfined,
 Spurning from off the roofed sky
 Into unciel'd infinity,
 Beyond the blue crystalline sphere,
 Beyond the ken of optic seer,
 The flaming walls of this great world
 Where chaos keeps his flag unfurled,
 And embryo shapes around it swarm,
 Waiting till some almighty arm
 Their different essences enrol
 Into one sympathetic whole, . . .
 That strain, that spirit was not thine,
 Last-favour'd child of the fond Nine!
 Great as thou wert, thou lov'dst the clod,
 Nor like blind Milton walked with God,
 Him who dared lay his hand upon
 The very footstool of God's throne
 And lift his intellectual eye
 Full on the blaze of Deity,
 Who sang with the celestial choir
 Hosanna to the Eternal Sire;
 Who reached that high Parnassian clime
 Where Homer sat as grey as Time
 Murm'ring his rhapsodies sublime;
 Who from the Mantuan's bleeding crown
 Tore the presumptuous laurel down
 And fixed it proudly on his own;
 Who with that bard diviner still
 Than Earth has ever seen or will,
 The pride, the glory of the hill,
 Albion! thy other deathless son
 Reigns, and with them the Grecian one
 Leagued in supreme triunion.'

After the sonorous music of this noble passage, it seems something of an anti-climax to return to the lightful songs so lavishly scattered over the pages of *Alvis*, but we cannot resist quoting one of them. The following, which is sung by a chorus of peasants, is almost Shakespearean in its freshness:—

'O May, thou art a merry time,
Sing hi! the hawthorn pink and pale!
When hedge-pipes they begin to chime
And summer flowers to sow the dale.

When lasses and their lovers meet
Beneath the early village thorn,
And to the sound of tabor sweet
Bid welcome to the maying morn.

When greybeards and their gossips come
With crutch in hand our sports to see,
And both go tottering, tattling home,
Topful of wine as well as glee.

But youth was aye the time for bliss,
So taste it, shepherds, while ye may,
For who can tell that joy like this
Will come another holiday?

O May, thou art a merry time,
Sing hi! the hawthorn pink and pale!
When hedge-pipes they begin to chime
And summer flowers to sow the dale.'

The failure of 'Sylvia' disheartened Darley for original work, and he seems at this time partially to have deserted poetry for mathematics. We have it on the authority of Carlyle that Darley was a ripe mathematician; and in all probability the text-books relating to geometry and kindred subjects which he produced about this time are models of their kind, but they scarcely come within the scope of the present article.

In 1829 Mr Dilke took over the 'Athenæum,' and soon afterwards Darley joined his staff. He was a constant contributor almost to the day of his death, his special provinces being art and the drama. As a critic he was stern even to truculence, but it was never suggested that he was other than impartial. A series of articles, which he wrote from Rome and other Italian cities during the early thirties, excited a good deal of attention at the time. Chorley, in particular, who made his London *début* as a journalist in 1834, speaks of them with admiration. No doubt it required a certain audacity in those days to suggest that Domenichino had not spoken the last word *in art*, and so far Darley certainly anticipated mode

criticism; but it is going too far to assert, as some of his biographers have done, that his appreciation of the early Florentine painters prepared the way for the P.R.B.

In the year 1836—this date is authenticated by an extant letter referring to the poem—Darley printed for private circulation a few copies of 'Nepenthe,' the poem upon which his fame principally depends. Until it was republished in 1897 by Mr Elkin Mathews, 'Nepenthe' was one of the most inaccessible poems in the world, the copy of the original edition, which was acquired by the British Museum a few years ago, being probably the only one in existence. The original 'Nepenthe' is a curiosity in more ways than one. With a strange kind of affectation, Darley appears to have taken as much pains to repel a possible reader as the present-day poet takes to entice one to open his book. 'Nepenthe' is printed in the most careless and unlovely manner upon coarse, dirty paper. It boasts no title-page, no author's name; the pagination is inaccurate and the original cover consisted solely of a couple of pieces of dingy brown paper.

The poem itself is in striking contrast to the squalor of its presentment. It glows with life and colour; it brims over with poetical invention. The great difficulty about it is to believe that it was written by a man of forty. It is instinct with the spirit of youth; it 'smells April and May.' Had it been the work of a boy of twenty, it would have been one of the most promising poems ever written. It has every conceivable fault that the extravagance of youthful fancy can suggest. It has no beginning and no end. The subject is dropped and picked up again a hundred times. As Miss Mitford said, 'there is no reading the whole, for there is an intoxication about it that turns one's brain.' But with all its faults it establishes one fact in the plainest possible manner—that Darley was a genuine poet. As to its subject, Darley himself declared that it was designed to show the folly of discontent with the natural tone of human life, the first canto being a picture of the ill effects of over-joy, the second of those of excessive melancholy. The third canto, which was never written, would have shown that contentment with the mingled cup of humanity is the true *Nepenthe*. The general scheme of the poem may very likely have been suggested by Shelley's '*Alastor*,' in

so far as it describes the wanderings of the hero through a bewildering succession of ever-changing scenes. But while Shelley never wholly loses sight of the ethical purpose of his poem, it is impossible to trace anything like a plan in the maze-like intricacies of 'Nepenthe.' The hero begins by being carried off by a phoenix to Arabia, where he sees the bird die in flames in her 'blest unfabled Incense Tree.' He drinks a drop of the nectar which flows from her ashes, and, inspired by the draught, hastens to join a company of Bacchanals. Thereupon his travels begin. We trace him vaguely through the desert of Arabia Petræa, to Palmyra and Lebanon. He is in Caria and Lycia next. Then we find him on the slopes of Ida, after which he crosses the Dardanelles, and reaching the banks of Strymon, is apparently torn in pieces by Thracian Mænads, unless we are to believe that he escapes and joins Icarus in the depths of the Ægean. Anyhow, in the second canto he turns up again in Egypt, where, after releasing the soul of Memnon, imprisoned in its statue, he visits the Mountains of the Moon and various other remote places, ending by crossing the Sahara and arriving within sound of the church-bells of home.

A subject of this kind is obviously only a thread upon which the poet strings his jewels according to his heart's desire. There is a woeful lack of order and symmetry in 'Nepenthe,' but Darley often makes noble amends for the inconsequence of his story by the glowing beauty of isolated passages. The opening of the poem cannot fail to captivate the fancy of a sympathetic reader:—

'Over a bloomy land untrod
By heavier foot than bird or bee
Lays on the grassy-bosomed sod,
I passed one day in reverie.
High on his unpavilioned throne
The heaven's hot tyrant sat alone,
And, like the fabled king of old,
Was turning all he touched to gold.
The glittering fountains seemed to pour
Steep downward rills of molten ore,
Glassily tinkling smooth between
Broom-shaded banks of golden green,
And o'er the yellow pasture straying,
Dallying still yet undelaying,

In hasty trips from side to side
 Footing adown their steepy slide
 Headlong, impetuously playing
 With the flowery border pied,
 That edged the rocky mountain stair,
 They pattered down incessant there,
 To lowlands sweet and calm and wide
 With golden lip and glistening bell
 Burned every bee-cup on the fell,
 Whate'er its native unsunned hue,
 Snow-white or crimson or cold blue;
 Even the black lustres of the sloe
 Glanced as they sided to the glow;
 And furze in russet frock arrayed
 With saffron knots, like shepherd maid,
 Broadly tricked out her rough brocade.
 The singed mosses curling here,
 A golden fleece too short to shear,
 Crumbled to sparkling dust beneath
 My light step on that sunny heath—
 Light, for the ardour of the clime
 Made rare my spirit, that sublime
 Bore me as buoyant as young Time
 Over the green Earth's grassy prime,
 Ere his slouch'd wing caught up her slime;
 And, sprang I not from clay and crime,
 Had from those humming beds of thyme
 Lifted me near the starry chime
 To learn an empyrean rhyme.'

It is difficult to quote any passages from 'Nepenthe' which shall give an adequate idea of its real value. In a short extract one inevitably misses the rush and swirl of the poetry. The Bacchic revels in the first canto are particularly spirited and vigorous. The following lines show the poet in his gayest mood:—

'Light-skirt dancers, blithe and boon,
 With high hosen and low shoon,
 'Twixt sandal bordure and kirtle rim
 Showing one pure wave of limb,
 And frequent to the cestus fine
 Lavish beauty's undulous line,
 Till like roses veiled in snow
 'Neath the gauze your blushes glow;

Nymphs, with tresses which the wind
 Sleekly tosses to its mind,
 More deliriously dishevelled
 Than when the Naxian widow revelled
 With her flush bridegroom on the ooze,
 Hurry me, Sisters, where ye choose,
 Up the meadowy mountains wild
 Aye by the broad sun oversmiled,
 Up the rocky paths of gray
 Shaded all my hawthorn way,
 Past the very turban crown
 Feathered with pine and aspen spray,
 Darkening like a soldan's down
 O'er the mute stoopers to his sway,
 Meek willows, daisies, brambles brown,
 Grasses and reeds in green array,
 Sighing what he in storm doth say—
 Hurry me, hurry me, Nymphs, away !'

But the finest thing in the poem is the beginning of the second canto, which opens with an apostrophe to Antiquity. Here Darley is in his richest and most sonorous vein. Here he has a sustained majesty of expression to which he rarely attains. His diction is almost Miltonic in its grandeur, and the metre which in the first canto has tripped with an airy lightness here takes to itself a measured dignity not unworthy of the author of 'Il Penseroso.' We have only room for a short extract from this noble passage:—

'O'ersailing vessels see below
 Clear, through the glass-green undulous plain,
 Like emerald cliffs unmoved glow
 Thy towering forms stretched far amain
 By Coromandel, or that side
 Neptunian Ganges rolls the tide
 Of his swoln sire: by Moab's lake
 Whose purulent flood dry land doth slake
 With bittern ooze, where that salt wife
 Drinks her own tears she weeps as rife,
 Empillared there, as when she turned
 Back towards her liquorish late-spent life
 Where Shame's sulphureous cities burned:
 By Dorian Sicily and Misene,
 Upon whose strand thou oft didst lean

Thy temple-crownéd head; and where
 Antium with opposite Carthage were;
 By green Juvernia's giant road
 Paved from her headland slope and broad
 Sands down to Rachlin's columned isle
 And dim Finn Gael's huge-antred pile,
 Where his vast orgue, high-fluted, stands
 Basaltic, swept with billowy hands
 Oft, till the mystic chancel mourn
 To weltering biers around it borne
 Hoarse ritual o'er the wrecked forlorn.'

mark of Tennyson's about Alexander Smith has
 plied to Darley—that he had fancy but not imagin-
 The application is singularly unjust, as any one
 kes the trouble to read even this short extract
 'Nepenthe' will perceive. Darley's fault was an
 rather than a lack of imagination, coupled with
 stinctness of mental vision which often rendered
 ges obscure and sometimes merely chaotic. Another
 it be a fault, is that he sometimes recalls other

We have already referred to 'Alastor' as a
 source of Darley's inspiration; but, as a matter of
 'Nepenthe' owes decidedly more to Keats's 'Endy-
 In structure the two poems are by no means
 though, to tell the truth, 'Endymion' is a model
 cliness by the side of the labyrinthine extravagance
 'Nepenthe.' Metrically, Darley owed little to Keats.
 swift arrowy flight of 'Nepenthe' is worlds away
 he slow, voluptuous music of 'Endymion'; and
 handles his metre with a surer touch than Keats
 'Endymion' at any rate—possessed. One
 t feel in 'Nepenthe,' as one does all too often in
 'Endymion,' that the rhyme has suggested and even com-
 the thought. But, apart from the scheme of his
 Darley's debts to Keats are sufficiently plain to the
 reader. His Bacchanals, 'light-trooping o'er the
 lea,' carry us back at once to the Indian damsel's
 'Endymion.'

'And as I sat, over the light blue hills
 There came a noise of revellers.

ften a word or phrase in 'Nepenthe' rings with
 of Keats. 'Shaded all my hawthorn way'

is surely a reminiscence of Endymion's 'briar'd path';
and

'Where green Earth from azure sky
Seems but one blue step to be'

must have been suggested by Keats's

'For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find.'

Darley had imbibed to the full Keats's taste for quaint experiments in diction. Like Keats, he knew his Spenser well, and his fondness for using archaisms in season and out of season amounted to a mannerism. It is true, also, that the English language was sometimes not copious enough to satisfy his requirements; and then he never hesitated about coining a word to suit the emergency. Upon the propriety of his experiments in this direction opinions will differ. A sympathetic reader, at the climax of a passage of high-strung imagination, will endure without flinching even such a barbarous piece of extravagance as this:

'Up from the bilging globe he calls
Seas to surprise thee, or enthralls
Earth to deluginous ocean';

while, in a less inspiring context, he will find swans that 'troat for joy,' or 'sabulous wolds,' to quote two instances from many, unpardonably frigid and affected, though, as a matter of fact, there is authority of a kind for both expressions.

Next to Keats, we should say that Milton had the greatest share in the making of 'Nepenthe.' The metre is Milton's, of course, and it is used with a good deal of Milton's technical mastery. Then, again, we detect Milton's influence in Darley's splendid and sonorous use of proper names, as in the passage last quoted; while towards the close of the following extract there is an exquisite echo of a famous passage in 'Lycidas':—

'Hark! through each green and gateless door
Valley to echoing valley calls
Me, steep up, higher to the sun!
Hark! while we stand in mute astound,

and-battled high Pangaeus hoar
 th earthquake voice and ocean roar
 ps the pale region trembling round!
 vard! each loftier height we gain
 urn it like the basest plain
 d by the fallen in hell's profound!
 o, great Haemus, Haemus old,
 f earth into his girdle rolled,
 lls against Heaven!—Up, up! the stars
 eel near his goal their glittering cars,
 eition's mounting-step sublime
 vault beyond the sphere of Time
 Eternity's bright clime,
 en this fierce joy
 d shall aye subside,
 a swoln bubble on the ocean tide
 the River of Bliss, Elysium-wide;
 all annoy
 browed with it for ever there,
 never-ebbing Life's soft stream with confluent wave
 floating spirit bear
 ng those calm Beatitudes and fair
 ave
 r angel forms, with pure luxuriance free,
 ay rich ooze and amber-molten sea,
 -flooding to the one deep choral stave,
 ne Tranquillity!
 blessing, blest, eterne Tranquillity!'

noble music in this passage; and, when all is said
 be said against 'Nepenthe,' the poem remains an
 ing performance. Had Darley published it, it
 arcely have failed to make its mark, even though
 was unpropitious for a poem of this kind.
 y was inured to disappointment, and the small
 of interest which 'Nepenthe' excited among his
 probably surprised him but little. Miss Mitford,
 she afterwards confessed that she never got to
 wrote kindly to him about it. In return she
 one of those long and formal letters, which she
 ntly described as 'startling to receive and terrible
 er.' There is a touch of pathos in the fact that a
 te words should have had the power to raise such
 st of gratitude. The letter—one of the few of
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Darley's still in existence—is far too long to quote in its entirety. This is a characteristic passage :—

'This brings me to your advice about undertaking a subject of both natures, the imaginative and the real. Such indeed always is, always should be the scope of a truly catholic poet. But alas! I fear myself but a poor sectarian. The double mind seems wanting in me; certainly the double experience for I have none of mankind. My whole life has been an abstraction; such must be my works. I am, perhaps you know, labouring under a visitation much less poetic than that of Milton and Maeonides, but quite as effective, which has made me for life a separatist from society. But, were my knowledge of humanity less confused than it is, I apprehend myself to be still too much one-minded for the making a proper use of it. Do you not expect so from "Nepenthe"? Does it not speak a heat of brain mentally Bacchic? I feel a necessity for intoxication (don't be shocked, I am a mere tea-drinker) to write with any enthusiasm and spirit. I must think intently or not at all. Now, if this be the case, if my mind be only occasional, intermittent, collapsive, which (unaffectedly impartial) I think it is, how should I conduct the detail of a story where poetic *furore* were altogether out of place? It is a great defect, I own, but my genius (as you call it) never enables me to sustain a subject, the subject must sustain it.'*

And so on, for some two thousand words! No wonder that Miss Mitford was somewhat appalled by this portentous epistle, and by the thought of having to send one of her own delightfully slipshod and garrulous effusions in reply. However, her answer seems to have been favourably received, as it elicited a further offering of some of Darley's earlier works, and hearty good wishes for the success of one of her tragedies which was shortly to be produced.

With 'Nepenthe' the chief interest in Darley's career ceases. Thenceforward, except for an occasional lyric in a magazine, he confined his energies entirely to the drama. For 'Thomas à Becket' and 'Ethelstan,' two plays which he produced in 1840 and 1841 respectively, we cannot profess much enthusiasm. Darley himself, with a strange blindness to the real bent of his genius,

* 'The Friendships of M. R. Mitford'; edited by A. G. L'Estrange; vol. II. (London, 1882).

persisted in regarding them as his best work, and resented very strongly his friends' inability to perceive their value. Undoubtedly there are beautiful passages in both plays; in fact Darley could hardly write a line without revealing the touch of a true poet; but he had very little dramatic power, and not much idea of characterisation. In both dramas he shows, it is true, a fuller mastery of blank-verse than in 'Sylvia'; but even here, in spite of bursts of magnificent eloquence, the long speeches, of which there are many, are apt to become monotonous. Of the two plays, 'Thomas à Becket' is the more vigorous, and perhaps, if subjected to the same process of curtailment and arrangement that turned Tennyson's 'Becket' into a passable stage-play, it might face the footlights not without success. 'Ethelstan' is impossible as a drama, but poetically it counts for more than 'Thomas à Becket,' chiefly on account of the spirited songs of Runilda, the glee-maiden. Darley wrote a third play, 'Plighted Troth,' which was produced by Macready at Drury Lane in 1842, but was never published. It failed completely, only surviving one performance. Its failure seems to be attributable chiefly to Darley's ignorance of stage technique, for as a poem it evidently had fine qualities. Macready expected great things of it, and the critic of the 'Daily Chronicle' went so far as to call it a work of genius. It might even have won some success, had it not been for a ludicrous incident which discomposed the gravity of the audience at a critical point in the drama. The hero, played by Macready, had been murdered by his steward, and his body had been hastily thrust under a table. The actor who played the part of the steward in the course of the next scene happened to tread upon Macready's outstretched hand. This was too much for the patience of the choleric manager. Forgetting his part, he sat up on the stage and addressed the delinquent in his most vigorous vernacular. The audience burst into uncontrollable laughter, and the play was doomed. Mr William Archer, in his sketch of Macready's career, suggests that the author of 'Plighted Troth' was not George Darley the poet, but another man of the same name; yet we know of no other Darley living at that time who is likely to have been the author even of an unsuccessful play. It is significant, too, that the sale-catalogue of Macready's

library contains presentation copies of Darley's 'Thomas à Becket' and 'Ethelstan,' a sufficient proof that the poet and the actor were on friendly terms. In any case the matter is not very important, as 'Plighted Troth' seems to have disappeared altogether.

Darley's closing years were embittered by the failure of his dramas. In vain he challenged the opinion of his few friends. Even the gentle Barry Cornwall could find little to praise in them, and Darley drew back more and more into his misanthropical seclusion. In his last illness he was carefully tended by devoted friends, but his death in 1846, save for an appreciative tribute in the 'Athenæum,' was unnoticed by the world at large. After his death he was soon forgotten. The rising sun of Tennyson extinguished the light of lesser stars. Since those days public taste in poetry has undergone many and strange changes. We have found that the idols of our fathers have feet of clay. It may be that the poetical history of the seventeenth century will be repeated in that of the nineteenth and that the Herricks and the Vaughans of a later age will come into their kingdom when the Cowleys and the Wallers have, in Mr Swinburne's pregnant phrase, gone the way of all waxwork.

Art. X.—THE CHANGING EAST.

1. *Things Japanese*. By Basil Hall Chamberlain. Fourth edition. London: John Murray, 1902.
 2. *Der Eintritt Japans in das Europäische Völkerrecht*. By Freiherr von Siebold. Berlin: Kiseki Tamai, 1900.
 3. *The Constitutional Development of Japan, 1853-1881*. By Toyokichi Iyenaga, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies, Ninth Series. No. IX). Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1891.
 4. *Japan in Transition*. By Stafford Ransome. London: Harper, 1902.
 5. *Report on the Post-bellum Financial Administration in Japan, 1896-1900*. By Count Matsukata Masayoshi. Tokio: Government Press, 1901.
 6. *Financial Annual of Japan*. Issued by the Department of Finance. Tokio.
 7. *Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon*. Tokio, 1901.
- And other works.

LESS than fifty years ago Japan was in all respects a hermit nation, closed to all the world, unknown and unknowing, satisfied to maintain a haughty exclusiveness which had continued unbroken for two hundred and fifty years, finding in herself all the materials necessary for her own well-being and happiness, and possessing neither foreign trade nor shipping. Till scarcely more than thirty years ago she was in the bonds of a feudalism as strict as that of the days of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, governed by great territorial nobles, who, while owing a well recognised allegiance to a legitimate sovereign, were, for every purpose of administration, and even for foreign or domestic war, practically in a condition of absolute independence within the limits of their own estates. By a series of reforms, equally swift, picturesque, and far-reaching, for a precedent to which the history of the whole world may be searched in vain, Japan has advanced to-day to the position of a powerful and consolidated empire, able and ready to make her voice heard in the councils of the great Powers of the world, with a reputation for military valour and efficiency of which any nation might be proud, a foreign trade of an annual value of fifty millions sterling, and, what is perhaps the

greatest achievement of all, a constitutional government, the working of which has now been tested by ten years' experience.

Books on Japan have naturally been abundant. Almost every department of Japanese life and history has from time to time been dealt with by writers of more or less ability, many of whom have possessed only a superficial acquaintance with their subjects, while the work of others is happily marked by the strongest evidence of experience, profound research, and accurate knowledge. In the latter class we have no hesitation in including 'Things Japanese,' by Professor Basil Chamberlain, and no less hesitation in recommending it as at once the most comprehensive and accurate work on Japan that has yet been produced by any scholar. Within the compass of five hundred pages an infinite variety of subjects is treated in a bright and elegant style, occasionally marked by flashes of quiet humour, and always by the accuracy that can be expected only from one who has made himself a master of his subject.

Japanese history commences with the accession to the throne of the Emperor Jimmu, sprung, according to tradition, from divine ancestors, in the year 660 B.C. From him the present Emperor, who is the 123rd reigning monarch of the dynasty, traces his descent in a direct and unbroken line. Clearly, no other reigning family can compare in antiquity with the Japanese. The early history of Japan, like that of other countries, is wrapt in myth and legend; and the student who would penetrate its mysteries should consult the 'Nihongi,' or chronicles, a compilation in the Chinese language, first completed about 720 A.D.* It is only in the sixth and seventh centuries of our era that Japanese history becomes authentic. About the time when the Anglo-Saxon conquerors of England were converted to Christianity, Buddhist missionaries from China visited Japan; and the nation, from the court downwards, was converted to Buddhism. Thereupon, as Mr Chamberlain says, Chinese institutions followed with a rush; and a central bureaucratic system of government was introduced. Shortly

* This work has been translated by Mr W. G. Aston, and published by the Japan Society.

afterwards the premiership became hereditary in the Fujiwara family; the Mikado, or Emperor, became a *roi fainéant*; and a system was established which lasted for about a thousand years, down to the revolution of 1868.

From time to time families arose which successively seized on power. Yoritomo, the chief of the Minamoto family, received, in the time of our Henry II, the title of 'Sei-i-tai Shogun,' or Great Commander against the Barbarians; and from that time forward the title was borne by the personage who conducted the government in the name of the emperor. But the power of the Shogun was constantly assailed, not unfrequently with success; and the country was often in a state of anarchy. Civil war and clan feuds were almost continuous. Christianity, introduced by the Jesuits into Japan, was used politically by a rebellious and successful leader, Nobunaga, to combat the influence of the Buddhist priesthood, enlisted on the side of the existing régime. His successor, Hideyoshi, reversed this policy, and exterminated the Christians. When Hideyoshi died, five years before our Elizabeth, his brother-in-law, Tokugawa Iyeyasu, obtained power; and his descendants retained it for two centuries and a half.

The policy instituted by Iyeyasu and consummated by his grandson, Iyemitsu, the third Shogun, and, next to himself, the greatest of his line, lay in the breaking of the power of the territorial nobles, the 'Daimios'; or, where it could not be broken, in imposing such limitations upon it as should keep it in subjection to his successors. His aim was to guard the Imperial court at Kioto, so that the Mikado could never fall into the hands of those who ventured to rebel against the Shogun, and to centralise in the latter the administration of the whole empire; to seclude Japan from intercourse with the rest of the world, by forbidding foreigners to reside in Japan, and forbidding Japanese, under penalty of death, to go abroad; to eradicate Christianity and foster Buddhism. Iyeyasu founded the city of Tokio and made it his capital; while the obligation imposed by Iyemitsu on all territorial nobles, of residing in the capital every alternate year, and of leaving their wives and children as hostages for good behaviour during their absence, caused it to be beautified by a large number of imposing mansions, and wealth to flow into it from every quarter of the country. The

court of the Shogun as far surpassed in splendour that of the Mikado at Kioto, as did his real authority the Mikado's nominal power. But the Mikado, as before, remained the source of all honour, rank, legal power, and authority. For protection he depended entirely on the Shogun, but he was always the descendant of the gods, the legitimate and unquestioned sovereign. The nobles of his court (the Kuge), all tracing their descent from one or other of his predecessors on the throne, were powerless as their Imperial master, and dependent entirely on his bounty; but in rank and popular reverence they were far above the most powerful and wealthy of the territorial nobles.

For a description of the feudal system of Japan, as perfected under the Tokugawa régime, we cannot do better than refer to Freiherr von Siebold's monograph on 'the entry of Japan into the comity of nations.' There should be no better foreign authority on Japan than this writer. The son of a distinguished German savant who, long before the opening of Japan to foreigners, resided in the country as a member of the Dutch factory at Nagasaki, and made admirable use of his opportunities for scientific research, Freiherr von Siebold joined his father in Japan while still a boy, and rapidly acquired a proficiency in the language equal to that of the natives themselves. For six years he was employed as interpreter in the British Legation, and, as such, was the confidential medium of the Minister in his communications with the Japanese Government throughout the critical period which immediately preceded and followed the revolution of 1868. His monograph contains a succinct account of the events of the revolution of 1868, and of the reforms which followed it, down to the final triumph of Japanese diplomacy in the abolition of consular jurisdiction in 1899. Read in conjunction with the equally able monograph of Professor Iyenaga, it will give a clear knowledge of the causes, spirit, and results of one of the most important revolutions in modern history.

The feudal system in Japan resembled the most advanced forms of European feudalism. So long as the Emperor ruled in person, he was the recognised feudal lord, by whom crown-lands and conquered territories, with correlative obligations of military service, were con-

ferred on his warriors. Under the later Shoguns this authority, though theoretically resting on the Emperor's mandate, passed to them. A third of the whole empire was under the direct rule of the Shogun, the remainder being divided among territorial nobles (Daimios), who, with their subordinate vassals, formed the military nobility (Buke), in contradistinction to the nobles of the Emperor's court (Kuge). At the head of the territorial nobles stood eighteen Kokushiu, or principal Daimios, each of whom governed an entire province. A less powerful class were the Tozama, possessing the same rights, but ruling smaller domains than the Kokushiu; and a third were the Fudai, the immediate vassals of the Shogun, forming his retinue, and bound at all times to render court and military service. Every feudal lord—and there were two hundred and sixty in all—possessed complete autonomy in his own territories, but received on succession a letter of investment from the Shogun, determining the highest limit of the revenue he was authorised to raise. Marriage and adoption also required the Shogun's approval, and tribute had to be paid and military service rendered. Each noble supported, according to his means, a greater or smaller number of Samurai, retainers of gentle birth, whose sole profession was that of arms. The Samurai acknowledged no direct allegiance to any but their own immediate feudal lord, for whom they were ready at any moment to sacrifice their lives in battle or by suicide; but it was their ranks that supplied the directors of their master's policy, the managers of their estates, and the leaders of their armies; from them also sprang the great statesmen who have made modern Japan. Below the Samurai came, in order of social rank, farmers, artisans, and traders—classes of no account whatever in administration or politics.

Under the Tokugawas, once they had finally established themselves in possession of the Shogunate, the empire enjoyed perfect peace for two hundred and fifty years. Their rule extended to, and was felt in, every part. With their huge family wealth and their army of retainers, both far surpassing those of any other territorial noble, able to rely confidently on the support of their own family, which included many of the richest and most powerful lords next to themselves, their power seemed

unassailable. The lower people were contented and happy. They knew that the Emperor existed, and regarded him as the legal sovereign, to whom the unqualified allegiance of all Japanese was due ; but he was shrouded from them by a veil of impenetrable mystery, invested in every incident of sanctity, and, in their actual daily life, almost a myth, whereas the Shogun, in all the might and splendour of his borrowed majesty, was ever before them. But an end was to come to this usurpation ; and, though the final blow, which was to shatter the whole fabric, came from the advent of foreigners in Japan, the way was already prepared. Long before the foreigner appeared, the component parts of the system were disintegrated and tottering to their fall.

The grandson of Iyeyasu, lord of the province of Mito, and the feudal head of one of the 'Three Families,' in which was vested the succession to the Shogunate in case of failure of the direct line, inherited his great ancestor's literary tastes. The most profound scholars in ancient literature gathered in his province from all parts of Japan ; and by them the 'Dai Nihon Shi,' or history of Japan, was compiled. Its main tendency was to point out that the Emperor was the true and only sovereign, and the Shogun a military usurper, no better or higher, except by right of might, than other great territorial nobles. This work of necessity remained unpublished, but it was circulated in manuscript and was eagerly read by thinking men. Early in the nineteenth century another work, of the same spirit, the 'Nihon Gwaishi,' was completed, in which the rise of the Shoguns was described and the unlawfulness of their usurpation of the Imperial power clearly shown. The study of these two works created a strong sentiment against the Shogunate and the whole feudal system. With historical research came also the revival of the Shinto religion, the substance of which is that Japan is a holy land made by the gods, whose lineal descendant is the Emperor.

To these historical or religious motives were added political reasons. The feudal chiefs of some of the great clans in the south of the empire were full of jealousy of the Shogun's assumed superiority, and had long been making preparations for an armed conflict with him ; the excuse and opportunity for striking were alone wanting.

afforded by the coming of the foreigners in their demand, backed by a display of force Shogun knew he could not resist, that the could be opened to them. He yielded, and a outcry was raised that he had betrayed his and suffered the divine land to be polluted by the of foreign barbarians. To drive out these to replace the country in its former condition of isolation, and to restore to the true sovereign authority, were the avowed aims of the party. In the war which followed, a war with great bitterness and much bloodshed, the party was completely successful; and in 1688 the last of the usurping Tokugawa Shoguns abdicated his office to the Emperor, who thereupon assumed in his own person the government of the empire. The revolution was accomplished; but the condition of the empire was deplorable, and the new government was in the conduct of foreign affairs and in domestic administration, to face a task as formidable as has ever been faced by the most distinguished statesmen of any nation. The government had come into power with the cry, 'to restore the fallen fortunes of the empire to the foreigner.' Promises had been given that the policy of the Shogun should be reversed, and that when he was deposed, the country should be speedily freed from the contamination to which he had weakly subjected it. But what had served as an effective party-cry for the victors were in opposition, assumed a different complexion when they undertook the responsibility of government; and the very men who had been the loudest in this cry were the first to abandon it when in power. Their new policy was outlined in a memorial presented to the Emperor in the names of the great territorial lords who had been the prime movers in the revolution. It was (they say) 'to restore the fallen fortunes of the empire and to make the Imperial dignity respected abroad, necessary . . . to get rid of the narrow-minded ideas which have prevailed hitherto. We pray that the members of the Court will open their eyes and unite with the people below them in establishing relations of amity with the foreigner, that, our deficiencies being supplied with what we lack, we are superior in, an enduring Government may be

established for future ages. . . . Let the foolish argument which has hitherto styled foreigners dogs and goats and barbarians be abandoned; let the Court ceremonies, hitherto imitated from the Chinese, be reformed, and the foreign representatives bidden to Court in the manner prescribed by the rules current among all nations; and let this be publicly notified throughout the country, so that the countless people may be taught what is the light in which they are to regard this subject' (Iyenaga, p. 31).

It was determined, not only that foreign intercourse should be encouraged, but that Chinese customs, which had heretofore been the sole foundation of Japanese civilisation, should give way to European; and that European military, domestic, and political science should be studied—all with the immediate object of securing to Japan her independence as a nation, and the ultimate aim of placing her on an equality with the great Powers of the world.

In domestic policy two important steps had to be taken. The Emperor had been, as we have said, almost a myth in the eyes of the people, living behind a screen, as if different from other human beings, and seen only by a limited few of the court nobles. The abuses of the court had to be reformed; and the accession of a young emperor, untrammelled by previous experience or ingrained bias, afforded the opportunity. Yedo, the capital of the Tokugawa Shoguns, became the new capital of the empire instead of Kioto, the old seat of the court and the government; and its name was changed to Tokio (eastern capital). An assemblage of the court and territorial nobles was held; and the young Emperor, in the coronation oath which he took before it on the 17th of April, 1869, declared that

'A deliberative assembly should be formed, and all measures decided by public opinion; that old absurd usages should be disregarded, and wisdom sought for in all quarters of the world' (Iyenaga, p. 33).

But the greatest step had yet to be taken. Feudalism, with all its vices, still existed. The Emperor had been restored, but the central government was as yet only nominal. The great territorial nobles continued to be *practically* independent princes in their own provinces,

with armies of devoted followers at their command, controlling their own financial and internal administration without reference to the Imperial government. While this state of affairs lasted, Japan could never rely on internal peace, or present a united front against foreign aggression.

The example of India was before the eyes of the rising statesmen, many of whom felt that a similar fate threatened Japan, should internal dissension and national weakness present temptation for it. The power of Russia had already made itself felt by the acquisition of the island of Saghalien; and this might be the beginning of her greater misfortunes, which could only be averted by a united nation under a strong central government. Four of the principal territorial nobles, who had been the chief agents in the revolution, completed their services by voluntarily resigning their fiefs to the Emperor; and their example was followed by the rest. In August, 1871, an Imperial decree abolished the clan-system, and substituted prefectures in its place. The former chiefs were in the first instance made civil governors of the new prefectures, but they were soon released from office, and ordered to make the capital their permanent residence. Their armed retainers received small pensions, while the nobles themselves obtained permanent grants from the national exchequer, amounting to one tenth of the revenues of their former estates, and were at the same time relieved from all obligation towards their estates, retainers, or subjects. Permission was given to them to go abroad, accompanied by their wives, for purposes of study, and to intermarry with all classes. Office under the government was open to those who showed capacity for public business, but important posts were to be filled only by men of talent, irrespective of their former rank in life. There was to be one system of law and finance, and one army throughout the empire.

The central government was now established, and further reforms were instituted. Posts, telegraphs, and railways, the formation of an Imperial army and navy were begun; technical and general educational establishments founded, and class distinctions abolished. Even the despised 'Eta' outcasts, who, living apart from all the rest of the community, had been permitted to follow

only the most degrading occupations, and the 'Hinin,' another class so low as to be designated 'not human,' were relieved from their disabilities, and, in regard to social position and opportunities of earning a livelihood, made equal with the rest of the population.

Two great objects now presented themselves to the eyes of the statesmen by whom all these reforms were accomplished—the restoration of complete authority over all persons within the limits of the empire, and the establishment of constitutional government; and in every step subsequently taken the guiding motive was the promotion of these objects.

Foreign affairs, when their conduct was taken over from the Shogunate, were in as complicated and discouraging a condition as domestic. When the original treaties, under which foreign intercourse was conducted, were concluded with the great Powers, the officials of the Shogunate, in their entire ignorance of foreign affairs, not only surrendered all jurisdiction over foreigners resident in Japan, but omitted to fix any limit to the duration of the treaties. To the treaties were attached conventional tariffs, by which customs-dues were fixed for an indefinite period on an *ad-valorem* basis of five per cent. Identical treaties existed with fifteen countries; and, as the most-favoured-nation clause enabled each of these countries to demand unconditionally all rights and privileges granted to any one, it was impossible for the Japanese to strike a bargain with any well-disposed Power, with a view to obtaining concessions from it, without granting the same terms all round.

Every country had its own system of consular jurisdiction; and the Japanese had to deal with fifteen different systems of civil and criminal law. Consuls were the judges in their national courts; and many countries were originally represented in Japan only by trading consuls, destitute of even the most elementary knowledge of law. In the case of the trading consuls, it has even happened sometimes that the defendant in a commercial action brought by a Japanese plaintiff had to try the case as judge. These evils were intensified by the difficulties incidental to appeal, the only appeal-courts lying at the other side of the world, and being closed to the Japanese by cost and their ignorance of pro-

cedure. No laws or regulations made by the Japanese government for their own subjects were binding on foreign residents until they were made so by the governments of the latter. Among those governments, the British alone made the necessary provision for enforcing obedience to such of the regulations as were approved; and, before this approval was given, the Japanese decrees had often to be entirely remodelled. These humiliating obstructions extended to every branch of the administration; and it can therefore be easily understood how difficult it was to enforce even the most necessary regulations, as, for example, those for the prevention of plague or cholera. Moreover, few of the foreign governments had provided any means for the punishment of serious crimes on the spot; and the offenders, in such cases, were transported to their own countries, where they invariably escaped punishment altogether, the territorial courts of those countries having no legal power to punish offences committed abroad.

We have taken this description of the results of extra-territoriality, as it existed in Japan, mainly from Freiherr von Siebold's work. The authentic facts which he reports make so strong a case that it was unnecessary for him to damage it by the exaggerations or misstatements from which his work is not altogether free. It is, perhaps, only natural that he omits to inform his readers that, in regard to all the most glaring defects of the system, the Germans were among the worst offenders. Serious offences committed by Germans went unpunished; their consuls were at first almost uniformly merchants; the nearest court of appeal was at Leipzig; and there were no German lawyers practising in Japan whose services could be purchased by Japanese litigants. It was the German diplomatic representative who furnished the most open and cruelly insulting instance of defiance of the preventive regulations against cholera made by the Japanese; but no account of these facts will be found in the pages of Von Siebold.

He is equally reticent with regard to the English record, though there is, perhaps, no chapter in the history of our foreign relations to which we can look back with more unalloyed satisfaction than that of our relations with Japan. Steps were taken by our govern-

ment, from the outset, to render our rights of extraterritoriality as little burdensome as possible to the Japanese government, and the administration of both civil and criminal justice by our consular courts as efficient as in England itself. A special consular service was created, every member of which was carefully trained; and the result was a high degree of efficiency. All consuls in Japan were selected from its ranks. Many of them became members of the English Bar, while those who did not were obliged, before promotion, to undergo a strict training in the practical administration of justice. A high court was created, presided over by a qualified judge of no less professional ability and experience than recorders or county court judges in England, with an unlimited civil jurisdiction and ample competence to try and punish even capital offences. The court of appeal was at Shanghai, and there were always English practising lawyers in Japan ready to assist any litigant. There never was at any time even a suspicion among the Japanese, either officials or people, that a Japanese litigant would not receive impartial justice in the English courts. The chief diplomatic representative was invested with powers, under the Queen's Orders in Council, to make any Japanese regulation binding on his countrymen; and these powers were fully applied, specifically in the two instances of the railway and cholera regulations. But England formed an honourable exception to the general rule; and Von Siebold's description is correctly applicable to all other nationalities.

To remedy this state of affairs, to reform and improve the treaties, so that 'Japan might stand upon a similar footing with the most enlightened nations, and attain the full development of public right and interest,' became, from a very early period, the avowed ambition of the Emperor's government. It was not attained until, after twenty-five years of wearisome diplomatic negotiation, the whole legal system and the penal code had been, not reformed, but newly created on European models, and Japan had given ample evidence of her advance in all the elements of European civilisation. As England has alone the honour of having made her system of consular jurisdiction, while it lasted, thoroughly effective, *she has equally that of being the first Power to abroga*

it when no longer necessary; and when, in 1895, she signed the treaty for its abolition, all other Powers, whose aggregate interests in Japan were less than her own, had perforce to follow her example.

The history of the development of constitutional government is clearly traced in Professor Iyenaga's able monograph. We have already mentioned the oath taken by the Emperor on his accession, which promised that government should be conducted in accordance with public opinion and popular representation. Attempts were soon made to fulfil this promise. A so-called parliament of 276 members was opened with considerable ceremony in Tokio on the 18th of April, 1869, but it was composed only of representatives of the various feudal clans, without any representation of cities or towns, of the mercantile classes or of the people in general. It had no legislative power, and was, in fact, merely a debating society animated by strong conservative tendencies; and its disinclination to interfere with existing institutions was exemplified by the unanimous rejection of proposals to abolish the practices of 'Hara Kiri' (suicide) and the wearing of swords. This assembly naturally proved a failure, as did a second convened in the following year, the members being found wanting in the ability and information which alone could give weight to their proceedings.

It was evident that Japan was as yet far from displaying the social conditions necessary for the success of representative government. Her people, unaccustomed to travel, and rooted for generations in their native provinces, were abjectly submissive to their authorities. The agricultural classes were little better than impoverished serfs, in no cases the owners of the soil which they cultivated, and oppressed by compulsory services and other burdens. The mercantile classes were degraded by the contempt with which their calling had hitherto been regarded, and were destitute of self-respect and political spirit. The low state of political development was shown by the fact that the language contained no words in which leading political ideas could be expressed.

To improve this state of things drastic measures were adopted. All class distinctions were, as we have already seen, abolished in the first years of the new government.

The land-laws were reformed, so that the peasant became the owner of the farm he cultivated. By the establishment of an efficient telegraphic and postal system, the opening of railways, and the steam coasting-trade, communication and travelling were brought within the reach of all; while an Imperial system of education provided schools in every village, high schools in every province, and a university in the capital. The publication of newspapers was sanctioned, and their numbers and circulation grew rapidly. Students who were sent abroad at the cost of the state returned full of liberal ideas acquired in England and the United States, and with ability and courage to give expression to them. The publication of translations of foreign books almost kept pace with that of newspapers, and the works of such writers as Mill were eagerly read. Old ideas of despotic government and blind unquestioning obedience gradually died out, and a new people arose, in whom could be found little or no trace of the mental and physical submission of pre-revolution days.

In the matter of political change the government proceeded slowly and wisely, gradually introducing into the administration a slight leaven of popular representation by the establishment of local assemblies and city councils, while a central senate was created whose function it was to act as an advisory board to the government, but without legislative powers. Under this guidance and stimulus the political education of the people advanced so rapidly that in 1881 the government felt justified in advising the Emperor to confirm his original oath by promising that a complete parliamentary system should be established in the year 1890. In the intervening nine years the new political system was carefully prepared and drafted, and finally embodied in five acts, the Constitution, and the Laws of the Houses of Peers and of Commons, of Elections, and of Finance.

By the Constitution the prerogatives of the Emperor are defined. He is sacred and inviolable; his dynasty is immutable. The making of law is the function of parliament; no law, except in urgent national emergency, can be put into force without its consent; but, as Imperial sanction is necessary for every act, the Emperor remains, as he has ever been theoretically, the source of all law.

in him rest the appointment and dismissal of officials, and of officers of the army and navy; it is he alone who can make war or peace, conclude treaties, confer titles of rank and honour, grant pardons or mitigations of punishment. The people, on the other hand, are free from illegal arrest or punishment; their houses are not to be entered without legal warrant; they have liberty of speech, writing, meeting, and religion.

The House of Peers consists of members of the Imperial family and of the two highest ranks of the peerage, who sit for life; of representatives of the three lower ranks of the peerage, elected by their peers to sit for seven years; of persons nominated by the sovereign for meritorious public services, who sit for life; and of commoners elected by the fifteen highest tax-payers in each electoral district, who have, however, to receive the Emperor's approval, and who, like the peers of lower rank, sit for seven years. The House of Commons consists of persons over thirty years of age, who have resided for one year in their district and have been tax-payers for three years. The electors must possess similar qualifications, with the exception that their age limit is twenty-five. In finance a large measure of control is reserved to the lower house, which has the power of passing or rejecting the budget; but it has no control over the expenses of the court, or of the army and navy, or the salaries of civil officials; while, should it fail for any cause to pass the budget, the government is always at liberty to fall back on that of the preceding year. Finally, the cabinet is responsible to the Emperor alone, and its continued existence is entirely independent of the parliament, notwithstanding the power of the purse held by the latter, this power being further limited by the right, reserved to the government, to take, at any time of national urgency, such financial measures as may be deemed necessary. It is clear that in Japan sovereignty resides ultimately in the Emperor, not in the parliament. The constitution resembles that of the German Empire rather than our own.

The abolition of extraterritoriality was viewed with considerable misgivings by all foreigners resident in Japan, in the belief that the Japanese judicature had given no sufficient evidence of the ability of its members

to deal with intricate questions of commercial law, or even of impartiality in the decision of criminal cases. Three years' experience has, however, largely falsified these misgivings. Justice, when the native courts have been appealed to by foreigners, has generally been administered with commendable speed and fairness. The Japanese courts are gradually winning the confidence of foreign residents; and, while it is only natural for the latter to regret the loss of the direct protection of their own courts and law, they have, on the other hand, the satisfaction of knowing that one system of law and punishment is now applicable to all, and that the probability of any crime going unpunished, or being inadequately treated, has entirely disappeared.

The working of the parliamentary system under the constitution has not been so satisfactory. Intoxicated with their new freedom, the members of the lower house, though divided into many parties, were at first practically unanimous in one course, that of factious opposition to the government. Debates were characterised by abnormal violence of language, not unfrequently culminating in what was little short of uproar; and suspensions of the sittings and even dissolutions followed each other in rapid succession. These troubles were especially marked during the discussion of the financial measures which became necessary to provide for the increasing responsibilities of the government on the conclusion of the war with China. Japan then took a new position as a great military Power among the nations of the world. She had been subjected to the humiliation of having to resign a large part of the fruits of her victory at the dictation of three western Powers, but had been left with the responsibility involved by the acquisition of Formosa. As her statesmen had, ever since the revolution, patiently worked for the attainment of those objects which we have described as the goals of their ambition, so now they set themselves the task of developing the military and naval strength of the nation to the extent necessary for securing them in the undisturbed possession of their remaining conquest and enabling them to present a bold front to any western Power.

A large increase of national taxation was inevitable. *The annual expenditure, which before the war was eighty*

million yen,* suddenly rose after it to two hundred million yen; and, to meet this, old taxes had to be increased, and many new ones imposed. Guided by Count Matsukata, a minister of long experience, whose capacity had already been proved by the skill with which he had restored the national finances—shattered by the expenses of the revolution and of three subsequent rebellions—to a condition of unquestioned solvency, the government time after time submitted to the parliament measures distributing the new burthens among all classes of the people with the utmost equity, only to find them rejected; and several years had to pass before it could see its new schemes in full operation. Along with increased taxation, effective measures were taken for the encouragement of agriculture, commerce, and industry, the government recognising that increased expenditure could not continue to be borne if unaccompanied by increased industrial development and consequent national wealth.

Railways, telephone and telegraphic lines were extended; steamship lines, encouraged by heavy subsidies, were established, not only between the coasts of China and Japan, but to India, Australia, England, and the United States; technical schools and industrial banks were founded, and large river-works undertaken to prevent the flooding of agricultural districts, from which Japan has suffered, and still occasionally suffers, so much. The national currency was a silver one; and the depreciation of silver exercised a damaging influence, both on foreign trade and domestic industry. The frequent fluctuations in its value hampered foreign commercial transactions, while at home there was an abnormal rise of prices, and a ruinous spirit of speculation was widely developed. The payment of the war indemnity from China, in the equivalent of 230,000,000 taels in English gold, opened the way for creating a gold reserve; and on the strength of that a gold standard of currency was adopted, which came into force in October 1897. The bill by which it was established was submitted to the parliament in March of the same year, and passed in a few days; but it is

* A 'yen' is almost exactly equal to a florin; thus a division of a sum of yen by ten gives the equivalent in pounds sterling.

scarcely an exaggeration to say that it was the only instance in which the *post-bellum* measures of the government met with no serious opposition. A healthier and more dignified tone has now begun to appear in parliament. Debates are moderate in language and length; the heckling of ministers has ceased; substantial and effective work is done in committee; and the consolidation of numerous petty parties has imposed on the leaders a responsibility for enforcing discipline on their members which is beginning to be adequately discharged.

At the present time there may be said to be four parties in the Japanese parliament, but two of these—the Imperialists (avowed supporters of the cabinet) and the Independents (mainly representing the commercial classes)—are comparatively insignificant in numbers, so much so that the present government is dependent on the good-will of the Constitutionalists. The other two, corresponding in general to our Conservatives and Liberals, are the *Sei-yu-Kai* (Constitutionalists) and the *Shimpoto* (Progressives; literally, 'walk forward party'). The acknowledged leader of the first, which at present possesses an overwhelming majority, is the Marquis Ito; of the second, Count Okuma. Count Okuma was one of the most distinguished statesmen who took a leading share both in the revolution itself and in the promotion of the subsequent reforms. He remained a cabinet minister until 1881, when he separated from the cabinet on the ground—not admitted by his colleagues—that the time had then already come for the establishment of a parliament in fulfilment of the Mikado's coronation oath. Eight years later he was again in office as Minister for Foreign Affairs; but, having narrowly escaped assassination, with the loss of a leg from the explosion of a bomb, he was forced to resign by the popular clamour which his policy in regard to the revision of the treaties produced. Since then, with the exception of a short interval during which he was at the head of the government, he has remained in opposition, the head of the political party whose avowed object is to bring about party-government; and his ambition is to be prime minister in a government brought into and maintained in office by a strong parliamentary party.

Count Okuma is one of the great leaders of thought

in Japan, and is regarded by many Japanese as even a greater statesman than the Marquis Ito. Recognising that one of the drawbacks to the effective working of a constitutional system is the absence of the moral force which must be given to any political party by the active support of the people, he has established a large college or school in Tokio, which includes Professor Iyenaga in its eminent teaching staff, and is said to number at present over a thousand pupils. Here, besides all the branches of a general education, the Count's political principles are taught, to be ultimately spread through the country by intelligent, highly educated and enthusiastic graduates; and his hope is that, ere many years have passed, the political understanding of the people will have become so developed that their parliamentary representatives will receive from them such a measure of support as will make their demands irresistible.

The Marquis Ito, on the other hand, is no avowed advocate of party-government, certainly not of its creation within time now in view; and the word 'club,' applied to the political association which he leads, shows that he disdains the very name of 'party.' Still, as this 'club' has now absorbed the members of the former Jiyuto, or 'party of liberty,' which, under the leadership of Count Itagaki, took a prominent part in the agitation for a parliament and in the subsequent opposition to the government, he has among his nominal followers a large element deeply impressed with advanced views of government by and for the people. Japan has, in his opinion, suffered much from the semblance of party-government in the feudal past, when national were subordinated to family interests. The consequent abuses were not then fatal, as Japan was not in contact with the outside world; but, in his view, nothing is more detrimental to the interests and honour of the nation than that party politics should be allowed to influence international affairs, as they must when once they have become the basis on which the government of the country rests.

Against this danger the power of the Crown is the great safeguard. Whatever may be the warmth of antagonism prevailing between political parties in Japan, or whatever the opposition to the government at any particular crisis, the authority of the Emperor remains as

unquestioned, his commands as implicitly obeyed, as they were theoretically in ancient days. His wish has only to be expressed, and all opposition ceases; and the inherited reverence for his person, deeply implanted in the hearts of the people since the dawn of history, at once changes the most violent politician into a submissive worshipper of the divine right of kings, who can do no wrong. This wish is, however, only expressed as a last resort. Taking, as the present Emperor does, a keen and active interest in the administration, intimately acquainted with its practical details and the personalities of its chief members, he is no autocrat in practice. His influence is only called for in grave emergencies, and the country is on ordinary occasions left to work out its own internal salvation through its accredited representatives, while the government is administered by the bureaucracy, all the members of which are appointed by and responsible to the Crown.

In international matters the unbending patriotism which, to a degree that approaches the fanatical, animates every Japanese down to the lowest coolie, may be always relied upon to quench at once all party disputes, and obtain for the ministers in power the united and unquestioning support of all classes. There can never be, unless the whole nation is transformed, such a thing as a 'Little-Japan' party. Parliamentary government had sunk to its lowest ebb before the outbreak of the Chinese war. The lower house was composed of an infinite number of cliques, unworthy of the name of parties, all antagonistic to each other, and with no common bond but that all were equally antagonistic to the government. The declaration of war was accompanied by a complete transformation. Supplies asked for were voted without a dissenting voice. No measure taken by the government in the prosecution of the war was even criticised (so efficient were all these measures that none, perhaps, ever afforded scope for criticism); and so long as the war lasted parliamentary tumult entirely ceased. More recently—and this is an instance of special interest to ourselves—the announcement that the Emperor had concluded an alliance with England was received without one word of unfavourable comment, though, until that announcement was made, Anglophobes were by no means unknown or

unheard among Japanese statesmen, politicians, officials, and people.

We may here refer to Mr Ransome's admirable work on 'Japan in Transition,' which describes Japanese progress and policy from the war with China to the close of the last century. This book bears convincing internal evidence of careful and accurate observation and impartial thought, and we can conscientiously recommend it to the study of those of our readers who, while unwilling to take the trouble of searching through the vast mass of material on special subjects that is now available, desire to obtain a sound knowledge of modern Japanese conditions, political, commercial, and social. One chapter is devoted to the advocacy of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, now, happily, an accomplished fact; and the mutual advantages of this step are so clearly stated by Mr Ransome that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them here.

We do not, however, agree with the author in his opinion that, prior to that treaty, hatred and dread of Russia were universal throughout Japan. Russia, as being the prime mover in the spoliation of Japan after the Chinese war, was at first the object of very bitter feelings in the Japanese nation. It was Russia also that seemed to menace, more than any other Power, the integrity of China, which Japan wished to lead into the paths of western civilisation, and to develop on commercial and military lines; it was Russia, finally, that threatened to absorb Corea, and establish a military base, almost within sight of the shores of Japan, which would ultimately imperil her national existence. Naturally, therefore, Russia was dreaded; but soon after the war there arose a strong party in Japan whose hatred and dread yielded to the desire to come to terms with Russia, and, working hand in hand with her, to grasp the mastery of the Far East. Russia, so long as she recognised the integrity of Corea, might have a free hand elsewhere in the Asiatic continent, while Japan might seek territorial extension in the southern Pacific.

England, it was true, might be the natural ally of Japan. On the seas they could together more than hold their own against any possible combination of other maritime Powers. Commercially, English and Japanese interests and policies in the Far East were identical, both

hoping to see markets, beyond the dreams of avarice, opened for their increasing manufactures among the millions of the population in China; both having as their main objects the preservation of China's territorial integrity, and the maintenance of the open door. In that community of interests England and Japan were bound by the closest ties. But England's traditional policy of isolation, and her persistent refusal to fetter herself by alliances binding her to definite courses of action under certain contingencies, appeared to show that not even the most cogent evidence of what was most conducive to her national welfare in the Far East would tempt her into an alliance with Japan; while it seemed equally hopeless to expect that England, labouring under the burthen of the South African war, would, unless bound by such an alliance, extend to Japan anything more than passive sympathy were the latter forced to draw the sword in defence of her vital interests or her national existence.

Russia, on the other hand, could always rely on the help of an ally, powerful both by land and sea. Whatever happened in the Far East, the relations between France and Russia were so close that neither country was likely to be found working independently of the other; and any third Power interfering with either was certain to find itself confronted by both. With Manchuria Japan enjoys a large and increasing trade; but her interest in Manchuria is not so important as to drive her into war to prevent a Russian occupation. On the other hand, the independence of Corea is an essential element in the national security of Japan, and she is resolved to resist the destruction of that independence to the last gasp. It was naturally argued by many that it would be wise to gain this vital object by a friendly arrangement with Russia, instead of facing in the near future the possibility of an unequal contest with two great Powers, from which Japan, without allies, could not hope to emerge victorious.

These views were held, it is true, only by a minority of the nation: high spirit and confidence in their own strength led the majority to scout the idea of such a treaty. But, had the alliance proffered to Great Britain been rejected, it is an open secret that a similar offer

would have been made, with the approval of the majority, to Russia. It would have been made unwillingly, but the alternative was inevitable; and such an event would have meant irreparable disaster for this country. Fortunately for both states, this has been avoided; and when, almost on the anniversary of the accession of Jimmu Tenno, the legendary founder of the dynasty, and of the birthday of the constitution, the conclusion of the alliance with Great Britain was unexpectedly made known in Japan, not a dissentient word was heard from a single member of the minority. The news was welcomed by the whole nation with an outburst of enthusiastic approval.

Both in her army and navy there are many prominent leaders whose pride in the efficiency, and implicit trust in the valour of the forces under their command makes them eager to seek new honour and draw the sword on any pretext, while in the general population are to be found thousands of 'Jingoes' as aggressive and loud-voiced in the expression of their ambitions as the worst of those we have known in England. But the country is governed by prudent and far-seeing statesmen, and includes a considerable number of level-headed men, by whom the alliance has been welcomed as one of defence and not of aggression, and as an unquestionable guarantee for peace, which will enable both countries to act together during its continuance in the promotion of China's progress towards civilisation. The advantages that it confers on England are fully grasped and freely discussed, but not more so than those it has given to Japan; and the two Powers, confident in each other's honour and strength, and assured of the moral support of the United States, can now calmly contemplate any possible alliance between the other Powers of the world.

The Japanese army is at present undergoing a process of expansion which will be nominally completed during the present year, though some years must still elapse before the reserves attain their full intended strength. Its effective strength on a peace footing is about 150,000 men; and in case of war it can be raised, by calling out the first and second reserves, to 450,000 well armed, well equipped, and thoroughly drilled men, commanded by 9000 officers. The bravery, endurance, discipline, and humanity of the Japanese soldiers were fully demonstrated, in the face

of all the allies, during the operations in China in 1900; and the entire organisation—staff, commissariat, intelligence, and hospital—of the army is in every detail as perfect as the fighting elements. As a naval Power Japan takes the first place in Far-Eastern seas. She possesses six homogeneous battle-ships of the largest class and most modern type of construction, six armoured cruisers, scarcely inferior to battle-ships in fighting strength, and sixteen protected cruisers, with a large fleet of torpedo-destroyers and torpedo-boats. All British officers who have served in the Far East speak in the highest terms of the efficiency of the *personnel*; and, as a fighting man, the Japanese blue-jacket has shown himself to be no less formidable than his comrade on land. Army and navy combine to make Japan a strong military power; and both are supported by a mercantile steam marine, of an aggregate of nearly 600,000 tons, which is sufficient to provide all the transport that is likely to be required.

Financially, the position of Japan may be regarded as sound. Her people have borne, without a sign of distress, an immensely increased burthen of taxation; the national debt, almost exclusively domestic, is only fifty-two millions sterling; and, apart from taxation, the revenue of the government derived from public undertakings and state property, such as state-owned railways, docks, post and telegraph services, exceeds five millions sterling, sufficient in itself to provide the interest for a much greater national debt, even at the high rates prevalent in the East. Japan has now 3900 miles of railways, the working profits of which are steadily increasing, and on which over 28,000,000 passengers were carried in the year 1900. The total length of telegraphs is 59,000 miles, and the internal telegrams sent in 1899 numbered 15,500,000, while the letters, etc., dealt with by the post-office, reached a total of 630,000,000. At the close of 1899 private investments, fully paid, in industrial, commercial, railway, and banking companies, amounted to 88,000,000*l.* sterling, and the deposits in banks to 56,000,000*l.* Of the development and the future prospects of Japanese industry and commerce, and of their special interest and importance to Great Britain, we hope to speak in another article.

Art. XI.—A COUNCIL OF TRADE.

It is difficult to recall an incident which has awakened so widespread an interest and apprehension amongst the people of these islands as the institution of the Atlantic Shipping Combination, and its incidental absorption of the great steamship enterprise of which the country was perhaps more proud than of any other. The creation of a man of genius, the White Star Line became, under his auspices, one of the most admirably managed and prosperous concerns in the United Kingdom; and it is not too much to say that the apprehension of its loss aroused a feeling of painful suspense, and the consummation of the transfer a feeling of dismay, in the minds of most thinking people. That any foreign combination could be strong enough, by a stroke of the pen, to deprive the Mistress of the Seas of the flower of her shipping, had not entered as a possible contingency into the minds of her people. Fortunately, it is not a characteristic of this country to despair after defeat, or to resort to pessimism as regards the future; but sufficient has befallen us to prescribe a very clear duty to those in a position to influence the mind of the nation; and under a sense of this responsibility we have undertaken a brief consideration of existing circumstances.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter at length into the debateable question of the trade-conditions and prospects of these islands. The highest authorities are not at one upon the subject, and it is not material to our present purpose whether British trade be upon the increase or upon the decline. One fact is incontestable, and that is, that this country is exposed to more serious emergencies, and to keener and more formidable competition, than ever in its previous history. Now the danger to England lies in the fact that she has so long been the cradle of industry, of inventiveness, and of enterprise, that faith in her star appears to be an ineradicable principle of her people. There is a truly British conviction that we shall sooner or later come out at the top, and to that conviction, unaided by sufficient efforts to secure its justification, it is to be feared we may cling too long.

Once the emporium of the world's commerce, England

has taught other nations to manufacture, to trade, and, what is almost more serious for her, to carry for themselves. This decentralisation, so far as Great Britain is concerned, has been in progress for the past half-century, and was accentuated by the opening of the Suez Canal, when the Mediterranean and other countries instituted Eastern trading-fleets of their own, carrying their own goods, importing and exporting free of toll to Great Britain. The same process has been going on in many parts of the world; and it long since became inevitable that, as the great distributing centre of trade, this country must, to a considerable extent, lose her commanding position.

The process has, of course, been gradual, and many compensating advantages have served to mitigate the loss. Owing, however, to recent extraordinary and sensational developments, it becomes imperative to consider this country's position; and it is scarcely necessary to point out that the more immediate risk in such consideration is that hasty expedients, legislative or otherwise, may be advocated and adopted without that systematised enquiry and study which sound business principles demand. With full respect we submit that at the present moment no machinery of state exists for such a study of our national commercial policy as a whole.

Then, again, is it clear that successive British Governments have shown any disposition to attach paramount importance to commercial questions, and do they even now concern themselves in such matters as keenly as do the Governments of the United States and of Germany? Does the Prime Minister habitually address the country as the President speaks in his annual message to Congress, or as the Emperor William speaks to his people? Compare, for example, extracts from the utterances of our Government, expressed in the two latest royal speeches to the Houses of Parliament, with characteristic extracts from the two latest presidential addresses, and from speeches of the German Emperor.

The Queen's speech of January 30th, 1900, contained references to limited liability companies, lunacy, working-class dwellings, railway servants' accidents, but no indication of commercial policy. The King's speech of February 14th, 1901, contained references to inc

the efficiency of military forces, changes in the Court of Final Appeal, education, voluntary sale of land to Irish tenants, factory and workshops, lunatics, public health, prevention of drunkenness, literary copyright, but no reference whatever to commerce. We may search the speeches of most of our statesmen in vain for evidence that the subject of commerce is absorbing or even interesting to them, that it deserves study on their part, or that the nation is entitled in this respect to light and leading from its Government; and it is not unnatural to draw the conclusion that the fact is due to the conspicuous absence of business men, with one notable exception, both from the present Cabinet and its predecessors.

Let us compare with these symptoms of neglect a typical passage from President McKinley's first message to Congress, dated December 5th, 1899.

'The value of an American merchant marine to the extension of our commercial trade and the strengthening of our power upon the sea invites the immediate action of the Congress. Our national development will be one-sided and unsatisfactory so long as the remarkable growth of our inland industries remains unaccompanied by progress on the seas. There is no lack of constitutional authority for legislation which shall give to the country maritime strength commensurate with its industrial achievements and with its rank among the nations of the earth.'

Again, President Roosevelt, in his first message to Congress (December 3rd, 1901), spoke as follows:

'There should be created a Cabinet officer, to be known as Secretary of Commerce and Industries. It should be his province to deal with commerce in its broadest sense, including, among many other things, whatever concerns labour, and all matters affecting the great business corporations and our merchant marine. The course proposed is one phase of what should be a comprehensive and far-reaching scheme of constructive statesmanship for the broadening of our markets, securing our business interests on a safe basis, and making firm our new position in the international industrial world.'

It will be news, we imagine, to many of our readers, that the President's speech to Congress forms a pamphlet of some fifty pages, full of closely reasoned statesmanship, contains not only a remarkable summary of the

nation's history for the past year, but an equally remarkable declaration of policy, of enterprise, and even of enthusiasm for years to come.

Nor does a less serious and practical conception of his duty, in a commercial direction, animate the utterances of the German Emperor. At Cuxhaven, on June 8th, 1901, he said:

'We have fought for our place in the sun and have won it. It will be my business to see that we retain this place in the sun, so that the rays of that sun may exert a fructifying influence upon our foreign trade and traffic, and upon our industry and agriculture at home.'

At the opening of the Dortmund and Ems Canal on August 11th, 1899, the Emperor pointed out that the construction of large waterways was absolutely necessary, and would be a blessing both to industry and agriculture.

'The growing needs of the country' (he continued) 'demand more extended and easier modes of communication. The might of a strong Empire, under one will, should be exercised for this great work.'

We do not for a moment suggest that the initiative belongs to the sovereign in this country, but it does appear to us to be the function of his responsible ministers, by a more pronounced recognition of commercial interests, to place the commercial and industrial development of the Empire among their foremost aims. Whether a royal or imperial incentive or initiative may or may not possess a value, it is not necessary to discuss; but at all events, in the eyes of the most progressive and remarkable of European sovereigns, it certainly does so. The weighty utterances of the German Emperor, such as those quoted above, are not only studied by his people but by the world at large. He is at the present moment busily cultivating sentimental, but possibly not impolitic, relations with the American people. The interest he takes in marine affairs, and his admiration for men eminent in trade and shipping, were strikingly shown by the message he sent to the late Mr Ismay on his death-bed; and he has recently bestowed distinguished honours upon an eminent representative of German shipping interests, terming him a far-seeing and indefatigable

pioneer of German trade—facts worth noting if merely as evidence of the sympathies of a sagacious ruler.

It is also clear that the German interests which have attached themselves to the Shipping Combination have done so under conditions more favourable, from a national point of view, than those under which British shipping has passed under American control. The German subsidy regulations forbid the transfer of shipping to foreign ownership, and require the crews to be German, except in cases where physical conditions necessitate the employment of Asiatics; and, while the arrangements with the Germans admit no change of the flag, and are practically what are termed Freight Conferences—of course much more complicated and far-reaching than others of the kind—the arrangement with the English companies represents, in the case of the Leyland Company, control, and of the other companies virtually sale outright, with nothing to hinder the substitution, should Congress pass the requisite Bill, of the American flag for the British. The wages question will affect the decision of this latter point, seeing that German wages are thirty per cent. lower than English, and English wages thirty per cent. lower than American; thus the purchasing influences may defer taking a course which would compel the employment of none but American seamen. The Germans, in short, have merely entered into an alliance, with a certain restriction of their operations in the American interest; and Herr Ballin, the able representative of the Hamburg-American Company, informed his shareholders that the understanding with the German Government had been useful in protecting the German companies from the dangers of Americanisation—surely a weighty argument in favour of a clearer comprehension of commercial interests on the part of our Government.

Again, the Secretary-General of the French Transatlantic Line recently stated that his company could not join the Trust without the consent of the French Government. Such a step, he remarked, would be fatal from an economic point of view, besides constituting a real danger from the military stand-point. In the event of war, vessels belonging to the American Trust, flying the American flag, would be employed by the United States as cruisers, auxiliary transports, and scouts. The Secre-

tary-General concluded by asking, 'What European nation would be able to hold such a fleet in check?'

The course which our Government have taken in existing circumstances has been to re-appoint a Select Committee for the consideration of Foreign Shipping Subsidies. It is inevitable that the conclusions of that Committee will have little more than a historical value. It is difficult to see how any state remedy can be devised to secure this country against the loss of British tonnage, unless it be to relieve the British ship-owner, sorely pressed by competition and by the advantages bestowed upon his competitors by foreign governments, from every needless burden which handicaps him in his struggle to retain British trade. It is not our intention to suggest conditions under which relief might be reasonably claimed; but the views of British ship-owners have been ably and temperately expressed by Mr E. A. Beazley, chairman of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, a body whose members own or control one fifth of the steam-tonnage sailing under the British flag; and such views as these it is neither wise nor safe for the Government to disregard. Mr Beazley says:

'If such power as is represented by our mercantile marine is not to pass away, and that at no distant date, the country must understand what is happening and act without delay, for the business is pressing. If it is not prepared, like every other country, to pay directly for the benefit of maintaining an efficient mercantile marine, it must sweep away the mass of useless and harassing regulations that have been allowed to collect round our shipping trade during the last fifty years. It must enforce only such regulations as are essential to maintain the safety of life and property at sea, and it must insist upon these being complied with by every ship, British and foreign, that trades in and out of the ports of the Empire. It must cease to make the ship-owners pay for the lighting of the coasts. I do not think that we make too great a demand upon our country.'

Mr Gerald Balfour at Liverpool, on the 14th December 1901, made the striking declaration that, more than any other industry, the mercantile marine was essential to, and intimately connected with, the life of the nation. Other industries might decay and perish; it was otherwise with the shipping industry. The loss of the mercantile

marine would mean nothing less than the destruction of the British Empire itself. That Empire was essentially the Empire of the seas; it rested upon two great supports, the navy in the first instance, and the mercantile marine in the second.

It is too little realised that we are an island Power, the most widely-scattered Empire known to history. Ocean transport to and from our coasts is what the circulation of the blood is to the head; and the transfer of such trades and fleets as those of the Leyland, the Dominion, and the White Star lines, means nothing more nor less than the severance of arteries of commerce, with results impossible to foretell. It has been estimated that the shipping lines transferred to American control represent perhaps two thirds of the entire Atlantic trade, and considerably more than two thirds of the trade between the United States and the port of London. The influences which the combination may exercise on the domestic trade of this country cannot but be great, as it will, by its defensive and offensive alliances and its enormous command of resources in tonnage, be enabled to compete with and kill any threatened opposition to its services. The following are the figures of tonnage transferred:

White Star	• • • • •	264,776 tons.
Leyland.	• • • • •	296,376 „
American	• • • • •	180,305 „
Atlantic Transport	• • • • •	214,701 „
Dominion	• • • • •	122,876 „
		<hr/>
		1,079,034 „

So far as the action of the White Star shareholders, who have been bitterly criticised, is concerned, it appears to us a monstrous assertion that a British ship-owner is not entitled to the freest disposal of his property. There was no compulsion, nor could there be any, upon the White Star Company to forgo an offer beyond the dreams of avarice for the sake of patriotic sentiment, or for the sake of the British nation. The nation is wealthy enough, if properly guided, to dispense with sacrifices on the part of private individuals.

Now it is not a difficult task to arouse active interest in matters concerning the Royal Navy, which enlists the national pride and might safely claim any sacrifice on

the part of the nation; but to create any interest at all in our merchant navy has hitherto proved impossible. It is not too much to say that the loss of the White Star and other fleets will prove a blessing in disguise if it convinces the people of this country, in the first place, that our merchant navy is of as primary and vital consequence to the Empire as is the Royal Navy itself; and, in the second place, that the Royal Navy is as much dependent upon the merchant navy as the protection of our merchant ships is the foremost and most responsible duty of our ships of war.

It is not necessary, for the purpose of our contention, to assume that the whole or the principal portion of our steam-ship lines may be expected to pass out of British hands; but it is manifest that a considerable portion of the very cream of our shipping—whether from causes over which we have no control, or from causes which, unfortunately, we never attempted to foresee or to provide against—has passed with its trade away from this country for ever. Lamentable as the fact may be, we shall welcome it if only it opens wide the eyes of our Government, and if it determines them to bring the state machinery up to date, and to adopt the most practical and efficient methods of studying the various possibilities which may affect the future of our commerce. It is only too obvious that, with a diminishing mercantile marine, our trade must dwindle. Not only would it be impossible to maintain on a satisfactory footing trades dependent upon foreign shipping, but the actual transfer of shipping-tonnage and of trading-power to a rival nation brings the additional danger, already pointed out, of an ever-encroaching competition.

An exaggerated importance may have been attached to the possibility of recently transferred shipping being used in competition with this country in existing British trades, other than the Atlantic—for example, from the United Kingdom to Australia; and it may be pointed out that where American influences do not control the freight, the danger need not be too seriously regarded. The greatest danger would, so far as we can form an opinion, appear to lie in the fact, not that such fine fleets have passed from our control, but that they have passed under influences independent of profit-making, influences which

could even sustain an habitual loss in order to achieve the larger considerations which may prove to have inspired the purchase. It must not be forgotten that the predominance of American exports, controlling the eastward freight upon the Atlantic, has for some time ensured to the States a considerable voice in the fortunes and interests of the respective steamship lines; and this fact makes it all the more difficult to realise the motives which prompted the payment of excessive prices for British merchant fleets, unless the ultimate intention should be to carry American products to European and other shores, regardless of profit or loss upon the transport. Should this prove to be the policy foreshadowed, America would come forthwith upon our frontiers, and a destructive competition on the part of American manufacturers might result. In that event the prospect for our industries would become more serious than hitherto, emanating, as the competition would, from a race which has thoroughly equipped itself for the conditions of modern competitive trading.

American competition is the most formidable to which we can expect to be exposed. To begin with, the chief of the State (at all events in recent instances) has been a statesman of business grasp; his Cabinet is composed mainly of business men; and their policy is based upon business principles. In fact, it may be said that the American people at large are strongly imbued with the principle of carrying on the national affairs upon business lines. Further, if the Americans, as a race, are indebted to their British forefathers for their spirit of inventiveness and their mechanical genius, it must be admitted that their own natural acuteness, stimulated by labour problems and assisted by sympathetic legislation, has enormously developed that hereditary characteristic. In England the manufacturer clings to his own system and method, to his old buildings, and to the spot where his father has manufactured before him; while great combinations of industrial concerns acquire old works, retain working staffs, and continue working expenses with a multiplication of inconveniences and sacrifices. The American, on the contrary, looks for the site most appropriate for his work, a site where he finds his minerals, raw materials, fuel, water-power, labour, railway facilities, all within

compass for production and distribution at a minimum of cost; and he will break up old machinery, or even improved machinery, no matter how costly or how new, if it fail to secure him the best results. It is this radical spirit, this indomitable determination to improve the type, that marks the painful contrast in our days between the English manufacturer and the American.

President McKinley said in his second message to Congress:

'In this age of keen rivalry among nations for the mastery in commerce, the doctrine of evolution and the survival of the fittest must be as inexorable in their operation as they are positive in the results they bring about. The place won in the struggle by an industrial people can only be held by an unrelaxed endeavour and constant advance in achievement.'

It is said that of ten American inventions nine are labour-saving appliances; and when we bear in mind the attitude of our Government, as shown by its Patent-laws, on the one hand, and of the labour organisations on the other hand, the advantage promises to lie very materially and, from our point of view, very seriously with the American. The attitude of the English trade-unions towards mechanical improvements and appliances has been a matter of common knowledge, while that of the Patent Office can only be described as repressive. Where, for instance, the cost to an American patentee of seventeen years' protection is from 18*l.* to 20*l.*, the British inventor, in order to secure his patent for nineteen years, will pay not less than 120*l.*, of which 99*l.* represent the Government fees alone, exclusive of the cost of a preliminary official search. Therefore not only is a greater discrimination, and therefore a greater protection, afforded by the American Patent-system, but the American Government are content to tax the pockets of their citizens, and not that priceless commodity inventive genius.

Not only has the British manufacturer to face the effects of such conditions as these, but he has to meet the competition of the plodding and admirably persistent trader who works under the protection and encouragement of the German Government. The German temperament is not only as commercial as our own, but marked by the invaluable characteristics of a

to thrift, and a determination to be thoroughly equipped for the business in hand. Thus the German is distinguished by the zeal with which he acquires foreign languages for the purposes of foreign trade, and perhaps in this respect may even be held to surpass the American commercial traveller.

While British Governments, to take another illustration, have been content to assert our sovereignty over the seas, of which they have prepared admirable charts, the Germans have pursued a profound geographical study of the countries of the world, their productions and their trading possibilities. It is difficult to compare with satisfaction any of our geographical publications with the admirable series published under German authority, geography being a highly developed science in that country; and the German commercial traveller may carry in his pocket an unrivalled and comprehensive system of maps for his instruction. The Germans had, prior to the war of 1870, made themselves intimately acquainted with the language, topography, and resources of France; and if the German trader is to defeat the Englishman in the markets of the world, it will be through his infinite capacity for taking pains. A nation which spends 25,000,000*l.* annually upon education, largely of a practical nature, is a most serious competitor.

Generally speaking it may be asserted that the British system of trading is defective in organisation. It stands in need of thorough equipment, both educational and practical, and is wanting in the means of intelligent combination. The trading community does not benefit fully enough and promptly enough by the information despatched to this country by our consuls, and disseminated by the Board of Trade. We are not merely stating our own apprehension of dangers to come. Mr Chamberlain, on May 16th, 1902, spoke as follows:—

‘The position of this country is not one without anxiety to statesmen and careful observers, in view of the jealousy of which I have spoken, coupled with commercial rivalry more serious than anything we have yet undergone. It seems to me that every day the pressure of hostile tariffs, the pressure of bounties, the pressure of subsidies, is becoming more weighty and more apparent. . . . It is admitted—there is no secret about it—that we are being *shut out* this country, as far as possible,

from all profitable trade with those foreign states, and at the same time to enable those foreign states to undersell us in the British markets. That is the policy; and we see it is assuming great developments. The old ideas of trade, of free competition, have changed. We are face to face with great combinations, enormous Trusts, having behind them gigantic wealth. Even the industries and the commerce which we thought peculiarly our own, even these are in danger. At the present moment the Empire is being attacked on all sides; and in our isolation we must look to ourselves.' ('Times,' May 17, 1902.)

This declaration of urgency by the business master-mind of the Cabinet is one which should sink deeply into the mind of the nation.

Again, Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield, on December 16th, 1901, said :

'There is another branch of national efficiency in which I think an energetic Government might take a great part, in the way of stimulation and enquiry, I mean our commerce and our industry. I am one of those who are alarmed at our future.' ('Times,' Dec. 17, 1901.)

These declarations emphasise our appeal for a searching and efficient enquiry into the general position of British commerce; and the demand that we are making upon the Government is not unduly pressing. Colonial ministers are alive to the situation. The Canadian Minister of Public Works, in language as vigorous as Mr Chamberlain's, calls the Morgan syndicate a national danger, and demands the control of Canadian Transcontinental railways and the institution of subsidised Atlantic steamship lines.

If we have succeeded in showing that a condition of affairs has arisen in relation to our industries, our commerce, and our shipping, which, to say the least, is serious, if not critical, then it need hardly be said that, as a practical people, we have to consider what must be done. It is equally vital to consider what must not be done. Hasty legislation may work serious evil for the Empire. It is the whole question, that is to say the national policy in relation to commerce, that requires early and profound study; and the question at once arises, Have we a statesman in office with sufficient leisure to absorb himself in that study, or a department qualified, not only to study

the ever-changing conditions of trade, but to advocate a national policy in relation to them? The answer must be in the negative.

We have our Board of Trade, which, to our discredit it must be said, is one of the least-encouraged departments of state. Its President is not always a member of the Cabinet. He is only occasionally a man of business. It is true that the Board of Trade employs a staff of able permanent officials, but they are not qualified by practical commercial experience to realise, as commercial men alone can realise, all the intricate conditions of business. It is, moreover, not too much to say that the political standing of the Board of Trade is in grotesque disproportion to its national importance. There is, for example, no comparison between the recognised position of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, or of the Secretary for War, or of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that of the President of the Board of Trade. Is it too much to insist that a minister of the front rank should invariably represent the trade interests of Great Britain, and study them in due perspective and in relation to those of her Colonies and of the rest of the world?

That the task is beyond the powers of any single man is only too apparent; and if there be a member of the Government who is entitled to all the practical assistance the nation can give him in an emergency such as the present, unparalleled in its seriousness, it is the President of the Board of Trade. It is not reasonable to claim from him sole responsibility for the solution of problems and the enunciation of policy which may affect the destinies of the entire people; nor is it fair or possible to require the Board of Trade officials, whose duties are already sufficient for them, to bear such added and special responsibility as the examination of this crisis involves.

The Secretary of State for India, whose responsibilities, vast though they be, do not exceed those of an ideal Minister of Trade, is assisted by a permanent council of men who have made themselves eminent in their respective careers. The great importance of the India Council, says Sir Courtenay Ilbert in 'The Government of India,' is that it supplies the Secretary of State for India with a Board, always sitting, of expert advisers, all of them men who have risen to distinction either in the

Indian service or in professional life. The Council is subdivided into committees which deal respectively with financial, political, and military affairs, public works, revenue, judicial and other matters.

An article has already appeared in a Liverpool shipping paper, the 'Journal of Commerce,' which was the outcome of a suggestion, made publicly to the Earl of Rosebery during his recent visit to Liverpool, of an advisory council, representative of the principal commercial and industrial interests, or groups of interests, of the United Kingdom, with the view of fortifying or supplementing the Board of Trade. We propose to consider how far such a Council would be desirable or likely to be efficient, and will endeavour to treat the subject from a practical point of view, and in a form in which it appears to us to present the fewest difficulties.

We will assume the institution by the Government of a consultative body representative of commerce and industry, of which the Government, of course, would determine the composition; and our preference would be, if we might venture to make the suggestion, for a body more numerous than the India Council, and less so than the London County Council. The infinity of detail devolving on the latter corporation demands a large representation, while the suggested council would presumably restrict its studies to broader considerations and questions of principle, with their applicability to a general policy. The chairman of this board of experts might be more conveniently chosen by the board itself; and the President of the Board of Trade, by becoming Minister of Trade, could represent and express, when acceptable to him, its conclusions in Parliament. Members of Parliament might be eligible representatives of commercial interests, but the body should be non-political and unaffected by change of government.

It will be impossible, within the limits of this article, to do more than sketch the possible composition of such a council. But it should not be difficult so to class the principal, the secondary, and the minor interests of commerce and industry as to provide a just and proportionate representation for each. In the front rank would naturally appear such interests as those of the railways, *agriculture*, shipping, coal, cotton, corn, iron and steel,

woollens, and timber; in the second rank possibly chemicals, silk, leather, linen, jute, tobacco, shipbuilding, insurance; and in the third rank interests such as might be entitled to have representation by groups, including the special interests of labour. In the initiatory stages, the Chambers of Commerce, of shipping, etc., could afford invaluable help; and, once constituted, the council might serve the Minister of Trade as a court of reference in matters of trade-policy and of trade-principles. The collective experience of the members would give weight to its recommendations upon executive as well as legislative measures. Contemplated commercial legislation might be weighed; private Bills might be submitted for criticism, and, where receiving the stamp of the council's approval, might fairly receive the support of the Minister of Trade. Sub-committees could be instituted for special subjects.

The close association upon committees and sub-committees of the delegates of great public interests, at present without any common understanding or mutual appreciation, would lead to an increase of public spirit and disinterestedness greatly to the public welfare. The association between representatives of labour and capital might be expected to give the council many of the characteristics of a standing board of conciliation; and misconceptions between great trade interests, together with the need for royal commissions, parliamentary and departmental committees, or defence committees, such as the powerful body recently instituted for the protection of shipping interests, might to some extent be expected to disappear. The relations of the council with the Chambers of Commerce would be of an intimate and important character. Requisitions from the latter bodies would receive the ready appreciation furnished by practical experience. A council composed of men engaged in business could readily enter into, appreciate, and encourage practical suggestions brought forward by disinterested bodies such as the Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom.

The principle of an advisory council to the Board of Trade has been adopted by the Government, and has taken a practical form in the institution, in the early part of 1900, of the Commercial Intelligence branch of the Board of Trade. This is entrusted to a committee com-

posed of one representative of each of the following Government departments, viz., the Board of Trade, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the India Office, with the addition of six representatives of commerce, such commercial members being nominated by the President of the Board of Trade for a definite period of office. This institution, valuable as it is, does not secure the general representation, and thereby the general responsibility, of the great commercial interests; but its services form a part of the wider task which would fall to a representative council.

One well-known and old-standing corporation may be cited as a valuable instance of a public body representative of varied commercial interests, viz., the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, composed of twenty-seven members. Here the views of each interested party are tempered by those of the others; their task is to study the interests of all and singular, in sympathy with those of the trade of the port of Liverpool. The result is that the utmost efficiency in handling the various trades, and every reasonable development for accommodating those trades are secured.*

It may be taken for granted that the recommendations of an advisory council, as indicated above, would strengthen the hands of a responsible minister; and as it is to be expected that competent men would be found to welcome a position not only highly honourable in itself but free from specific restraints put upon members of the House of Commons, the council might do work which Parliament, with all its party fetters, could not successfully undertake. We feel that in such a way the nation might take upon itself the responsibility, too great for a minister, of suggesting its own commercial policy; and the statesman who could with such help draw the truest inspirations and guide our commercial destinies for time to come would render a service to his country comparable with the cementing together of the Colonies or the saving of South Africa. An appeal to the electorate

* The recently issued report of the Royal Commission on the Port of London recommends the creation of a single dock authority for London. This would embody, so far as can be gathered, the features and advantages of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, and it is proposed that forty nominated and elected members should constitute the new authority.

for encouragement and support in such a direction would not be made in vain.

It is our conviction that had trade problems been studied, trade and industrial possibilities foreseen, and the results communicated to the nation, the great trade-unions of the country would have been organised on a different basis, and relations between employer and employed of a more logical and a more considerate character would have grown up. Governments past and present have been seriously remiss in neglecting to instruct and to warn the industrial masses of the country.

A healthy symptom of awakening intelligence on the part of trade-unions has been the recent despatch of parties of observation to the United States and elsewhere; a notable instance, among others, being that which resulted in the conclusions arrived at by Mr Abraham, member for the Rhondda division of Glamorganshire. Mr Abraham, on his return, stated that at one time he thought that working with machinery would not be to the advantage of the working-man, but that his recent experience had thoroughly cured him of that prejudice, and that he would in future advocate the use of machinery wherever possible. If England were to cope with other countries she must adopt the American plan; and, if capitalists would lay down the machinery, he would do all he could to dispel the prejudice against it in the minds of the workers.

Mr Higson, chairman of the North and South-East Lancashire Manufacturers' Association, the head of a similar deputation, stated on his return that, in labour-saving machines, America is in advance of this country, that Lancashire will have to learn this, and that she must adopt similar methods to keep abreast of the movement.

Sir Christopher Furness, speaking about his recent visit to America, said that the natural advantages of that country, combined with the energy and intellectual acumen of its people, pointed to developments in the future with which England could hardly hope to compete. He felt that the duty of Englishmen was to be more alert and active, and to seize every opportunity of perfecting their methods so as to carry war into the enemy's camp.

It is not our purpose, as will be apparent from the

foregoing remarks, to attempt to define national policy; our aim is to insist that the mind of the nation requires enlightening and quickening; and we think it reasonable to suppose that this would best be accomplished by the sustained study and investigations of representative and practical men, familiar with the interests and profits and risks of business—an experience which cannot by any stretch of imagination be obtained by permanent officials immersed in the surroundings of a government office.

In conclusion, it appears to us that the Government would do well to suspend emergency legislation until after the establishment of a thoroughly efficient system of investigation; and such an institution as that outlined above might prove of more lasting value to the country, and in the long run more likely to be appreciated by the diverse commercial interests, than any imperfectly considered legislation involving the introduction of new principles or the departure from old. It is easy to find fault with existing conditions; but we may safely assert that the more the commercial position of these islands is studied, the more the need for consideration becomes apparent; and the more practical the means of such study, the more valuable the results will be. We are not driven to take pessimistic views by a passing wave of depression, or drawing conclusions from fortuitous conditions affecting our trade. The perils which we foresee are too likely to be of a permanent character. They are not indications of ebb and flow, but of what may prove to be, if unheeded and unstudied, a continuous ebb in England's fortunes.

Art. XII.—ITALIAN POETS OF TO-DAY.

1. *Poesie*. By Giosuè Carducci (complete poetical works in one volume). Bologna : Zanichelli, 1900.
2. *Poesie Scelte ; Valsolda ; etc.* By Antonio Fogazzaro. Milan : Fratelli Treves, 1900.
3. *Dopo il Tramonto ; Li Danaidi ; Morgana ; etc.* By Arturo Graf. Milan : Fratelli Treves, 1890-1901. *Medusa*. By the same. (New edition.) Turin : Loescher, 1890.
4. *Fatalità ; Tempeste ; etc.* By Ada Negri. Milan : Fratelli Treves, 1895 ; 1896.
5. *Myricae*. By Giovanni Pascoli. Livorno : Giusti, 1890. *Poemeti*. By the same. Milan : Sandron, 1900.
6. *Poesie (Edizione Definitiva) : La Gioconda : Francesca da Rimini ; etc.* By Gabriele D'Annunzio. Milan : Fratelli Treves, 1896-1901. *La Canzone di Garibaldi*. By the same. Florence : Barbiera, 1897.
7. *Dai Nostri Poeti Viventi*. An Anthology. Edited by Signora Eugenia Levi. Florence : Barbiera, 1891.
8. *Le Tendenze Presenti della Letteratura Italiana*. By Fausto Squillace. Turin : Roux, 1899.

It has been the vogue for a considerable time to speak of contemporary Italian literature as a negligible quantity ; as at best a beautiful garden, now untended and unkempt, where the few flowers are all but undiscoverable among the wilderness of weedy growths—a garden illumined, it may be, by the sunset radiance of Carducci, or by the summer-lightning of Gabriele D'Annunzio. Generalisations of the kind are notoriously misleading. Guy de Maupassant trenchantly alluded to them as the boomerangs of the would-be clever, that on occasion might hit their object, but were more likely to return upon the thrower. The other day we read in a foreign summary that, since Walter Scott, no novelists of note had appeared in our country, and that since Byron the British muse had been silent. This statement is not further from the mark than that alluded to as common among us, nor than the rash assertion made a short time ago by one who ought to have known better, that there was not a latter-day poet, painter, or musician in Italy who stood above mediocrity—and this in the Italy of Carducci, of Segantini, of Verdi !

A juster note was struck a few years ago by one of the foremost French critics, the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, in whose now famous essay on the Latin Renaissance occur these significant words :—

‘L’Italie est à cette heure le foyer d’une véritable renaissance de la poésie et du roman. L’esprit, qui souffle où il veut, rallume là des clartés évanouies sous d’autres cieux.’

In the same year an Italian critic of repute, Alberto Manzi, thus hopefully concludes ‘a summary and outlook’ :—

‘Young, strong, feverishly studious and laborious, Italy is passing through a fertile period of preparation which will before long lead to a great and splendid display of her artistic, literary, and scientific vitality.’

The truth must be sought somewhere between these optimistic declarations and the deep despondency of the late Ruggero Bonghi, who (writing, it must be remembered, some five or six years earlier, and at a time of exceptional national depression) expressed himself thus :—

‘In the literary life of the nation there are signs of the same languor that paralyses its economical life. I see no sign of improvement. I should be very glad if there were a way out of so great a lethargy ; but I do not find it. I think that the chief cause is the lack of any strong moral movement ; there is nothing that agitates the public mind.’

The gracious phrase of Monsieur de Vogüé not only aroused European attention, but was welcomed in Italy, and sank deep into the finer national consciousness. The distinguished French critic was accepted as a prophet. For Italy he foresees a worthy destiny. It is not, perhaps, the destiny dreamed of by those who carved the inchoate ‘geographical expression’ into the solidarity of a united realm ; or of those who to-day would strain the national resources for the *fata morgana* of a militant world-power ; but it is a destiny at once high and possible. It is not, says M. de Vogüé truly, to be achieved by war, or with great ships. It is not a destiny to be won by the sword, but by the pen (‘avec quelques condottieri de la plume’).

But what is of more immediate concern is that the Vicomte de Vogüé discerns clearly what the student of contemporary Italian literature must realise if he is to

form a just estimate, that there is in the Italian genius a conflict of two opposing influences, the one mystical, idealistic, austere, at times ascetic, the other sensual and pagan. Into this conflict of '*les deux génies opposés, qui se disputèrent de tout temps l'âme italienne,*' has entered another element, the brooding spirit of the North. To the sadness and pessimism inherent in the Latin nature, along with the more obvious pagan delight in and absorbing preoccupation with life for life's sake, have come another sadness and another preoccupation. The '*Melancolia*' that Dürer limned in symbol, and De Quincey adumbrated in words, and the musicians of the North breathed in strange airs and harmonies; that Schopenhauer has disclosed, and Ibsen served, and Nietzsche interpreted; that has inspired the Slavonic mind from Tolstoi and Turgéniev to Dostoievski and Maxim Gorki—this new melancholy (coming to Italy ever with a Teutonic aspect and accent) has taken its place in the Italian soul, to work for good or evil. We hear much of the pagan tendency of the Latin genius; to-day the thought of Italy is more coloured with longing and bewilderment than with that hedonistic vision of life which is supposed to be the peculiar attribute of the peoples of the South. It is not D'Annunzio (as is so commonly assumed abroad) who is the true representative of the Italian mind, not even Carducci, the greatest of Italian poets since Leopardi; the true representatives are writers such as the northerners Antonio Fogazzaro, Arturo Graf, Ada Negri; as the southerners Mario Rapisardi, Giovanni Verga, Matilde Serao. In these the cry of revolt is against the conditions of life as produced by human wrong and folly. In Carducci it is a vain cry of revolt against the inevitable change of ideals and circumstances, a cry of longing for the life that was, the beauty that has decayed; the cry that finds utterance in verses like these—

'L'ora presente è in vano, non fa che pereuotere e fugge:
Sol nel passato è il bello, sol ne la morte è il vero';*

the cry that in his militant prose echoes in phrases such as this: 'Poetry to-day is useless from not having learned

* 'The present hour is as naught; it is gone even as it sounds
In the past alone is Beauty: only in death is the True.'

that it has no concern with the exigencies of the moment. When, however, we speak of a vain cry we mean only that echo of those poets who lament, not for what is gone and might yet be restored, but for what is irrecoverable; the echo, for example, of Leopardi, who wasted his powerful genius in a continuous lyrical lamentation. Carducci's strength stands revealed in degree as his inspiration and outlook transcend individual regret; his weakness stands as clearly revealed in that section of his poetical work wherein he cries insistently for the moon.

In D'Annunzio we hear another cry—the cry of revolt again, but of revolt against spiritual and intellectual *ennui*, of revolt against the wise tyranny of the actual, of revolt against that straight road of the commonweal, the *via media* which the wisdom of the ancients has projected far beyond us into the ages to follow; the cry of temperament, the cry of exacerbated nerves, the cry of the singer who thinks of the whole world as an air to be played delicately upon his flute, the cry of art withdrawn from the heart into the mind, the cry of egoism, of the supreme egotist.

It is because of this triple element in contemporary Italian literature—this mystical, idealistic, austere element, this sensual and pagan element, and this element of intellectual melancholy—'cette vraie maladie septentrionale,' as M. Bourget calls it—that we shall do better to seek its reflection in the writings of a few typical minds rather than in the 'immagine fluente' presented by the ampler but confused mirror of the literature of the day and hour—a mirror in which we may discover tendencies and tide-reach and ebb-fall, but too vast and complex for any but the broadest synthesis of what it reveals. And as this article is to deal with the outstanding features of recent Italian poetry, and not with the complex physiognomy of fiction, the selection should comprise only the most significant figures—Carducci and Arturo Graf and D'Annunzio, Antonio Fogazzaro and Ada Negri and Giovanni Pascoli. Among the rest are many poets of fine achievement, one or two of rare excellence, whom to pass by here is not to ignore.

There has been a singular undulatory movement in Italian literature during the last quarter of a century. A

wave of talent gathers from the still lagoons, but is barely discerned, at most has moved only a short way, before it lapses; then again the listless waste; then again a wave; and so the melancholy rhythm alternates. But in each successive period the wave is wider, perhaps also deeper. If, in the intervals, the sad prophets have been wont to lament with Bonghi, the more hopeful have been too apt to hail the wave when it comes as no less than an upheaval of the Risorgimento. Both in some degree mislead; but it is wiser to go a little astray with the eager than to stumble in the slough of despond. To-day three main factors act as deterrents on Italian literature: the absence of a united national ideal; the continually more conspicuous recession of religious faith in the direction of a callous formalism; and the profound discontent with existing conditions, political, social, economic, which finds vent in the steady growth of a crude socialism, and, concurrently, in a gathering disbelief in the stability of the monarchical rock against the coming flood.

Under these depressing influences, it is to 'Young Italy' that the nation looks above all for salutary inspiration. The high hopes, the passionate Risorgimento of the days of the Austrian struggle, of the Garibaldian liberation, of the Mazzinian gospel of emancipation, of the triumph of Rome, of the Unification, seem to have lapsed. Heavy taxation, the strain of supporting a great army and a powerful navy, the disastrous enterprise in Abyssinia, the futile dreams of colonial empire, the slow disintegration of monarchical influence, the growth of a hostile socialism, the apparition of the anarchist, the bitter trade-rivalry with France, the tragic assassination of the devoted head of the state, son of the Liberator-King, the financial scandals in Rome, the labour-risings from Milan to Palermo, the recurrent ferment in Sicily, the misery of Apulia, the gradual depopulation of Calabria—all this, and more, has moved 'immortal Italy' to its depths. It is a welcome augury that, in despite of all, the nation does not despair; that her statesmen hope; that her poets and dreamers proclaim a new day. 'If only we could believe in the honesty and far-sightedness of those set above us, we would shape our destiny as our noblest and truest discern it'—that is what one hears

everywhere, from Genoa to Venice, from Messina to Milan.

Alas! that 'prevalent political leprosy,' on which Ruggero Bonghi so continually laid sad insistence, is more than all else accountable for the trouble. The Neapolitans have a saying—'Every one is unsettled when Vesuvius is restless'; and, unfortunately, there is a moral Vesuvius which keeps the intellectual activities of the nation in a feverish excitation when it is not in a torpor of hesitancy. Here we have the chief clue to that ominously frequent ebb and flow to which allusion has been made. The causes act so potently that the results immediately follow; for example, after 1887, a year of great despondency and disquietude, the publications of 1888 were fewer by some three hundred. No wonder that in this year Bonghi wrote, 'In all that makes literature, my native country has certainly grown feeble and weary, and is growing more so every year.' For the next year or two almost nothing of note appeared. A young poet, Mario di Siena, a youth of seventeen, on whom high hopes were set, proved to be but one of the innumerable *stelle cadenti*. Even that new meteor, D'Annunzio, showed himself at his weakest in 'Giovanni Episcopo.'

In 1891 the slow wave began to lift again. Carducci published his noble and patriotic lyrical epic, 'Piemonte'; and the marked success which met Signora Eugenia Levi's delightful anthology, 'Dai Nostri Poeti Viventi,' showed that not only was Italy 'a nest of singing-birds,' but that a public far wider than had been foreseen waited ready to listen. Three well-known writers of charming verse added to their reputation by the publication of collective editions about this time—Guido Mazzoni, Giovanni Marradi, and Aurelio Costanzo; and the 'Carducci of the South,' the Sicilian master-poet, Mario Rapisardi, made all the insurgent element of Italy re-echo with the fierce lyrical cries of his 'Giustizia,' while at the same time he won the admiration of the critics by his delicate 'Empedocle.' The brief wave culminated before the lapse of 1893 in the beautiful 'Myricae' of Giovanni Pascoli, one of the freshest, most winsome, and happiest of modern Italian books; in an 'outburst' of the minor Sicilian poets, fired, perhaps, by Rapisardi's return to popularity—notably Eliodoro Lombardi, Ragusa Moleti, and Ugo Ojetti; in a work

unusual sobriety and distinction by D'Annunzio, only his 'Elegie Romane'; and, above all, in the assurance of that remarkable book 'Fatalità,' by Ada Mariotti, with its cry of the dumb and the poor, of the inarticulate suffering of labour, of the vaguely insurgent multitude, of the angry clang (to use the poet's own words) of the enchained masses striking into the silver flutes of the wind in high places.

Then again the ebbing wave. The monotonous months of the next year or two are relieved by only one newcomer of promise, Alfredo Baccelli, with 'Vittime e Ribelli.'*

Carducci, Rapisardi, and D'Annunzio fail respectively with 'Cadore,' 'Atlantide,' and 'Odi Navale.' The subsequent period would be a blank but for the modest appearance of three young writers of promise, the Sicilian Cesareo, the Roman Diego Angeli, the Lombard Antonio della Porta. It must be admitted that the outlook to-day is not more encouraging than it was a decade ago; perhaps less so, for Carducci is now all but silent, and the mature writers of the younger group, with the exception of Giovanni Pascoli, reveal no advance upon what they achieved in 1890. It has been pre-eminently the period of D'Annunzio and the 'D'Annunzieggianti,' though the reputation of this writer is perhaps greater throughout the continent than in the peninsula, where he is still looked upon somewhat askance, as a clever but audacious and story-ward is looked upon by an anxious guardian. In justice, too, the Italians resent the frequent assertion that Gabriele D'Annunzio stands alone as representative of the intellectual Italy of to-day, as with justice the Belgians resent the like common assertion in connection with Maurice Maeterlinck.

Within the last three or four years there have been signs of the returning tide. The low-water mark was probably touched in 1897-8, a period barren of any signal literary achievement. True, the much discussed poetess, Gabriella Segni, published her fine volume of drab-coloured 'Tempeste'—a lyrical series which reveals, however, no advance upon 'Fatalità,' while all that stood for weak-

* Ignor Baccelli is now Under-Secretary of State, and, in his two years of influence, one of the outstanding personalities of the younger generation.

ness in that remarkable first book by an Italian woman in humble life is notably emphasised. It would be unfair to say that this slack period was absolutely barren, for both in the verse and prose which deserved critical attention were one or two instances of fine work accomplished, and at least two or three of promise. But, as an able critic, Vincenzo Morello, has said,

'these fragile blossoms of song appear one day and disappear the next in that blighting wind of indifference which has so long prevailed from the Alps of the north to the slopes of Etna.' ('Nell' Arte e nella Vita.')

Nevertheless, there is evident an awakening of public interest in national literature, probably in some degree because of the 'commemorations' celebrated near the close of the century, with their stirring historical reminiscences and inspiring literary associations—Amerigo Vespucci, Paolo Toscanelli, Savonarola, Leopardi, Bernini, and others. From the standpoint of letters the period is notable for the immense stride in Italian and European reputation made by one writer, Gabriele D'Annunzio. In one year, in the twelvemonth comprising the otherwise somewhat barren period 1898-9, this writer's amazing output included the three long dramas published in book form, 'La Città Morta,' 'La Gioconda,' and 'La Gloria,' and the two shorter dramas separately issued as the 'Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera' and the 'Sogno d'un Tramonto d'Autunno.'* 'La Gioconda' and 'La Città Morta' have been read and discussed throughout Europe; and the former has been acted in London and Paris as well as in the chief Italian cities. 'La Gloria,' D'Annunzio's most ambitious dramatic attempt, was unsuccessful on the stage; and, though some of the leading Italian critics spoke of this strange, not to say somewhat enigmatic play with high praise, their appreciation was never endorsed by that of the public. Already known as a poet and novelist, D'Annunzio had now challenged criticism as a dramatist. But while radical differences of opinion exist as to the significance and value of his achievement in this direction,

* The first and third of a dramatic quartet called 'I Sogni delle Stagioni' (Dreams of the Four Seasons), of which the 'Sogno d'un Meriggio d'Estate' and 'Sogno d'una Notte d'Inverno' are as yet unpublished.

there can surely be little question as to the wealth of imaginative energy and the continual miracle of art poured forth in these dramas, most notably perhaps in that sombre and terrible play of the buried city, which (with one or two exceptions) has been so inadequately considered by English critics; or in 'La Gioconda,' of which an eminent Italian critic, Guido Biagi, has aptly said, 'In any case "La Gioconda" has brought into the theatre a breath of fresh and fragrant poetry, which might have come from the blossoming gardens of the Renaissance'; or in that masterpiece of poignant beauty, the 'Dream of a Spring Morning,' where, in combined loveliness and terror, we find something akin to that Elizabethan magic we prize so highly in Webster, in Ford, in Beaumont and Fletcher.

We cannot in this article further discuss D'Annunzio's achievement in imaginative drama, nor his work in this respect as compared with that of Arrigo Boito, Felice Cavallotti, Severino Ferrari, Cossa, and above all Giuseppe Giacosa. But the drift of the most authoritative opinion, foreign and native, is that D'Annunzio has revealed no compelling genius, perhaps not even a genuine talent, for the drama, except as a form of literary expression. All the faults and shortcomings of this perplexing writer are of a nature to render nugatory his ambition to become 'the Wagner of the drama.' His latest effort, 'Francesca da Rimini,' has signally failed on the stage; but its beauty and charm, and above all its vividness, are brought out by perusal in book form. The drama, moreover, should be read as the first of the 'Malatesta' trilogy. The author has practically finished the second of the series, 'Parisina'; and is now at work upon the third, 'Sigismundo Malatesta.'

The close of the nineteenth and the dawn of the twentieth century were not wholly engrossed by 'the Deputy for Beauty'—to adopt M. de Vogüé's phrase—and the D'Annunzieggianti,* though his fame was enhanced by the furore which followed the publication of 'Il Fuoco'; by the announcement of the long-expected volume of mature verse, 'Laudi del Cielo, del Mare, della Terra, e degli Eroi,' and of the forthcoming 'Francesca da Rimini';

* Notably Domenico Tumiati, Antonio della Porta, Angelo Orvieto, Diego Angeli, Angelo Conti.

by the public readings and actual publication of the first instalment of the lyrical epic, 'La Canzone di Garibaldi.' An important new book, besides a volume of notable essays and addresses, by Antonio Fogazzaro; 'Poemetti,' a second collection of lovely verse by Giovanni Pascoli, whose 'Myricæ' contains some of the most charming of contemporary Italian poetry, and whose idyllic muse has gained him the title, 'il Virgilio di nostro tempo'; Vittoria Aganoor's 'Leggenda Eterna'; the exquisitely chiselled 'Primavera Fiorentina' of Severino Ferrari, of some of whose earlier work Carducci wrote, 'If Petrarch were among us to-day he would be proud of this'; Arrigo Boito's much discussed 'Nerone'; Arturo Graf's 'Morgana'; the brilliant colloquial sonnet-sequence of Cesare Pascarella; the new edition of the 'Musica antica per Chitarra' of Domenico Tumiatì, foremost of the 'Symbolists'; the recently published 'Verso l'Oriente' of Angelo Orvieto, the young author of 'Sposa Mistica'—these, and others whom it would be wearisome to enumerate, suffice to show both the vitality and variety of the new 'Risorgimento.' Perhaps the most significant indication of the existence of an Italian public really interested in imaginative literature is the publication, in a single volume at a moderate price, of all the poetry of Carducci; and the fact that this (for an Italian publisher) daring venture has achieved a wide success. But the true hope is here—that all Young Italy reproves despondency, and looks forward with courage and determination. It believes in itself, in its national vocation, in the national destiny; it maintains the survival, within itself, of the ancient spirit of the ancient genius. 'It sleeps, that antique spirit,' wrote Carducci many years ago, 'it sleeps, but is not dead; and as a sleeper wakes, so shall it wake, and to a new day.'

When, some pages back, we spoke of the three chief deterrent influences working on the intellectual and spiritual life of the nation, we might have added that in yet another vital respect the writers of Italy are seriously affected. In no other European country, with the possible exception of Spain, is there so marked a divergence between the language of letters and the language of common use, between literary and colloquial speech. The 'reading-public' in Italy is amazingly small in relation to

, if we compare it with that of France, Germany, and Scandinavia, Great Britain. But the ordinary man of this relatively small reading-public is quite as far from literary diction as is, let us say, the vernacular of London or New York from the ornate periods of Johnson, Gibbon, or Macaulay; and, moreover, it has even the vital connexion which, in English, underlies the obvious divergence. No wonder that Carducci, the most polished living master of Italian, is all but in-reprehensible to many of his intelligent compatriots, and even Antonio Fogazzaro and Emilio De Marchi, Giovanni Verga and Matilde Serao (the most vernacular of the eminent writers of the day) using a diction which in the life would seem alien, if not wholly artificial. Italy is above all others the country of dialectical differences. That this barrier is being overcome, and that the directed efforts of the ablest writers and educationists concur with the slow but steady improvement of the mental training of the masses (i.e. of all classes, from the professional to the poorest, even in densely ignorant Calabria and remote Sicily), affords promise that a truly national literature will in due time arise in Italy. Unhappily there has always been the connecting bridge of 'popular literature'—i.e. the colloquial and dialectical poetry in which Italy has ever been so rich.

Like so many others of his countrymen now writing respectively of the problems, the developments, and the future movement of Italian literature, the late Ruggero Romano (whom we specify as a representative critic) did not realise that the so-called 'pagan' or 'barbaric' movement headed by Carducci was, and is, one of those inevitable life-seeking movements which periodically occur in every literature, when old ways have become outworn; and, again, that a regenerative movement of this kind may have to turn backward in order to rediscover the forward.

A large part, possibly the greater and the more important part, of contemporary Italian literature turns thus in an apparently retrograde way, turns upon what is called the classical revival. The famous veteran at the head is its accepted leader. But neither Carducci nor his adherents (who now comprise nearly all the younger poets of note) attempt a revival of the kind so often called *not mere imitation* of the past that is the

end in view, but, by discreetly following the same avenues of art as those by which the great poets of old reached their goal, to reach in turn the same or a still higher goal. To this end it was necessary to break away from the conventions which had so hampered, not to say devitalised, modern Italian literature. It was not thought or inspiration only that had to grow new wings; not poetry only, but metre itself had to shed its old chrysalis and break into a new life.

In every new intellectual movement the feature of exaggeration is inevitable; without exaggeration no new energy is likely to force its way. It was long, and to some extent still is, the wont in Italy to impute to Carducci an almost perverse exaggeration, not only as to his intellectual standpoint (that of a modern man consistently looking backward), or as to his lifelong effort to recreate in the Italian vernacular the dignity and beauty of the vernacular of Horace and Catullus, but as to wilful obscurity in point of metrical diction. The obscurity of Carducci is not that of congested thought and crowded images, as in Browning; nor that of the dazzle of continual byplay, as in George Meredith; nor again that of careful and calculated occultism, as in Mallarmé. It is rather the 'obscurity' of extreme light, such as that which the earliest critics of Leconte de Lisle, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Baudelaire and Hérédia, found in the classically pure diction of those writers. Carducci has little in common with writers like Mallarmé, with whom he is often ignorantly compared. He is rather the Italian *confrère* of Leconte de Lisle, of José Maria Hérédia, but is more 'human,' more of his day and hour, than the supreme French classicist in verse, and has a spiritual earnestness alien to the cold beauty of M. Hérédia's 'perfected ivory.' At the same time it cannot be denied that, both in remote allusion and in calculated Latinity of diction, he is occasionally pedantic; and it would be easy to cull from his writings lines and even quatrains or passages which would justify the complaint frequently heard in Italy that 'Carducci is difficult, often even unintelligible.' Then, too, his Italian is so far from colloquial that even when clear to a compatriot it is difficult to render adequately in English, for sometimes the difference is a constitutional difference of racial genius a

speech, as, to choose at random an instance, the final strain of the lovely poem, 'Su Monte Mario':—

'Su le rovine de la basilica
Di Zeno al sole sibili il colubro,
Ancor canterai nel deserto
I tedi insonni de l'infinito.'

these occasional defects are mere specks on the polished mirror of Carducci's poetry, at once so beautiful, so distinguished, so antique, so modern, the only poetry of our day which can be compared with that of Leconte de Lisle and Alfred de Vigny, with that of the poet's greater predecessors, above all with that of his chosen master, Virgil. Every great poet is in a sense a metrical innovator; and, with the exception of Mr Swinburne, there is no living master of metre, particularly of classical metres, comparable with Giosuè Carducci. In a word, it is not by their exaggerations that we are to judge Carducci and the writers who follow his lead, or the actual fellowships typified by Antonio Fogazzaro, Roberto Graf, Ada Negri, Giovanni Pascoli, or Gabriele D'Annunzio and the D'Annunzieschi. All these have to be judged by their range of thought, the object of their aim, and their actual achievement.

The student of Italian literature, therefore, will do well to put aside as irrelevant nearly all that he reads or hears as to the 'pseudo-classicism' of Carducci and the writers who participate in that vital movement at the head of which he stands. For it is a movement of life, not of artificially stimulated erudition; a movement of fresh energy, not a spurred effort. It is in truth part of a new movement, of an uplifted life that is not confined to this or that leader and his following, nor to Italy, nor even to Latin countries, but is co-extensive with the human race. Already, we perceive, Italy has left behind the conditions indicated by Lamartine in a once notorious passage of the 'Pèlerinage d'Harold,' where she is alluded

'Poussière du passé, qu'un vent stérile agite,'

in a passage which, with the added 'Je vais chercher ailleurs les hommes et non pas de la poussière humaine,' might lead the French poet to a 'cartel' from an indignant Italian patriot. The once celebrated General Pepe,

In a broad classification, then, as already indicated, Antonio Fogazzaro and Arturo Graf stand for the North, Giosuè Carducci and Giovanni Pascoli for the Centre (and this not only in the geographical sense), and Gabriele D'Annunzio for the South, as well as for that neo-paganism, neo-Hellenism, and very modern (and, we may add, world-old) hedonism which too often is the dignified verbal raiment of a very unworthy thing, generally more crudely designated.

Although Fogazzaro and Graf are the most distinctive of the northerners, they differ materially. The elder and more famous is the François Millet of Italian literature, but a Millet of a far wider intellectual and æsthetic range than the great Frenchman. The pathos and dignity of suffering, of sorrow, of the heavy burden bravely borne; the nobility of faith and courage; the beauty of simplicity in life and art; the charm of tenderness and the sustaining power of love—these are the sources of this writer's genius, both in prose and verse. But, pure as is his Italian, virile and idiomatic, the colour of his mind is distinctively northern, Teutonic. So might a Scandinavian, an Englishman, a German, write, were he equally gifted, and were he an adopted Italian, settled in that northern Alpine region of the lakes, so well loved, sung, and praised by Fogazzaro. That gentle but all-pervading melancholy of his, too—so different from the disdainful stoicism of Carducci, the baffled despair of writers such as Ada Negri, the life-weariness of Graf, the *ennui* of D'Annunzio, the hard pessimism of Rapisardi and Verga—is likewise northern. But it would be a mistake to think of Fogazzaro as a sentimentalist, notwithstanding the sentimentality of some of his work. He stands for what is finest in the Italian nature; and the love and reverence in which he is held afford the best proof of his high significance in contemporary literature. 'Valsolda' (in whose beautiful valley he has passed the better part of his life) has become a signal-word in Italy, for it is now identified with some of the loveliest verse and much of the noblest prose of the day, is, indeed, associated with a noble personal ideal, the ideal of a simple, strong, much-suffering, yet ever brave and serene life. 'Our Walter Scott,' Giacosa has called Antonio Fogazzaro.

But he, too, like Arturo Graf—though not

fascinated victim, rather as one greatly dreading yet sustained by faith—has looked at times overfearfully in the face of that new tragic muse of the modern world, 'Madre Dolorosa.' In his remarkable study on 'Sadness in Art,'* Fogazzaro writes:—

'Senza tenerezza, senza fiamma . . . la potenza sua fascinatrice è nella grandiosità del suo dolore stesso, è l'idea pura, fatta marmo, dell' universale dolore, del dolore che oscura presto o tardi ogni vita umana.'

The words have the colour of Fogazzaro's mind, and show, as a tinted map, the colour of a vast region in the Italian thought of to-day. In the same essay he speaks of 'la innocenza magnifica della natura'; but he and those of his spiritual fellowship trust little to this 'magnificent innocence,' and for the most part look habitually into life, not only as in a glass darkly, but as into a dark pool, heavy with the shadow of ancient sorrow and obscure menace. True, Fogazzaro is not a pessimist; he has not the steel-bound gloom of Graf, whose impeccable verse is forged rather than moulded. But in his poems and novels, notably in 'Il Mistero del Poeta,' and in the excellent monograph on his life-work by Sebastiano Rumor,† and, above all, in his always intimate and profoundly sincere 'addresses'—as, for example, when he spoke in Rome in 1893 on 'The Origin of Man and the Religious Sentiment,' or, recently, at the Collegio Romano, on 'I Misteri dello Spirito Umano'—a deep and native melancholy pervades even the most ardent words of faith and hope, and underlies all but the sunniest and most debonair of his poems. Nevertheless, his influence is wholly for good—the foremost moral influence now moulding Young Italy. Seldom is the biographer more literally truthful than Sebastiano Rumor in writing, 'In tutta Italia il nome di Antonio Fogazzaro, poeta e romanziere, è riverito ed amato.'

Though all the poetry of Fogazzaro is worth familiarity (particularly for those who feel the underlying charm of his prose romances), the foreign reader may be content with the 'Selected Poems,' published in Milan in 1898;

* 'Il Dolore nell' Arte.' (Milan, 1901.)

† A. Fogazzaro, *La Sua Vita, le Sue Opere, i Suoi Critici.* By Sebastiano Rumor. (Milan, 1906.)

the more so as it is not in the longer poetical compositions, such as the versified novel 'Miranda,' but in the shorter poems that he is to be found at his best. One of these, a poem representative of the author's mastery over the cadence of simple Italian prosody, may fitly be quoted here:—

LA SERA.

(*Le Campane di Oria*)

Ad occidente il ciel si discolora,
Vien l' ora—de le tenebre.
Da gli spiriti mali,
Signor, guarda i mortali!

Oriamo.

(*Le Campane di Osteno*)

Pur noi su l' onde
Moviam da queste solitarie
Voci profonde. [sponde
Da gli spiriti mali,
Signor, guarda i mortali!

Oriamo.

(*Le Campane di Furia*)

Pur noi remote ed alte
Fra le buie montagne
Odi, Signore.
Da gli spiriti mali
Guarda i mortali!

Oriamo.

(*Echi delle Valli*)

Oriamo.

(*Tutte le Campane*)

Il lume nasce e muore;
Che riman dei tramonti e delle
Tutto, Signore, [aurora?
Tranne l' Eterno, al mondo
È vano.

(*Echi delle Valli*)

È vano.

(*Tutte le Campane*)

Oriamo, oriamo in pianto,
Da l' alto e dal profondo,

Pei morti e pei viventi,
Per tanta colpa occulta e dolor
Pietà, Signore! [tanto
Tutto il dolore
Che non ti prega,
Tutto l' errore
Che ti diniega,
Tutto l' amore
Che a te non piega,
Perdona, O Santo.

(*Echi delle Valli*)

O Santo.

(*Tutte le Campane*)

Oriam per i dormienti
Del cimitero
Che dicon rei, che dicono inno-
E tu, Mistero, [centi,
Solo tu sai.

(*Echi delle Valli*)

Solo tu sai.

(*Tutte le Campane*)

Oriam per il profondo
Soffrir del mondo,
Che tutto vive e sente,
Ama, dolora,
Giudizio arcano de l' Onnipo-
tente.

Sia pace al monte, a l' onda.
Al bronzo ancora

Sia pace.

(*Echi delle Valli*)

Pace.*

* Evening. (The Bells of Oria)—In the west the heavens redder
hour of darkness comes. From all evil spirits, Lord, guard Thy ch!

There is perhaps no stranger apparition in contemporary Italian literature than Arturo Graf. Called the *Hérédia* of Italy, because of the classic ideal and impeccable form of his verse, he is the son of an Italian mother by a German father. He was born at Athens, nurtured in Greece—that Greece whose art he has mastered, but whose temperament he has not inherited, having been endowed instead with the world-sadness of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche—and transplanted while still young to Roumania, whence in early manhood he came to Milan. In the intensity of his irremediable pessimism he can be compared with no French poet save the anonymous author of the ‘*Chants de Maldoror*,’ with no English poet save James Thomson of ‘*The City of Dreadful Night*’; and nothing in the fantastically sombre verse of Nietzsche suggests the same profound depths of gloom. But Graf’s terrible sadness, his almost elemental melancholy, has never the suggestion of anything ignoble, as in ‘*Maldoror*’ or Baudelaire; it is never the mere rhetoric of spiritual collapse and despair, as sometimes in James Thomson; nor is it the outcome of intellectual fever, or of the tortured nerves, or of a powerful mind habitually apt to lose its equilibrium, as with the author of ‘*Thus spake Zarathustra*.’ He gathers up all the hopelessness of Italy, of the world, of the human soul; moulds it in tears and longing, and the unutterable sadness of sorrow without

Let us pray! (The Bells of Osteno)—We also, by the waters lift up our deep voices from these lonely shores. From all evil spirits, Lord, guard Thy children. Let us pray! (The Bells of Furia)—Us, too, remote and high among the shadowy hills, hear us, Lord! From all evil spirits guard Thy children. Let us pray! (Echoes from the Valleys)—Let us pray! (All the Bells)—The light is born, and dies; what remains of sunsets or dawns? All, Lord, all of this world, all save the eternal, is vain. (Echoes from the Valleys)—Is vain! (All the Bells)—Let us pray, let us pray, from mountain-height and shadowy vale, for the living and for the dead, for all secret wrong and sorrow, have pity, Lord! All sorrow that doth not come to Thee in prayer, all error that denieth Thee, all love that doth not seek Thee, have pity upon it, O Holy One! (Echoes from the Valleys)—O Holy One! (All the Bells)—Let us pray for those sleeping the long sleep of the grave; for those who are accounted sinners, and for those accounted without sin! For Thou alone, Mysterious Spirit, Thou only knowest all. (Echoes from the Valleys)—Thou only knowest all. (All the Bells)—Let us implore for the deep suffering of the world, which lives and feels, loves and grieves, the hidden judgment of the Almighty. Let there be peace upon the hill-side, by the waters! On the bells themselves! (Echo from the Valleys)—Peace!

hope; and reveals it to us in lovely image after image, in chiselled verse of perfect form, in a beauty rendered almost unnaturally poignant. In a far deeper sense than the somewhat blatant 'Lucifer' of Mario Rapisardi, than the magnificently rhetorical 'Hymn to Satan' of Carducci, Graf's 'Buried Titan' (in the very remarkable poem 'La Città dei Titani,' in the volume called 'Le Danaïdi') may be said to symbolise the bewildered attitude of the modern mind. So absolutely does he differ from the Latin temperament that he remains cold even before the inspiration of woman. Neither the beautiful actuality nor the seductive visionary type moves this modern St Anthony. In all his writings we remember no verse in the slightest degree recalling these eminently Carduccian lines (from 'Ruit Hora,' perhaps the loveliest poem in the first 'Odi Barbare') :—

'Fra le tue nere chiome, o bianca Lidia,
 Langue una rosa pallida;
 E una dolce a me in cuor tristezza subita
 Tempra d'amor gl'incendii.*

Nor has he ever any such cry to the lesser destinies as—

'O desiata verde solitudine
 Lungi al rumor degli uomini!
 Qui due con noi divini amici vengono
 Vino ed amore, O Lidia.†

If once or twice we think we hear the cry of passion, it is only that of disillusion or brooding incertitude.

'O woman, the darkness in thine eyes is the darkness of night;
 Thy soul, too, is obscure and mysterious as the sea, as this obscure sea
 Which engulfs in its flowing side the plunging prow.
 I see thy dark hair; in thy pale, beautiful face
 I see the wandering fires of thine eyes; I see thy laughter-parted rosy lips;
 But into thy soul, into that darkness, no, I do not see.'

* 'In thy dark hair, O white Lidia, a pale rose languishes; in my heart suddenly a sweet sadness softens the flame of love.'

† 'O longed-for green solitude, far from the rumour of men; hither have come with us our two divine friends, Wine and Love, O Lidia.'

yet this is the poet who, in his beautiful reminiscences (*Il Libro dei Ricordi*), writes thus of his dear home at foot of the slope where the Parthenon rears its sacred line ('la dolce casa . . . sulla cui cima altero il Partedrizza la sacra mole') :—

* Avea presso un giardin, triste e severo,
Benchè di rose pieno e di viole,
E un gran cipresso, avviluppato e nero,
Aduggiava di fredda ombra le ajuole.

V' era, pien d' acqua, e di figure adorno,
Un sarcofago antico, alla cui sponda
Veniano a ber le rondini del cielo.

Alto silenzio tenea l' aria intorno,
E nella pace estatica e profonda
Non si vedea crollar foglia nè stelo' *

Truly, as has been said of him, Arturo Graf may see as *ellene*, and write in Italian, his maternal tongue, but the sad northern soul, 'l'anima tedesca,' which speaks his poetry. In 'Idea Fissa,' one of the most notable poems in his first book, 'Dopo il Tramonto' ('After Sunset'), he reveals, consciously or unconsciously, the overwhelming prepossession of a single idea which all his life bewitched his imagination and entranced his mind. His muse, in a word, is Death, whether he call her 'Morte Indiana,' or 'Morte Guerriera,' or 'Regina del Mondo,' or his sombre passion under an antique name, as in the strange and terrible second book, 'Medusa' :—

* O mia lugubre Musa
Implacabile Erinni,
Tu dal mio labbro fai proromper gl' inni
Venenati, O Medusa ! †

'Near by was a garden, sad and austere, for all that it was full of red and violets ; perhaps because of the great cypress, a pyramid of greenness, which cast its chill shadow athwart the garden-ways. There, too, with carven figures and full of water, stood an antique phagus, where the swallows loved to dip and drink. A deep stillness brooded in the air around : the peace was a hushed ay, wherein no stem moved, no leaf quivered.'

'O sombre and dread Muse, implacable Erinnyes, thou makest these lips poisoned hymns, O Medusa !'

ol. 196.—No. 391.

There is, however, more variety, along with still more evident beauty and mastery, in Graf's third book, 'Le Danaidi,' published in 1897. A few months ago appeared his 'Morgana,' in which, though there is no poem to compare with 'Città dei Titani' of the 'Danaidi' volume, nor any sequence to parallel the Athenian 'Libro dei Ricordi' in 'Dopo il Tramonto,' a more serene spirit, somewhat of a wise hedonism, is revealed. We even encounter lines such as—

'. . . nell' aria chiara
Cantano i mandolini—
I mandolini arguti
Dalle voci tremanti,
Onde perdon lor vanti
Arpe, flauti, liuti.
Cantano, gioja, amore !'

which surprise one almost as though one were to come upon an ode of Anacreon in the text of Ecclesiastes! Nevertheless, 'Ruit Hora' might be the apt title of the book, and its motto the couplet to which so much music and thought and longing are attuned—

'Mio vecchio core, mio povero core,
Perchè se' tu così triste e inquieto';

or that undernote that is never lost—

'Passato è 'l tempo de' teneri inganni,
Passato è l' ora propizia all' amore.'

The book closes with a short poem, 'Explicit,' which might well stand as epilogue to all its sad beauty—a sadness not wholly in vain, for it is the sadness of a fine and noble spirit, and as such is accepted in Italy, and so is become in a sense representative:—

EXPLICIT.

Non uno de' ben vani, in ch' io già confidai,
Mi tenne fede mai:
Ciò mi riempie il core, che a soffrir mal s' avvezza,
D' una grande amarezza.

Non una delle colpe, ch'io commisi in mia vita,
 È rimasta impunita:
 Ciò mi riempie il core (povera, nuda stanza!)
 D'una grande speranza.*

There is an even greater difference between the pessimism of Ada Negri, whose 'Fatalità' has had in Italy a wider acceptance than almost any other recent book of verse, and that of Arturo Graf, than between Graf's and Leopardi's. Leopardi was the exponent of the malady of his age: Graf is the poet of the soul's secret dread and despair: Ada Negri is of the many whose strength lies in wild protest, fierce denunciation, in scorn and reproach, and the voice of social misery. Her poetry has the swift movement and lyrical vehemence of the early revolutionary poems of Swinburne, or of Victor Hugo's 'Les Châtiments'; but it has also the faults of these, and that in an exaggerated degree. An instance from the same poem ('Sfida'—'Defiance' or 'Challenge') will suffice. We sympathise when she cries—

'E sei tu dunque, tu, mondo bugiardo,
 Che vuoi celarmi il sol de gl'ideali';†

but we only smile at the rhetoric of—

'O grasso mondo d'ocche e di serpenti,
 Mondo vigliacco, che tu sia dannato;
 Fisso lo sguardo ne gli astri fulgenti
 Io movo incontro al fato.‡

Many of us have been Ada Negris in our day. As we grow older we not only do not call our fellows geese and serpents, but even settle down to tolerate them with kindly complacency. Ada Negri herself, revolutionist,

* 'Not one good thing, now lost, in which once I put all my trust, has ever remained with me; and this has filled my heart, even now so ill-accustomed to suffer, with a great bitterness.'

† 'Not one of all the faults I have committed in my life but has had to pay its penalty: and this has filled my heart (poor, bare habitation) with a great hope.'

‡ 'It is thou, then, thou lying world, that would'st conceal from me the sun of the ideal.'

§ 'O fat world, swarming with geese and serpents, wretched world, may unation be your lot! With my gaze fixt on the shining stars, I move ward to my destiny.'

socialist, *intransigente*, is now the Signora Garlanda, the wife of a wealthy Milanese bourgeois.

Nevertheless, there is in her work a power to influence. This secret may be discerned in the poem in 'Fatalità' entitled '*Senza Nome*' ('Nameless'), wherein she speaks of herself as 'an enigma of hate and love, of violence and gentleness,' and says that throughout her life 'an evil spirit has followed me step by step, and an angel with hands clasped in prayer.' It is the combination in her of class-hatred and feminine unselfishness which has won her so many friends; and the secret of her influence lies, on the one side, the frank recognition of the power of absorbing love to ennoble circumstance, as in that passionate and vivid poem, '*Popolana*' ('A Girl of the People'), and, on the other, her grandiose vision of the congregated sorrows and sufferings of the world, as in the burning lines of the unforgettable '*I Vinti*' ('The Vanquished')—'Behold them, in hundreds, in thousands, in millions, in countless hordes; from their serried ranks rises a rumour as of distant thunder. . . . Alas, alas, we are the vanquished!'

To turn from this tempestuous emotion and troubled art to the serene air of Carducci—though he, too, is the poet of revolt—or to the languorous beauty of D'Annunzio's verse, or to the exquisite art and natural charm of Pascoli, is to exchange the noise and sordidness of a manufacturing town for the intellectual peace of a library, or the charmed stillness of a cloister, or the gladness of a spring day in the open. Books such as Giovanni Pascoli's '*Myricae*' and the maturer and finer '*Poemetti*' bring into Italian literature to-day something of what Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson, in a fresh vivid naturalism, brought into English poetry. So now we come to the two most eminent names in Italy to-day—to the old king and the insurgent prince, Giosuè Carducci and Gabriele D'Annunzio.

It is now nearly thirty years since the '*Hymn to Satan*'—that modern 'classic' of spiritual and intellectual revolt—electrified Italy. To-day it will be read without the same answering thrill, perhaps even with lessened admiration. Rhetoric has not the staying-power of the grave ecstasy that is perfected art; and this, perhaps the most famous lyrical poem of the last half-century, is

ly superb rhetoric. Nevertheless, the fragrance and bloom are still upon that unique flower, grown in the led solitudes of spiritual desire. Nor, to vary the phor, have the echoes yet died away, in any country, that clanging tocsin, that war-song of the pagan. If, nowadays, no one even in Italy anathematises Carducci as a worshipper of evil because of his 'Inno a Satana,' there are few probably, in Italy or elsewhere, who would not now regard the Satanic epithets and allusions as somewhat pantomimic and grotesque. For, of course, Carducci does not mean, never did mean, to invoke the Prince of Evil! All that the celebrated (and technically marvellous) 'Hymn' means is, Let us be done with the old; let us outgrow; let us worship only what makes for life; let us rejoice in our mortal destiny, and in our progress, and not cry shame upon our humanity; let us be true to our nature; let us be up and rejoice; let us be up and going. It is but the principle of new birth, of revolt, of growth, of material, as of spiritual, resurrection which Carducci invokes in his 'Satan':—

'Salute, O Satana,
O ribellione,
O forza vindice
Della ragione!'

It is not to the conventional 'Prince of this World,' or to any other than Alastor, the Spirit of Beauty, whom Carducci's poet has worshipped since poetry became the dream of the human soul, that he cries, 'For thee Adonis lived; for thee Astarte; for thee came into being the marbles, the pictures, and golden verse, when, from the Ionian isles, Aphrodite arose with her great joy; for thee roared the forests of Lebanon . . . for thee sang the chorus . . . for thee raved the dances.'

The rhetorical fires have long ere this expended their inflammatory force: the poetic beauty remains. It is to be hoped that the day will not come when the youth of Italy will no more be stirred by the magic of the lines of the poet's 'Hymn':—

*Tra le odorifere
Palmé d' Idume,
Dove biancheggiano
Le ciprie spume,'

If the 'Inno a Satana' be so characteristic of Carducci, not less characteristic of his mental attitude, of the ethical aspect of his splendid achievement, are those other words of his—'Send forth upon the wind the cry of the watchman: "The age renews itself, the day of fulfilment is nigh."'

In this sense the 'Hymn' is typical of all Carducci's poetry; the rhetorical part served its purpose; what is of sheer beauty remains. We doubt if the achievement of any living poet could stand comparison with that of Giosuè Carducci in the qualities of distinction, strength, and classic beauty. Within a limited range, *Hérédia* is the sole name to suggest; but *Hérédia* is a sculptor in ivory, Carducci is of the kindred of Michel Angelo; or, again, *Hérédia* is as one of the exquisite minor poets of the Anthology, Carducci a latter-day Catullus, with a far greater intellectual and national inspiration and range. Neither *Hérédia* nor Arturo Graf, not even Leconte de Lisle, has more truly cherished and given us anew 'the antique beauty.' For Carducci, the beauty that was of old is the one immortal thing in this world of mortal change and chance. For him, as he says in the 'Primavere Elleniche,' 'though all other gods may die,' the divinities made immortal by the Greek genius 'live still among ancient woods and in the eternal seas.'

To Carducci, also, belongs the honour of having restored to Italian poetry its long-lost dignity. This true brother of Catullus has not only moulded anew the form of lyric verse, but has set up a strenuous ideal for his countrymen who would strive to re-create and not to imitate.

'Odio l' usata poesia: concedo

Comoda al vulgo. . . .

A me la strofe vigile, . . .'

as he writes in the famous 'Prelude,' in rhymeless Catullian verse, in the first series of the 'Odi Barbare.'

But Carducci is much more than 'the high-priest of impeccable form.' He is a poet inspired by a lofty patriotism, a poet troubled by the deep problems of modern life, a prophet of high destinies, national and mundane. Even 'the pagan note' throughout his work, sane and wise as no small part of it indubitably is, must not be

over-emphasised. We find this pagan note, it is true, in every personal utterance even of the graver poet of mature age; but now it is the utterance of one who realises that in the pagan spirit alone lies no likelihood of escape from the Slough of Despond. In contemporary Italian literature Carducci stands pre-eminent as the poet who has given his whole life to the service of his art, to the persistent ideal to re-create in beauty and distinction, to make his own art ('*far l'arte*') in his own way: the poet who writes—

‘Or destruggiam. Dei secoli
Lo strato è sul pensiero:
O pochi e forti, all' opera,
Chè nei profondi è il vero.’ *

For fifty years Carducci has led the van of the literary *Risorgimento*. To-day he stands higher than ever, as immeasurably the greatest modern Italian poet. He has lived to see the seed both of his wise and unwise ‘paganism’ flourish, and philosophically to accept both harvests; but above all he has lived to rejoice that the nation at large is not only the richer but the stronger for what he has given of his best.

In one respect, at least, Gabriele D'Annunzio is to be mentioned with his great compatriot, for whatever be the shortcomings of this brilliant and fascinating personality—we speak of him solely as author and artist—he has the unique poetic temperament. For him, too, the ‘word’ is sacred, a secret minister, an ally to be won, at once slave and tyrant. For him, too, the one dominant ideal is ‘*far l'arte*,’ ‘to make art.’ D'Annunzio does not fall short of Carducci because of any lack of those shaping and colouring qualities which make for the rarest and highest art, but because, in the main, he has failed to see that it is not mere imagination that triumphs, but controlled imagination; that song must be the outcome of long spiritual meditation, so that from the greater depth it may soar to greater height; that spiritual understanding is as much the poet's concern as the swift flame of lyrical emotion. In a word, though D'Annunzio has

* ‘Now perforce we destroy. The highway of the ages is built upon thought. To the work, then, O few and strong, for truth is of the depths.’

all the artistic qualities, he has them to excess, so that there is no equipoise as with Carducci. Nor, with all his culture, his wide range, his cosmopolitan sympathies, has he the like instinctive scholarship—a scholarship that is something more than erudition, for we are thinking of a mental quality rather than of intellectual accomplishment. On the other hand, while more derivative than Carducci, he is not less lacking in originality. He is an instance, simply, of the literary temperament in alliance with that order of creative genius which must gather from many gardens, and in the gathering is both heedless as to what honey is stolen, and indifferent to what accusations are bandied. After all, the honey which the poet brings is all that need concern the critic of poetry. A poet's methods may be interesting; it is the results that convince, or do not convince.

Moreover, D'Annunzio is less derivative in his poetry than in his prose. At any rate he does not 'convey' in the one as he sometimes too audaciously does in the other; though there are notable exceptions to this generalisation, as, for example, in the very Maeterlinckian passage in the drama 'La Gloria,' where the group of physicians and others keep the vigil of death near the dying patrician. Of course as a young man he imitated, now Carducci, now Leopardi, now Baudelaire, now Catullus or the poets of the Greek Anthology, now Shelley, now de Musset. But these imitations were the tentative efforts of a potent personality that had not yet learned the height or direction of its true course.

Whether as poet or novelist, however, D'Annunzio is not properly understood in this country. This is partly because he is an extreme exemplar of the pagan side of the Latin temper, and of the Latin habit of mind. More and more, as we consider his already notable and variegated achievement, we believe that D'Annunzio's superabundant faults and shortcomings blind northerners, not only to his marvellous art, but to his power and influence as an accepted type, as a signal genius of the Latin race. The gulf between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon is greater than is commonly recognised in these days, when it is a commonplace that racial distinctions tend to disappear. It is, on the contrary, possible, perhaps probable, that *this* gulf grows deeper.

Nor has D'Annunzio yet said all that he has to say. It might indeed be urged that he has now been long enough before the public for judgment to be passed on his limitations, for an estimate all but certain as to what he can *not* do. But it must be remembered that the author of 'Primavere' was but a boy of fifteen; that the poet, dramatist, novelist of to-day is even now still a young man, being on the sunny side of forty.

It is as a poet of nature that D'Annunzio is at his best. With the exception of Giovanni Pascoli (to compare whom would be, as it were, to compare André Chénier and Baudelaire, or the author of 'Endymion' with the author of 'Poems and Ballads'), he has in this respect no rival. He has the compelling passion for the sea so characteristic of Swinburne; the love of mountain-solitude and lonely wilds so characteristic of Wordsworth, though a love less simple in sentiment and less natural in expression; something of the charm, too, that we find in Theocritus; something of the delicate and intimate touch of Tennyson. To this is added a rapt intensity of vision and emotion sometimes considered characteristically Celtic, though it is in truth too primitive and universal a quality to be adequately expressed by any literary label. We come to think of him at times, not as the D'Annunzio of scandal and criminal passion, but the poet pure and simple, as a faun become a man and a modern singer, who remembers old songs and the antique world, and at heart is a faun indeed, or at least 'veritamente un figlio della terra antica,' as in the 'Song of the Sun' in 'Canto Novo':—

'Sta il gran meriggio su questa di flutti e di piante
Verde azzurrina conca solitaria:
Ed io, come il fauno antico in agguato, m' ascondo,
Platano sacro, qui fra le chiome tue. . . .'

But if we are allured at times into this wonder-world of intimate nature, we are more often recalled to the sad world of weariness and disillusion, hearing the super-sensuous, decadent, *ennuyé* poet crying, 'O cessate! la musica mi stanca,' or 'Chi potrà darmi un qualche nuovo

* 'The high noon stands above this lonely dell, filled with blue-green foliage, as a shell with the waves of the sea; and I, like a faun of olden ambush, crouch beneath thy tresses, O sacred plane-tree!'

senso?' There is one thing inevitable for him who drinks too long and too deep from the cup of experience. If weariness and disillusion may inspire, they must also weaken the art of the poet who has thus drunken and not known when to throw the cup aside.

'Sono spogliati tutti i miei rosai.

Non più ghirlande! E la mia coppa è vuota.

Bevvi, bevvi e ribevvi. Al fine ignota

Non me nessuna ebrezza. . . .'

It is the salutary part of this poetry of weariness, so characteristic, not only of D'Annunzio, but of all he stands for in that decadent phase of thought and literature and life of which, on one side at least, he is the foremost exemplar, that, when revulsion is at hand, the reader is almost always won back by some beautiful vision of the world we know and love, or by some deep and sincere cry from the poet's heart—'Allor che su 'l vento maestrale mi balzava la strofe . . . squillando annanzi, O mare, O mare, O mare!'†

In his so-called decadent verse, too, there is much of great beauty, some of it at least being no more 'decadent' than is that poetic melancholy which is the habit of mind of all the poets of love, from Catullus or Omar Khayyâm to Leconte de Lisle and Carducci. Read, for instance, 'The Triumph of Iseult' (itself a metrical triumph in the difficult manner of Lorenzo di Medici), recalling as it does Villon and Swinburne and William Morris, and yet so unmistakably the poet's own, with its monotonously sweet refrain, 'for everything save love is vain':—

'Torna in fior di giovinezza

Isaotta Blanzesmano,

Dice: Tutto al mondo è vano.

Nè l'amore ogni dolcezza!'‡

That, too, is the poet's own—the stanza of Death, as a

* *Despoiled are all my rose-beds: no garlands now! And my cup is empty. I have drunk of it, I have drunk of it, again and again. And, at last, no intoxication is left to me to know. . . .'

† 'Then on the tempestuous wind my song turns, crying, with great longing, O sea, O sea, O sea!'

‡ 'Cometh again, in her flower of youth, Iseult of the White Hands. She says: "All the world is vain; in love only doth all sweetness live."'

iful woman, closing the procession, however much
vinevere and other stanzas suggest comparison with
ar lines of the poets named above:—

‘Chiude il gran corteo la Morte;
Non la dea de’ cemeteri,
Ma una fresca donna e forte
Cui valletti lusinghieri
Sono i Sogni ed i Piaceri
Da ’l gentil volto pagano.
Dice: Tutto al mondo è vano,
Ne l’ amore ogni dolcezza!’ *

perhaps one reason why D’Annunzio appeals more
gly than Carducci to the Italians of the North, to
rench of the North, to the Germans and ourselves,
at he has more of the love of the mysterious. In
f his most beautiful short poems, the ‘Vas Mysteri,’
e ‘Poema Paradisiaco’ volume of 1893, he makes
d a direct invocation to that veiled Muse: ‘Apriti
e, O tu che l’urna sei del Mistero!’ And, again,
se he is a prophet of ‘the joy to come’ . . . that
off day of the travailing generations’—

‘Cantate, O venti! Ne l’ ignoto mare
E l’ Isola promessa:
La come in sommo d’ un immenso altare
È la gioia promessa. . . .’

abriele D’Annunzio is now before his countrymen as
tional’ poet. We do not think that his essentially
l and emotional genius is well fitted for a sustained
; but of this perhaps no foreigner can properly judge.
while the lyrical epic of Garibaldi is in part given to
orld.† In judging this lyrical epic, or ‘epical series

At the end of the noble *cortège*, Death; not the sombre Lady of
, but a woman fresh and strong, whose flattering train-bearers are
s and Delights, each of a noble pagan beauty. And she too says:
he world is vain: in love only doth all sweetness live.”
he ‘Canzone di Garibaldi,’ published in 1901, is not, as many imagine,
lete work. The present instalment is a poem of twenty-two sections,
ting in all to 1004 lines. The actual title of this section is ‘The
of Caprera,’ and it is the third in a series of seven. In time we are
e the other ‘books’ or sections: (1) ‘The Birth of the Hero’; (2) ‘The
and the Pampas’; (4) ‘From Rome to the Pontine Marshes’;
sromonte and Mentana’; (6) ‘The Crown of Peace’; (7) ‘The
End.’

of lyrical chants,' one must bear in mind the author's own comment that the poems should be recited aloud rather than silently read, '*per vivere della sua piena vita musicale, ella ha bisogno di passare nella bocca sonante del dicitore.*' But it must be admitted that, with many fine lines, and frequent subtle and enchanting effects as in

‘Ei si ricorda nell’ alba di Novembre :
Quando salpò da Quarto era la sera,
Sera di Maggio conridere di stelle,’

there is also much mere rhetoric and at times a bathos sinking to the level of distinctly commonplace prose.

Here, as in matters of deeper import, it is to be wished that D'Annunzio had more of the intellectual pride and artistic control of his greater compatriot, Giosuè Carducci; the more so as his influence is becoming steadily more potent in Italy, despite obstacles of all kinds, and notwithstanding the animadversions, both wise and unwise, of perhaps the majority of the critics and of the reading-public. Carducci's high place is now beyond cavil. He for his part has ever thought of his to-morrow. Gabriele D'Annunzio has owed so much to French writers that it is to be wished he could more consistently have borne in mind, that he may henceforth bear in mind, the memorable words of Sainte-Beuve, '*C'est à ce lendemain sévère que tout artiste sérieux doit songer.*' And what better watchword could he, too, have than that of his master, the veteran Carducci, already adopted by Young Italy, fervent and hopeful: '*O pochi e forti, all' opera!*' '*To the good work, then, O ye few and strong!*'

Art. XIII.—EFFICIENCY IN THE SERVICES.

1. *The Great Alternative: a Plea for a National Policy.* By Spenser Wilkinson. New edition. Westminster: Constable, 1902.
2. *The Brain of an Army: a Popular Account of the German General Staff.* By Spenser Wilkinson. New edition. Westminster: Constable, 1895.
3. *The Brain of the Navy.* By Spenser Wilkinson. Westminster: Constable, 1895.
4. *The Nation's Awakening.* By Spenser Wilkinson. Westminster: Constable, 1896.
5. *The 'Times' History of the War in South Africa.* Vol. II. Edited by L. A. Amery. London: Sampson Low, 1902.
6. *The Army from Within.* By the Author of 'An Absent-minded War' [Captain Cairnes.] London: Sands, 1901.
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THE publication of a new edition of Mr Wilkinson's work, 'The Great Alternative,' comes at an opportune moment, when, with the sound of the rejoicings over the conclusion of an honourable peace already fading away into the past, men are everywhere asking whether or not England and the Empire are to profit by the experience of the thirty months of conflict now so fortunately ended. It is Mr Wilkinson's merit that he has proved himself one of the clearest thinkers upon vital questions of national policy, whether in the field of foreign affairs or in that of the management of the army and navy. In a series of notable works he has pointed out the defects in the present system; and any man conversant with his teaching could have foretold the misfortunes which, at the outset, befell our army in South Africa. He speaks, then, as one whose inductions have throughout been confirmed

by experience. But he is not merely a destructive critic; besides indicating the faults, he has suggested the remedies; and for that reason his views are worth careful examination.

The essential idea or purpose of his works is that of the application of organised knowledge to the problems of our national life. In his earlier writings he attempted to ascertain how and why it is that, in a world armed to the teeth, and in an age of universal compulsory service, England has rested content with a diminutive army recruited in extremely haphazard fashion and indifferently organised. The search for the answer to this question led him, as an officer in the volunteers, to undertake a long course of professional study, the first-fruits of which were a series of military monographs, published from ten to fifteen years ago by the Manchester Tactical Society. The excellence of these works has been so generally recognised by eminent soldiers in the army that we need not dwell further upon them or commend them further to the reader's attention. One in particular, an English version of the 'Order of Field-service for the German Army,' has been adopted by the War Office and officially declared to be a model translation of a professional military work.

In the purely professional and technical study of land warfare, the writer, as his subsequent works show, kept steadily in view the larger strategical and political aspects of the question. In 'The Nation's Awakening' and 'The Great Alternative,' for instance, he enunciated what was, at the time when these works were written, a new doctrine—that of the oneness of the sea from the strategical and political standpoints. In his examination of military institutions throughout the world, Mr Wilkinson necessarily devoted great attention to Germany; and from his investigation of the German system—pursued, not only by the study of German military literature, but also by personal research in Berlin, and by making acquaintance with many of the chief German leaders in the wars of 1866 and 1870—he came to see that the principal factor in the military greatness of Germany was her understanding of the importance of knowledge and the choice of leaders possessing it. The great General Staff at Berlin, which was the instrument both for the diffusion of kn

and the selection of men possessing it for high command, dominated the whole organism of the German army and won swift and striking success in the conflicts with Austria and France. It was the same method of organisation and the same employment of knowledge which secured for Germany numerous diplomatic victories under the direction of Bismarck and the Emperor William II.

One result of this close study of German institutions was 'The Brain of an Army,' describing the German Staff. This work was when it was published, and still remains, by far the most authoritative account of that organisation existing in any language. Count Moltke has testified to its excellence; it has been translated for use in the Italian army by the Italian staff. In England, however, it is to be feared that it found few readers, and it was certainly disregarded by the men responsible for the efficiency of the army and navy. Again and again it has been pointed out, in General Brackenbury's words, when giving evidence before the Select Committee of 1887 on the Army and Navy Estimates, that

'to the want of any . . . great central thinking department is due that want of economy and efficiency which to a certain extent exists in our army.'

But the phrase 'General Staff' meant little to the popular mind or even to the vast majority of British soldiers. It was not understood that only by the existence of such an organisation can an army be prevented from falling into a groove and developing that intense professional self-satisfaction which is the deadliest enemy of progress. The stern experience of the South African war has been needed to drive home the lesson which should have been taught by the history of 1866 and 1870, and to prove how grievously stolid conservatism and ignorance are punished in modern war.

In the British army there was, it is true, a simulacrum of a staff, but divested of all the features which render the German organisation so admirable. The German system aims at the perpetual interchange of officers between the theoretical and practical branches of the service, so as to avoid, above all things, the creation of a
f characterless pedants, who are, in the parlance
mere 'x-chasers,' and whose practical capacity

has not been thoroughly tested. There is the strictest possible elimination of all who prove themselves weak in character or lacking in application and mental ability, as the aim is to produce, by the training in the General Staff, a body of men who have studied war and policy as a whole, who have performed in peace the work which they would have to do in war, and who are specially fitted to take high commands. The General Staff, in fact, is a school for generals and organisers, as well as a means of obtaining the most accurate and thoroughly digested information as to the resources, strength, and military forces of all probable antagonists of Germany. How rigid and how merciless is the elimination of the unfit in Germany is not always understood in this country, which, by its attitude to generals who have failed signally in war, seems at times almost inclined to admire incapacity. Two recent examples may be mentioned, for, though they happen to be drawn from the German navy, the methods of the German army are precisely the same. In 1899 the Kaiser became dissatisfied with Admiral von Knorr, the head of the Oberkommando, that is to say, the designated commander-in-chief of the German fleet in war. Von Knorr was an officer of the most distinguished service, and was still young for his position, being only fifty-nine years of age. But it was his fault that he clung to the traditions of the past, and that he was for the use of masts and sails in training, whereas the Kaiser advocated more modern methods. So suddenly one morning the Oberkommandant disappeared into retirement with scarcely a word. Again, in 1893, after the naval manoeuvres, the Kaiser retired the vice-admiral commanding the permanent squadron, a rear-admiral only forty years of age, a captain, and four lieutenants. In the uncompromising words of the Prussian cabinet order of 1849,

‘It is necessary that the higher commands should be attained only by such officers as unite distinguished ability and military education with corresponding qualities of character’;

while another cabinet order directs that they are only to hold office so long as they possess that physical strength needful for service in war, and retain their energy and enthusiasm. The fundamental principle is thus to place the right man in the right place, when, if that man be

led by the fullest attainable knowledge, and held accountable for his acts, he may be trusted to do the right thing. It is really not a little remarkable that in all our study of German military institutions we never copied one most admirable of them all. It is so absolutely simple when understood; yet the truth is that the simplest and the most obvious reforms are generally the most difficult to effect.

This elaborate machinery for the discovery and selection of the ablest men naturally leads to the choice of the very best capacity for such responsible posts as the ministers in charge of the navy and army, and the chiefs of the staff of these two great branches of the military organisation of the state. The trained expert, in short, is placed in power; and the great principle of 'a career open to talent,' upon which, so far as we can discern underlying principles in the history of the world, depends the greatness of the state and nation, receives its fullest and most logical application. But it must not for one moment be supposed that it has been an easy matter to attain this result. The sacrifice of birth, precedence, and social influence to capacity is only possible, it may be, where the danger from without is great, and where the nation and its rulers are convinced that any departure from the ideal standard of efficiency will bring immediate and deplorable suffering upon every member of the body-politic. It is to the fact that Prussia had suffered so cruelly under Napoleon, and that throughout the first seven decades of the nineteenth century she had lost France, that the perfection of her present organisation is due. A much poorer state at that time than her rival, her only chance of victory lay in perfect organisation, and in the subordination of every aim to that of military efficiency. Even when the war of 1870 threatened her wealth and power, the danger from without remained. Lying between a hostile France and an ever-threatening Russia, her position was one of extreme peril, and could only be rendered secure by perpetual readiness for war upon the largest scale.

Clearly, then, it is the first axiom of German policy that at one end of the chain 'it is every citizen's duty to defend the state'; and that, at the other end, it is the state's duty to 'provide the highest capacity and the best

organisation so as to make certain that the citizen's life and sacrifices will not be wasted in war.' We find the whole system pervaded by the spirit which rejects half-hearted compromises or reasoning not pushed to its logical conclusion, which is, in fact, the exemplification of 'thorough.' The trained expert, familiar at once with theory and with the practical conduct of affairs in his profession, is placed in authority, and he is held personally responsible, the responsibility being rigidly enforced. There is none of that prodigious accumulation of 'checks and counter-checks' which is the distinguishing feature of the British system, with such effective result that responsibility is abolished and initiative in the services almost destroyed. There is no elaborate machinery for subordinating the army and navy to the caprice of party leaders. Ministers are answerable to the sovereign as representative of the nation, and not to some ephemeral politician, whose one aim may well be the retention of a party majority by sacrificing the army and navy to wild schemes for bribing what the scornful Romans called the '*misera ac jejuna plebecula*.' On the contrary, the security of the state from external attack is made the first interest; and to it all other aims are postponed.

There is no need to dilate upon the results thus obtained; it is sufficient to remark that in the conjunction of these three conditions, knowledge, power, and responsibility, Mr Wilkinson has rightly discerned the cause of the military superiority of Germany—using the word 'military' in the restricted sense of that which is connected with the army. From investigating the German Staff on the military side, he was naturally led to the naval side of the problem. He saw that Germany had used the same methods in the organisation of her fleet as she had for generations employed in the direction and organisation of her army; and that there too she had decided that the expert must direct, with full power, full knowledge, and full responsibility. Forthwith he began to examine the organisation of the British navy, to ascertain whether its system could be regarded as equal or superior to the German. A careful study of the Admiralty convinced him that it lacked the 'forethought department' and sharply defined responsibility which are the vital elements in German success, and led him to urge, in hi

'Brain of the Navy,' the necessity of placing the direction of the fleet in charge of a responsible expert, assisted by a staff in which knowledge should not be divorced from power. The proposal met with violent opposition from senior officers in the navy; it was derided by the press and the politicians; it was received with apathy by the public. But in the present year it has become a 'plank' in the platform of naval reform set up by Lord Charles Beresford, who has the advantage of being a popular favourite; and it is possible that his energetic advocacy may give it the prominence which it deserves.

Carrying his unflinching analysis yet further, Mr Wilkinson, in 'The Nation's Awakening,' showed that the defects in British foreign policy were due to the same want of organised intelligence and forethought that hampered the army and navy; and here again he urged that responsibility should be clearly defined, and that the Foreign Office should be organised in such a manner as to cover all the subjects dealt with comprehensively; while at the same time the Foreign Secretary should always be in touch with the responsible officers at the head of the army and navy, since these are the instruments by which foreign policy accomplishes its ends, and since upon foreign policy must entirely depend the preparedness of the services for possible conflicts. The head of the navy, for instance, must know the probable antagonists, if the navy is to be adequate, if proper plans are to be drawn up for the employment of the nation's armed forces, and if the distribution of fleets, upon which so much will depend, is, in time of peace, to be suited to the strategy to be employed in war. It is vital to the navy to be informed whether the danger is to be feared in the north or the south of Europe; whether relations in the Far East necessitate the presence in that quarter of the world of a strong fleet, and so forth. In fact, naval and military policy are only different aspects of foreign policy, and can never be divorced from it without the greatest danger to national interests.

All these arguments were urged many years ago by Mr Wilkinson. But unhappily, in the words of one of Mr Meredith's characters, 'to be far in advance of the mass is fruitless to mankind as straggling in the rear. For do we know they move behind us at all?' Yet

ideas, as it has been truly said, are stronger than armies; and events in South Africa have emphasised and, it may be, driven home the arguments which might otherwise have been neglected till some terrible disaster had awakened the British nation. It is fortunate that at this juncture there should be available so truthful, unprejudiced, and bold an account of the most critical period of that struggle as Mr Amery and his collaborators have given us in the second volume of 'The "Times" History of the War in South Africa.' 'The truth,' says the Russian General Woyde, 'is often disagreeable and painful; sometimes, indeed, its disclosure is regarded as an unpatriotic act.' But if there is to be real reform, the nation must be convinced of the need for reform, and that can only be accomplished by laying bare, with the tender mercilessness of the surgeon's scalpel, the shortcomings of the British military organisation, as exemplified in the greatest war which it has fought since the struggle with Napoleon ended.

It is a striking corroboration of the accuracy of Mr Wilkinson's analysis that the faults detected by Mr Amery should, almost without exception, be attributable to the want of the responsible expert in control at home, and to the absence of a General Staff of the modern pattern. An admirable chapter in the 'Times' History deals with the British military system, and points out that the regular army 'remained a close corporation, wedded to the traditions of its own past, and sundered from the main stream of the national life' (p. 3). It had failed to grasp the secret of Prussian success, which lay, as Mr Wilkinson pointed out, in

'the absolute supremacy assigned to intellectual ability throughout the army—a supremacy which found its highest expression in the great General Staff, whose business was to think out in peace every possible contingency of war' (p. 8).

Yet this 'supremacy of brains and planning out of all operations of war in time of peace are essential to military success all the world over.' There was, it is true, an Intelligence Department, but it had no power or authority, and little money.

'It was starved in men and money to an extent that seems hardly credible. Whereas the German General Staff employed

over three hundred officers, and spent altogether some 270,000*l.* a year, the Intelligence and Mobilisation Divisions of the British Army employed some seventeen officers at a cost of 11,000*l.* . . . Far worse than the starved condition of the Intelligence Division, was its lack of authority. It was a mere information bureau, with absolutely no control over military policy. Its investigations were not directed with the sense of responsibility that belongs to those who inquire in order to act upon their own information, nor had it the power to insist upon the taking of those measures of the necessity of which its special knowledge convinced it' (pp. 39, 40).

It was, in fact, a compromise, not a logically constructed organism. If given power, it would have deranged the political machine, and so it was told to sit down and think about everything in general and nothing in particular, as a concession to those bold spirits who declared that it was really necessary to have in the military system some agency for collecting knowledge. Little attention was paid to its thoughts and its discoveries. It ascertained, with some approach to accuracy, the numbers the Boers could put in the field and the strength of their artillery; but its estimates seem to have been dismissed by other officials in the War Office as 'exaggerated.' It certainly failed to grasp the formidable character of the Boers as fighters, their extreme mobility, and the futility of attacking such antagonists with an army in which 'unmounted men' were preferred. It is true that the delusions of the Intelligence Department and of the authorities were shared by the public and the press; but the Intelligence Department, had it been organised as was the German Staff so far back as 1865, should have had at its disposal the materials for forming a correct forecast. The official history of the Transvaal war of 1880-1, had such a work existed, would have indicated what was to be feared, and what in point of fact did actually occur.

The consequence of this absence of a thinking department, possessed of power and responsibility, was seen in many directions. In the first place the army had lost sight of the fact that war and the training of officers and men for war were the ends of its existence.

'Nowhere was there any definite preparation for war, nowhere any clear conception that war was the one end and

object for which armies exist. In their place reigned a continuous bustling activity about the details of the daily life of the Army, and a hazy confidence that British good fortune and British courage would always come successfully out of any war that the inscrutable mysteries of foreign policy might bring about. The Army was regarded less as an instrument of war, to be kept ever ready for use, than as a state-established institution to be maintained for its own sake' (p. 40).

It followed, as a matter of course, that education and tactical training were neglected. The methods of training were those of the eighteenth century, not of the twentieth, just as the system of command was modelled upon that prevailing in armies before the modern idea of initiative had been developed (p. 37). The soldier's time was taken up, not with learning to fight and use his weapon, but with parade movements, mounting guard, polishing brass buttons which superiors had placed on his uniform, and, 'in general, acting as charwoman, gardener, porter, cook, valet, clerk, and general servant to the regiment and his officers.' His rifle-practice was limited to the expenditure of 200 rounds a year, fired at targets totally dissimilar to anything he would have to shoot at in the field. No trouble, the late Captain Cairnes tells us in his 'Army from Within,' was taken to teach the men distance-judging.

'Though troops are annually taken out to judge distance, the whole thing has degenerated into a farce, as no prizes for skill are given, and it is a matter of no importance whatever whether the soldier judges well or badly' (p. 67).

Owing to the unpractical uniform, and the miserliness of the state in refusing to pay the men for damage to clothes and boots in field-days and manœuvres, the private detested those rare exercises which were calculated to give him some dim idea of what would be required of him in war; while, as the state paid him an inadequate price for his services, it did not dare to work him hard lest recruiting should be thereby affected. In the words of Lord Wolseley, uttered on the eve of the war,

'Long days and nights out of bed seriously affect the recruiting of a voluntary army, and we cannot afford to ignore *this fact*. To work our men during manœuvres, as is often *done abroad*, would necessitate a far greater pressure upon

our young soldiers than those responsible for the recruiting of our volunteer army can venture to impose, during peace, upon the rank and file.'

All initiative in the soldier was sternly repressed. Independent firing was not encouraged, because, it was argued, the private, being 'stupid' and improvident, would hurriedly fire off all his ammunition. The clip-load to his magazine-rifle was rejected for the same reason. 'Crisp' volleys (which in war hit nothing) were preferred; and upon one occasion at least—at Nicholson's Nek—this meant losing the battle, because it enabled the enemy to approach with impunity.

The education and training of the officers were on the same level as that of the men, as is shown by the report of the committee on this subject. In the words of Mr Maguire,

'The whole system of selecting officers is a premium on the carelessness of officials and the incompetence of teachers, writers of text-books, and examiners. Nothing could possibly have been worse done than military education, before a man gets a commission in the Regular Army for the past fifteen years, and the results are not far to seek. It is extraordinary how deeply rooted in England . . . is the delusion that mere physique is the first qualification for a commission in the Army, and that the next is money, the next skill in games of ball, . . . and the last, general intelligence and culture.*'

A slavish obedience was enjoined upon the officer, and he was taught to regard it almost as a crime to think and act for himself. Whatever he did, his superior stood over him; divisional generals meddling with the internal management of brigades, colonels with companies, and so on down the hierarchy of command. A vast manual of many hundred rules and regulations contained provisions for everything that could possibly occur; and apparently it was supposed that, when surrounded and outnumbered, all that an officer would have to do was to send for this work and hunt up the particular rule applying to the situation. Initiative was a word without meaning; and it required a minute from Lord Roberts in 1902 to reimnd

* 'National Review,' December 1900. Cf. Report of the Committee on Military Education, evidence of Lord Roberts, pp. 314-15.

the army that 'it is impossible for any system of peace-training to provide rules of action for the various emergencies which may arise in war,' though this principle had been grasped by the Germans before 1866, and has since that date been recognised in the field-orders of every great continental army.

Of all the defects in training, this want of initiative and unreadiness to assume responsibility worked the greatest evil in the field, because these became habits of mind, and once acquired could not be eliminated. Initiative is the word which best expresses the mental qualities required in an officer, who, knowing the general aim of the army in which his command is a unit, strives to attain that aim by going beyond the letter of his instructions while obeying them in the spirit. There may have been such a change in the situation since the time when the order was issued that literal obedience to it would mean failure or disaster; and in such a case an officer trained in modern German or French or Russian methods would disobey, because in disobeying he would be carrying out the army's purpose, and so fulfilling the spirit of his orders. Initiative involves clear orders, indicating the purpose of the operations, and intelligent subordinates.

The classical example of initiative in British military history is to be found in Nelson's conduct at St Vincent, where, seeing that Jervis's order to 'tack in succession' would lead to the escape of the Spanish fleet, he boldly wore his ship out of the line and fell upon the retiring enemy. The red-tape officer of the age, typified by Calder, complained of his act, and regarded it as sheer disobedience. No less striking an example is to be found in the conduct of De Wet at Nicholson's Nek. Acting entirely on his own responsibility, he seized, with only a small detachment of burghers, the northern slope of the hill on which Carleton's unlucky column was making its stand. He was reinforced by Commandant Van Dam, again on the latter's initiative, though Van Dam had been ordered by Joubert to take up quite a different position. Neither consulted manuals or regulations; neither waited for orders from headquarters; both saw what ought to be done to fulfil Joubert's purpose, and did it then and there.

Mr Amery's work is full of examples in which British

officers failed entirely to display such initiative; but perhaps the classical example is to be found at a date later than that to which this instalment brings us, when, in the chase of De Wet, in February of last year, a column commander, on the receipt of orders from Pretoria, marched off his column, then close on the heels of De Wet, away from the enemy. But the famous words, 'cannot accept responsibility,' have throughout been the explanation of many of our failures. At Talana the colonel commanding the artillery, when the hill was carried, and the Boers were retreating under the very muzzles of his guns, sent for orders to shell them, instead of acting promptly on his own initiative. At Nicholson's Nek, when the white flag was first shown from a sangar seventy yards away, the nearest officer, instead of ordering it to be lowered, sent back to his superior officer to ask what he should do. At Colenso a general commanding a brigade refused to assist the mounted brigade in its attempt to carry Hlangwane, alleging that he had orders not to commit his force. In fact, the want of initiative at every turn leads to a paralysing inactivity, as the result of which the finest opportunities are thrown away.

Such being the case with the inferior ranks, the generals in command were of necessity handicapped, though in some degree it was their own fault that their subordinates were so badly trained. And, in the absence of such machinery as the German General Staff affords for selecting the best generals and eliminating such as are physically and morally unfit for the terrible strain of modern war, it followed that they were too often chosen for their popularity or for their social influence or for their successes in petty wars. The experience gained in such manœuvres as had been held was overlooked. General Buller, who was selected as commander-in-chief, had, in 1898, made mistakes on Salisbury Plain which, had he been a German officer, might have led to his retirement, and would certainly have forbidden his selection for such a task; while Sir George White, who at the last moment was sent out to Natal, was not in the best physical health. None of the superior officers at the outset would appear to have appreciated the difficulties of the campaign upon which they were embarking. The want of a General Staff to provide them with sound in-

formation, and to give them such an education as is needed by the modern soldier was cruelly felt at every turn. In the absence of a reasoned estimate of the enemy's strength and fighting power, we find panic and the rashest confidence alternating in their minds; and the one tactical idea apparent in the earlier battles of the war was that of rushing impetuously at the enemy, no matter how strong his position. Thus General Buller planned at Colenso a battle which under no conceivable circumstance could end otherwise than in disaster; and Lord Methuen delivered repeated frontal assaults upon strong prepared positions. Many of the failures of the opening months of the war must, no doubt, be attributed to the want of mounted men; but this is only another illustration of the culpable ignorance in which the military authorities, including General Buller himself, were lapped.

The generalship, indeed, of the first period of the war is startlingly similar to that of the French Imperial army in the war of 1870. Military precautions are neglected; troops are surprised; Symons at Dundee is taken wholly off his guard at morning coffee, exactly as was Douay at Wissembourg; the same alternations of dangerous rashness and humiliating fear of the enemy are discernible; the same passivity on the part of subordinate commanders; the same inability to make use of what mounted men were with the troops; the same complete ignorance as to what the enemy were doing, where they were, or what was their strength; the same tendency to bring, not every man into battle, but a mere fraction or portion of the force available. Just as the French despised the Germans before the war, as mere militia, so the British leaders generally seem to have imagined that the simple appearance of a force composed of fifty thousand men of the three arms would terrify the Boers and crush all opposition, and that 'armed farmers' would be able to offer no effective resistance to our legions.

The explanation of these striking similarities was, without doubt, the absence in both countries of that appreciation of the real situation which could be given only by the systematic and unceasing work of a General Staff, gradually diffusing itself through the nation; and the want of that careful system of selection for merit and attainments, and for merit and attainments alone, which

places a premium upon knowledge and capacity, and which supplies the incentive to work in the officer. Not without reason does the British Committee on Military Education in its report declare 'most emphatically' (p. 39)—

'that the only chance of a general improvement in military education and in the consequent efficiency of the army lies in an honest system of promotion by merit, following upon tests conducted in an honest and practical manner, honestly reported on, and duly acted upon by the authorities. So long as mediocrity is permitted to pass muster and signal ability to meet with no substantial recognition, it is useless to hope for any valuable results from verbal amendments in the regulations. No examinations, however well planned, either of candidates before entry, or of officers after joining, can of themselves make good officers.'

In a word, as we have already seen, a good General Staff is the mainspring of the military machine; and to expect the latter to function satisfactorily in its absence is completely to misunderstand human nature. Men will not learn if the fool and the wise man are held in the same estimation, and if birth and social influence are a surer road to honour than capacity and instruction. The officers in garrison at Ladysmith before the war played tennis instead of studying the topography of the country,* because they had never been encouraged or obliged to study their business, except from books and for examination purposes at the normal times of promotion. The lamentable want of interest in the science of the profession is emphasised by Sir Ian Hamilton in his evidence before the Committee, and is, indeed, matter of common notoriety. Sedan would hardly have been won if it had been 'bad form' to talk 'shop' in the German army.

A contributing cause of much of the incapacity shown was the miserliness and improvidence of the Treasury, which refused to make preparations for possible contingencies, and set its face against any expenditure of money however necessary and however small, so that a protracted correspondence was generally needed to extract from it funds for any object. The evidence given before

* In spite of the want of inducements to professional work, one officer did survey the neighbourhood of Ladysmith carefully, but his drawings do not appear to have been used by the army.

the Committee on Military Education teems with examples of this misdirected miserliness. For example, the charges at the military academies are stated to have been extortionate; the accommodation bad; the classrooms of prehistoric pattern; the servants wretchedly paid, and, as a consequence, indifferent in quality; the instructors inadequate in number; and at Woolwich the appliances provided for acquiring practical knowledge of artillery material, wretched. What are we to say of an administration which provides for such a purpose a muzzle-loading howitzer without a carriage, and which leaves cadets almost without modern breech-loading and quick-firing guns, other than those lent by private firms, with which to learn their duties? But, as Mr Amery sarcastically declares,

‘that nine stitches after are better than one stitch in time has ever been the creed of Chancellors of the Exchequer, in whose eyes forethought and imagination are only due to the evil promptings of the original sin of extravagance.’

The truth of the remark is only too clearly proved by such examples as we have adduced, and by the yet graver fact that, on the very eve of war in South Africa, the Treasury was still refusing to provide transport and the necessary horse-fittings for the conveyance by sea of cavalry and artillery. It makes matters yet worse that, in thus acting, Ministers were overriding the advice of their professional guides at the War Office. Lord Wolseley has revealed the fact that, so far back as June, 1899, he had urged the mobilisation of an army-corps in England, and the completion of all preparations for a campaign. But his judgment was overruled, just precisely as, for all we know, on the eve of a great naval war, the advice of the Admiralty may be overruled when it urges timely mobilisation.

This brings us to what is the most important of all questions from the national point of view: How far do the same faults, which so nearly brought disaster in South Africa, exist in our navy? For here there may well be no possibility of repairing initial errors. We shall have to deal, not with states of only some tens of thousands of inhabitants, but with powerful and perfectly prepared opponents, who have for years been studiously

improving their organisation. Upon the shoulders of our admirals will fall the task, not of protecting some distant colony from attack, but of assuring the food-supply, the commerce, and the safety of the nerve-centre of the Empire. These tasks will be stupendous, even if the organisation is of the best; if it is not of the best, disaster is not only probable but almost inevitable.

The first point to notice is that our naval organisation exhibits the same want of clearly defined responsibility as our military, if, indeed, it be not actually worse. There is no General Staff in which power and responsibility go hand in hand; there is, however, the same vicious arrangement of an Intelligence Department divorced from authority and starved. The whole system leaves out of sight the requirements of war; it is devised for peace, and for peace alone. At the head of the navy is a civilian Minister with no technical knowledge and no responsibility, but with almost omnipotent authority, subject to the usual daily battle-royal with the Treasury, to extract from that institution the funds required for shipbuilding, and for the general purposes of the service. The Minister cannot be arraigned if he neglects the fleet, or if he sacrifices its efficiency to such party considerations as the desire to spend little and so reduce taxation. He holds a position in the Cabinet subordinate to that of the Secretary of State for the army; and at every turn the interests of the navy are postponed to those of the army. The annual cost of the navy, including all items, is about 33,000,000*l.*; that of the home and Indian army reaches the enormous figure, according to Sir Charles Dilke, of 45,000,000*l.*, though it is certainly much easier to improvise army-corps than fleets. It cannot but be concluded that either we are expending a great deal too little on the fleet, or a great deal too much on the army. And it is to be noted that the pay of the army has just been raised, while the blue-jacket has as yet received no such concession, and in all probability will not obtain it till recruiting falls off, or there are open signs of discontent.

Under the civilian Minister are a number of naval officers, who are supposed to be equal in authority, though actually the First Sea-lord is regarded as *inter pares*, a phrase which has little meaning *inter pares*

issued in the name of the Board. The distribution of duties between these various officers seems to have been carefully devised to eliminate all possibility of responsibility for any defect being brought home to any one of them. In Mr Wilkinson's words,

'Each lord has under his charge some dozen items, selected almost at random, the important matters going to the senior, and those less attractive to the juniors. In short there is not, except as regards the rough distinction between *personnel* and *matériel*, any departmental organisation, any principle of classification of authority and responsibility according to subjects.' ('The Brain of the Navy,' p. 45.)

It is this remarkable committee or council of war which is to direct our navy in the conflict of the future. Yet in no point is the warning of military history so emphatic as on this, that a committee cannot successfully conduct a serious war. In the words of Moltke, as quoted by Mr Wilkinson,

'Surround a commander with a number of independent men—the more numerous, the more distinguished, the abler they are, and the worse it will be—let him hear the advice now of one, now of another; let him carry out, up to a certain point, a measure judicious in itself, then adopt a still more judicious but different plan, and then be convinced by the thoroughly sound objections of a third adviser, and the remedial suggestions of a fourth—it is a hundred to one that, though for each of his measures excellent reasons can be given, he will lose the campaign.' ('The Brain of an Army,' p. 60.)

The British organisation seems expressly devised to reproduce all the defects against which Moltke warns his countrymen in this passage, with this crowning blunder, that the direction of fleets and squadrons is made over to a civilian commander-in-chief. Was there ever a more extraordinary arrangement outside China?

It is indeed alleged that with this organisation we gained our victories in the Napoleonic war; and Mr Balfour was so much enamoured of it that he introduced it into the War Office in 1895, with results which were felt at every turn in South Africa. But the fact is that the organisation of the Napoleonic wars was totally different, though, like the organisation of to-day, it was defective enough, and the fleet won rather in spite of than because

of it. To take a single instance, our ablest admiral by the verdict of posterity, Nelson, was sent to Copenhagen upon a most difficult errand under an incompetent superior, thus causing unnecessary waste of life and imperilling the fleet. St Vincent and Nelson both bitterly criticise the Admiralty in their letters; and these are not the irresponsible utterances of 'mere theorists,' but of practical men of the highest capacity. It must further be remembered that no science has made greater progress in the past generation than that of organisation, and that it is even more vital to be up to date in this matter than in ships and guns. A good organisation will produce good material; but the best material may be misused by a faulty organisation.

It is a very startling sign of some radical defect at headquarters that all the great additions to the navy have been made, not as the result of action on the part of the Admiralty Board, but as the result of public pressure from without. The agitations of 1885, 1889, and 1893 are sufficient proof, if proof be needed. In France, in Germany, in Japan, in the United States, and in Russia the Admiralty is always in advance of public opinion; that is to say, it often asks more than the national representatives and the press are willing to concede. In England it asks less, and has to be pushed forward. The members of the Board, having no responsibility, may urge the building of more ships or the enrolling of more men, but, if the irresponsible politician refuses to listen to them, they are under no moral obligation to resign. There is a letter written in 1884 by Admiral Key, First Sea-lord under Lord Northbrook, to Hornby, in which Key says:

'If you had seen what I had written, heard what I have said at the Board, you would know how I have been disturbed about the absurdly small sum the Government are asking' (for shipbuilding); 'and you will not find it will be said in either House that the First Sea-lord considers the proposals sufficient. I have protested against them as insufficient. I have scarcely slept for the last five nights, having been so worried about it. . . . It is made a Cabinet question, and I have had my say.' (Colomb, 'Memoirs of Sir A. Cooper Key,' p. 451.)

At the very moment when Key was writing thus, a politician was assuring the House of Commons that he could

substitute 'accurate facts for the imperfect information on which the criticism to which the Admiralty had been subjected was founded,' the conclusion from his 'accurate facts' being that there was no danger whatever; and this despite the protests of the First Sea-lord. It will be noted that this First Sea-lord placed all the responsibility on the Cabinet, and rested content with a protest of which the public heard and knew nothing.

Sometimes the First Sea-lord is found to be blind to the danger, because he has been badly selected and is not in close touch with the progress of foreign fleets. A notorious instance of this was Admiral Sir A. Hood, who, on the eve of the Naval Defence Act, asserted that the fleet did not require strengthening. Now and then a strong man in office will assert himself, as Sir F. Richards did in 1893, when, Sir W. Harcourt having represented that the Sea-lords were satisfied with the fleet, the Sea-lords in a body threatened to resign; but such instances are rare. We have it openly admitted by admirals that not the naval requirements of the fleet, but financial, or in other words political, considerations determine the shipbuilding programme. In Admiral Hoskins' words 'expense,' not efficiency, 'governs everything.' The following question was put to him by the Committee on Navy Estimates in 1888 (Parl. Papers (1888), 142, p. 60):—

Question. With reference to the building programme of the navy, are you under the idea that the building programme is adjusted by the necessities of the case for defence, or by the amount which Parliament, or the First Lord of the Admiralty, thinks necessary to give for building?

Answer. I should rather not answer that question.'

We have it on the one hand laid down by a committee of admirals that for victory in war the British fleet must have a superiority in battle-ships to the antagonist of five, or at the very least four, to three; and on the other we have the fact that this standard has never in practice been reached or approached. It is believed that in the present year the Intelligence Department holds that more ships are needed; and yet we are only laying down two battle-ships to the French four and the German two, and no attention is being paid to the representations of the department, which, divorced from guidance and authority,

is unable to make its voice heard by the nation. Every precaution, indeed, seems to have been taken to prevent its views from reaching the Cabinet. The head of the department communicates them to the First Sea-lord; the First Sea-lord passes them on to the First Lord; and the First Lord, who has no expert knowledge, in turn places them, if he feels so disposed, before the Prime Minister and the inner circle of the administration. Thus they reach the Cabinet, if they reach it at all, at third hand; and what that means is obvious to any thinking man.

The position of the Intelligence Department is, indeed, pitiable. In conformity with precedent it is regarded by the Treasury as being of far less importance than the corresponding army department, though the experience of the South African war proves this to have been miserably equipped with funds and secret-service money. It is receiving in the present year the sum of 10,926*l.*, as compared with 16,679*l.* which has been voted for the Military Intelligence branch. To suppose that with this sum it can acquire the information needed is to conclude that the Germans, who are not usually given to reckless extravagance, are actually flinging money away when they devote over 270,000*l.* to the General Staff of their army. From an answer given to Sir J. Colomb in the House of Commons, it appears that so important and onerous a task as 'collecting, digesting, and tabulating all necessary information respecting merchant shipping and operations of sea commerce' is assigned to one post-captain, paid, let us say, 800*l.* a year, who is now to have an assistant. After this it causes no surprise to find that no arrangements have been made in concert with the ship-owners for the defence of our merchant shipping on the outbreak of war.

Small wonder will be felt at the fact that with such an organisation Mr Hurd, in his excellent 'Naval Efficiency,' is able to indicate many directions in which our fleet is unprepared for war, and in which money has been well-nigh wasted on defective material. To summarise some of the points he raises: we have no naval base on the North Sea, in spite of the growing strength of Germany in this direction; we have not sea-going ships enough to fit out a North Sea squadron; we are not taking s

care to secure homogeneity in our commissioned fleets; we are without cruisers capable of overtaking the newer German liners; we are without an adequate trained reserve; our fleets lack the auxiliaries which admirals declare to be needful for their efficiency in war; and, owing to the unbusinesslike procedure and the lack of modern machinery in our dockyards, our shipbuilding programme is in woeful confusion and disorder. An expert witness, quoted by Mr Hurd, speaks thus of Portsmouth:

'The whole dockyard seems to be demoralised; men are taken off one job and put on another, and much waste of time is the result. Unnecessary tasks are undertaken and essential work is neglected, and the yard has lost the reputation that it once boasted. . . . A few years ago . . . these Government establishments reached their highest efficiency, and battle-ships were ready for sea within two years of their keel-plates being laid down. Now from four to five years is the time occupied.'

Side by side with this waste and muddle are found indications of defective intelligence and experimental work. For instance, we persisted in building huge, unarmoured, slow, and under-gunned cruisers, when everywhere abroad armoured cruisers were being built. We clung to cordite, though with it high velocities and great penetrative power were impossible, while foreign Powers were adopting powders which gave far superior results. We tried capped shell and pronounced them useless, and then, six years later, discovered, not only that every progressive navy was using them, but that they would at battle-ranges perforate our best and most modern armour. We maintained in the Mediterranean a weak fleet; and it needed the threats of resignation by naval officers, backed by a public agitation, to secure reinforcements. In short, at every turn we see the result of allowing our organisation to fall behind the times; and, though we are spending immense sums, there is every indication that we are not getting good value for our money.*

The coping-stone on the edifice of disorganisation is

* Of recent years the cost of shipbuilding in England has risen above the cost of shipbuilding in Germany (Süssenguth, 'Marine Rundschau,' March 1899)—a state of affairs for which there is no excuse except bad *management*.

at no arrangements have been worked out for co-operation between the army and the navy. The defence of the Empire must be the joint work of the two services; and the present view of war is profoundly illogical which places them in two separate water-tight compartments. We have only to turn to Germany to see what should be done. There officers of the army are year by year sent afloat to obtain thorough knowledge of the navy, while, in the same way, naval officers serve at the land manœuvres to gain a practical acquaintance with the problems of land war. At the head of both services—and no merely titular head—is the Emperor, securing absolute co-ordination of effort. With us there are a number of shadowy Committees, the functions of which have never been clearly explained. There is the Committee of the Cabinet for National Defence, of the meetings of which, if they ever occur, the public is not permitted to have cognisance, and which keeps no minutes; and there is the Joint Naval and Military Committee of Defence, which is supposed to arrange matters concerning the two services. The lack of co-operation between the services was admirably illustrated when, in 1891, Mr Brodrick, the Secretary of State for War, proposed in the House of Commons a scheme for garrisoning certain of the coaling stations with marines, which the Admiralty, who control the marines, had never accepted. The state of our coast defences was long since declared by an expert American officer* to be 'notably the most inefficient of any of the great European Powers, owing to divided control, lack of co-operation, absence of digested schemes for mutual support'; and this judgment was confirmed by the manœuvres of 1900, when the army officers shed search-lights in the face of navigators entering friendly ports, and fired on friendly ships, with consequences which might have been disastrous had not the ammunition been blank.

These concrete instances prove that the necessity for reform and reorganisation is pressing, and that unless our administration is reconstructed the Empire will run the greatest risk of defeat in war. The difficulty is to reconcile administrative efficiency with the limitations of our constitution, which, as Lord Salisbury declared in 1900,

* Lieut. Colwell, U.S.N., 'Naval Annual,' 1889, p. 36.

'is not, as at present worked, a good fighting machine. . . . It becomes us to think whether we must not in some degree modify our arrangements in order to meet the danger that at any moment may arise.'

We have to adjust machinery, originally contrived to overcome domestic difficulties, to the needs of a time when the danger is from without, not within. In the past the executive was, on the whole, wide-awake; the government was an oligarchy; the science of organisation abroad was in its infancy, so that we had ample time to prepare when armed conflicts came upon us; and the will to prepare was rarely wanting. Against Napoleon, for example, in 1803, the researches of Captain Desbrière have shown that our fleet was ready when the French fleet was quite unprepared. But in the last two generations everything has altered. Internally we are a democracy, with our attention concentrated upon domestic affairs; externally the danger has become alarming, and the possible antagonists are perfectly organised, with the object of employing, at the very outset, the maximum of force within the minimum of time.

The position is all the more serious inasmuch as the Foreign Office is so organised as to be incapable of giving timely warning. Here the various sub-departments are lost in detail, and there is no bureau of general information; and an establishment which sufficed for a time when foreign affairs were practically confined to Europe is expected to do the work of an age when a foreign secretary has to 'survey mankind from China to Peru.' Hence surprises of the most damaging nature are sprung upon the nation, and irreparable mistakes are made. Delagoa Bay was lost because there was no one to understand its future possibilities, when it might have been acquired for a ridiculous trifle. Germany was regarded as a friend, and the strategically invaluable island of Heligoland was given to her in exchange for territory which was of little value. In West Africa France was allowed to wall in British colonies by seizing their hinterland, to invade British territory and to shoot down British troops without giving any satisfaction. In the Congo she has been permitted to violate the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin, with disastrous consequences to British trade.

In Tunis and Madagascar concessions were made to her which were nicknamed 'graceful,' but which were actually either improvident or cowardly. In China, during the whole crisis of 1897-8, the Foreign Office was behind the daily press in its information. A treaty was concluded with Germany with reference to the Yang-tze valley, which gave the Germans equal rights there with ourselves, in exchange for some vague promises, which were openly repudiated in the Reichstag. The man in the street may be pardoned for not being able to find Sin-min-ting on the map; but, when we find ministers equally ignorant, we are sadly reminded of the days when a prime minister was unaware that Cape Breton was an island. Such an instance shows how grave is the need of an adequate system of intelligence in the Foreign Office. It is one of the worst features of our recent foreign policy that too often it is content to throw dust in the eyes of the public by gaining some nominal concession, while sacrificing real interests. A melancholy example of this practice is supplied by the leasing of Wei-hai-wei as an excellent naval base and a complete counterpoise to Port Arthur, followed by a public confession of its inutility in the refusal to fortify the position; and again in the profession of a strenuous determination to maintain the 'open door' at all costs, only to be followed by tame acquiescence in the closure of this open door in Manchuria. It may have been right not to fight Russia on such an issue, but what was done was to delude the public with the idea that British commercial interests had been assured, when in fact they had been surrendered.

What is needed is a change in the system—the effective men at the top, with special knowledge, a free hand in the management of their departments, and far more publicity. Much nonsense is talked about the need for official secrecy, but experience proves that, as a rule, this secrecy is only useful to veil incompetency. The preparation and publication of annual reports covering the work of the great offices is a practical and attainable measure, but even this is resisted with the utmost determination by officialdom. It matters nothing to some people that the foreigner knows everything which is hidden from Englishmen, or that, when British correspondents are forbidden to reproduce a plan of the tactics

employed in the naval action in the Channel which closed the last manœuvres, the German 'Marine Rundschau' promptly published it in full detail. Whatever reforms are attempted, the responsibility at the Admiralty should be clearly defined. The First Sea-lord should know he will have to answer for the strength of the fleet and the strategy employed in war, while without delay a General Staff should be organised in both military departments. There is no great difficulty in the way of giving the professional heads of the army and navy seats in the Cabinet when questions of foreign policy or war, either actual or possible, are being considered. Soldiers and sailors all the world over are constantly being confronted with questions which are really questions of foreign policy; and the responsible commanders can only know for what wars to be prepared if they are in close touch with the minister who directs foreign policy.

But until the public and the press follow these questions of policy with a much deeper interest than they at present display, we may find that the experts are once more overridden and precautions neglected. Even the best machinery will not work well without the closest supervision and the highest sense of duty on the part both of officials and the public. Yet we have a naval officer declaring in the public press, as a defence of another naval officer whose practical capacity has, justly or unjustly, been impugned, that, if officials were required to resign when they could not secure efficiency, 'there would be a stampede of admirals, generals, captains, colonels, and members of Parliament all over the country.' Some will hold that, if so, the sooner there is such a stampede the better. In an age of conflict, when we may have to confront the most perfect organisation conceivable, it is impossible for England to rest content with a system which produces an uneducated army, an ill-prepared navy, and an inadequately informed Foreign Office.

Art. XIV.—THE CRYING NEED OF SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *Terms of Surrender of the Boer Forces.* Correspondence presented to Parliament, June 1902. (Cd. 1096.)
2. *Lord Milner and South Africa.* By E. B. Iwan Müller. London: Heinemann, 1902.
3. *Report of the British Women's Emigration Association,* 1901.
4. *The New South Africa.* By W. Bleloch. London: Heinemann, 1901.
5. *History of South Africa.* By G. McC. Theal. Five volumes. London: Sonnenschein, 1891-1900.

SINCE the articles which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' for January and April, 1901, on the 'Settlement of South Africa,' were written, the subject has been transferred from the region of speculation into the sphere of practical politics by the surrender of the Boers and the cessation of hostilities.

Unconditional surrender, in the modern conception of the phrase, has a signification widely different from the delivering up of the vanquished to what was euphemistically called 'justice' in the Middle Ages. The terms imposed upon the Boers have been characterised by the civilised world as magnanimous, and well deserve the approbation which they have received. It is no new thing to the Boers to live under British rule; and their acceptance of the position of subjects of the King was no wrench to their consciences.

Let us briefly recapitulate the terms of surrender signed at Pretoria on May 31.

1. Laying down of arms, cessation of resistance, and recognition of the King as lawful sovereign.
2. Gradual repatriation of burghers.
3. Guarantee of personal liberty and property.
4. Immunity from legal proceedings in connexion with the war, except for acts contrary to the usages of war.
5. Dutch to be taught in schools, where parents desire, and to be allowed in courts of law when necessary for the administration of justice.
6. Possession of rifles for protection to be allowed by licence.
7. Civil government, representative institutions, and even-

tually self-government, to be introduced as soon as circumstances permit.

8. The question of granting the franchise to natives not to be decided until after the introduction of self-government.

9. No special tax to defray the expenses of the war to be imposed upon landed property.

10. Commissions to be appointed to assist in the restoration of the people to their homes, and in enabling them to resume their normal occupations, for which three millions sterling will be placed at their disposal.

Notes and receipts of late governments, found to have been issued in return for valuable considerations, to be received by Commissions as evidence of war losses.

Advances on loan, free of interest for two years, and afterwards repayable over a period of years with three per cent. interest, to be made for the purpose of rehabilitation.

No foreigner or rebel to be entitled to the benefit of this clause.

It was further notified to the Boer delegates that the rank and file of Cape rebels, on surrendering and acknowledging themselves guilty of high treason, would be punished by disfranchisement for life. Rebels occupying official positions would be tried for high treason, but in no case would the penalty of death be inflicted. In Natal, rebels would be dealt with according to the law of the colony.

Articles 1, 2, 3, and 4, call for no comment. The permissive instruction in and use of the Dutch tongue (Art. 5) contrasts most favourably with the Boer treatment of the Huguenot immigrants and the modern Uitlanders. The concession, however, needs some explanation. Dutch, as it is spoken in Holland, is not the language of the Boers, and is as different from the 'taal' or patois which they speak as modern English is from the tongue of Chaucer. Johannesburg, Pretoria, and all the large towns throughout South Africa are English-speaking; and, in spite of Bond and Hollander propagandism, English is the business language of the whole country, and is so firmly established and so widely known that, although the 'taal' is spoken by the rural population in the Boer districts, and 'pulpit Dutch'—which is a nearer approach to the pure language—is employed by the clergy and in official documents, it is no more likely to supplant

English than Welsh or Gaelic in Great Britain or Irish in Ireland.

There is, however, a danger which it behoves us to guard against, and whose existence has had already an effect most detrimental to British influence in Cape Colony, viz. the drifting of the management and patronage of education into the hands of the Bond and of the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the schools which have come under these influences have become hotbeds of racial antagonism and disaffection to British rule, and that they are largely responsible for the rebellion in Cape Colony by their propagation of the doctrines and aims of the *Africander Bond*. The practical application of Article 5 will therefore require the most careful supervision, particularly when representative institutions are revived, not only as regards language, but also in the selection of teachers and text-books.

The possession of arms by the scattered white population of South Africa is necessary as a protection against a native rising, and to some extent against wild animals of a noxious kind. A military rifle of the latest pattern is not, however, requisite, nor a large supply of ammunition; and the possession of these should be restricted. An appreciable tax might be attached to the licence.

Article 7 has already begun to take effect. Lord Milner has assumed the civil government of the Transvaal and Orange River; Lord Kitchener has left; and troops are being withdrawn. It is clear that the late High Commissioner has long foreseen and prepared for this step. His proclamations of April 15, providing for the administration of justice in the Transvaal, form a judicial body and a code of procedure which, by a mere change of designation, will constitute a supreme court of justice of the best type, whose leading characteristics are as follow:—

Independence of the judges, who hold office during good behaviour, and can only be removed upon proof of misconduct. Roman-Dutch law to be administered, except in so far as it is modified by legislative enactments. Pleadings and proceedings are to be in the English language. Appeals may be made to the Privy Council. Laws inconsistent with the provisions of the proclama-

tions are repealed. Where not otherwise provided, the law of England is to be followed.

It will be remembered that one of the principal grievances of the Uitlanders was that the independence of the High Court was infringed by the Transvaal Act No. 1, of 1897, which, in the words of their petition to Queen Victoria, attacked the sole remaining safeguard of their civil rights. Another important grievance was that only burghers qualified to vote could sit on juries. The injustice of this restriction may be judged from the fact that at Johannesburg there were only one thousand burghers to twenty-three thousand Uitlanders.

Under the late régime the constitution and personnel of the police-force was a source of danger rather than a protection to the Uitlanders. Lord Milner has already organised a new and trustworthy body to support the civil power.

While we admire the wisdom and foresight which has rendered this transition from military administration to civil government practicable to a large extent in a singularly short time, we must not fail to accord a full tribute of praise to the humane and moderate manner in which Lord Kitchener and the officers of his army throughout British South Africa performed the invidious but indispensable duty of administering martial law. In his farewell speech at Cape Town on June 23, Lord Kitchener closed his remarks upon this subject with the following words :

‘I do not wish to imply for a moment that the machinery of martial law, which had to be hastily constructed to meet an emergency in time of war, was in any way perfect; nor that, owing to its imperfections, some hardships did not take place; but I hope that you will agree with me in giving credit to those officers who had the grave responsibility of administering that so-called “law,” and also, that they acted *bona fide* and conscientiously, and tried to do their best for the good of the people of this Colony.’ (‘Times,’ June 25, 1902.)

We heartily endorse his frank and manly words, and believe that no unprejudiced person would now deny that, had martial law been put in operation generally in Cape Colony at the commencement of the war, we should have been spared both the Boer invasion and the Cape

rebellion. These calamities appear to us to have been due to the reprehensible and disloyal action of the partisans of the Cape Africander Bond. Lord Kitchener speaks of the machinery of martial law as having been hastily constructed to meet an emergency in time of war. We infer from this statement that he felt the want of instructions or regulations on the subject, and had to devise them after the emergency had arisen. Among the duties which our officers may be suddenly called upon to perform, demanding an acquaintance with what is and is not permissible, what to do and what to avoid, none is more serious than the administration of martial law; and we trust that our generals may not in the future have the task of evolving and expounding its principles thrown upon them at the last moment.

The development of representative institutions and the eventual grant of self-government foreshadowed at the end of Article 7 are questions which it is not possible to discuss in an adequate manner in this brief review. Our new fellow-subjects may be commended to the maxim, '*Tout vient à qui sait attendre.*' In Article 8, the question of the enfranchisement of natives is—we think very judiciously—postponed until after the introduction of self-government. The Boer leaders would probably have preferred relegating it to the Greek Kalends; and the British settler in South Africa, who aspires to seeing that land become a white man's country, will so far sympathise with them as to feel, in the words of Lord Palmerston, when told that a certain event must come sooner or later, '*Very well, I prefer it later!*' The whole native question is at once important and contentious; and in deferring its final solution we recognise another proof of Lord Milner's prudence and sagacity.

In the exemption of landed property in the new colonies from special taxation to defray the expenses of the war, the Imperial Government has displayed both wisdom and magnanimity. It is true that the fortune of war, so wantonly challenged by the two republics, has deprived them of their independence; but no one would have had a right to complain if the Nemesis of retributive justice had laid a heavy hand upon the burghers of the late republics, the land-owners and legislators whose oppressive and intolerant treatment of the Uitlanders,

and whose efforts to substitute Boer for British paramountcy in South Africa, led to the war. Not only do we forgo the imposition of a war-tax on their land, but we also recognise that the destruction of property, due to the prolonged resistance of the guerilla forces, has been such that the restoration of the people to their homes, and the resumption of their normal occupations, can only be effected by a large measure of state aid; and this we are prepared to give, to the extent of 3,000,000*l.* sterling as a free grant, and loan advances on very liberal terms.

The manner in which repatriation and rehabilitation are to be carried out is indicated in Articles 2 and 10, which show that the subject had been carefully thought out by Lord Milner long before the actual terms were discussed, and that the measures to be adopted were already sufficiently defined to enable a commencement to be made immediately after the surrender of the burghers, most of whom at once joined their families at the concentration camps, and returned to their homes equipped with a supply of immediate necessities which had been laid up for them in anticipation of the happy event.

Although peaceful relations have shown on both sides a meritorious avoidance of words and acts which might give offence, and have afforded proof that the late antagonists have not only learned to respect one another, but also that personal animosity—so often engendered in the course of a long struggle—can hardly be said to exist at all, we should be culpably blind to the teaching of history were we to imagine that submission and reconciliation could extirpate or extinguish the aspirations and convictions which we have long associated with the Boer. A manly, persistent, and patriotic race cannot divest itself of its essential qualities, or suppress the innate and hereditary virtues and vices which go to form its character and reputation. There is much to admire in the pertinacity with which the Boer clings to his traditions, his principles, his language, and his religion; much with which we instinctively sympathise as a common heritage. The dialect of the Frieslander more closely resembles English than any other tongue. The Dutch Reformed Church holds the same tenets as the Church of England. The Orange dynasty has lent its name to a party, and has given us a ruler who is still toasted as 'the great

King William,' and whose name we associate with civil and religious freedom. While we recognise these points of connexion, which will go far to render fusion possible, we must not overlook the fact that when power is placed in the hands of a race, a sect, or a party, its members invariably employ it to promote what they conceive to be their own advantage.

Ministries which have been in power in Cape Colony since the grant of responsible government in 1872 have shown this tendency in a marked degree. The Dutch language was encouraged; Dutch officials were nominated to most posts under government; Dutch control was exercised over the schools; the importation of munitions of war into the Boer Republics was permitted; the strongest opposition was offered to the proclamation of martial law, and the frivolous punishment of five years' disfranchisement was attached to the crime of treason. No surprise can be felt at the loyal population of Cape Colony petitioning for the suspension of a constitution which imposed upon them legislation inspired by the Africander Bond, and paved the way for invasion and rebellion.

The Cape loyalists look with apprehension, if not with dismay, upon the prospect of the reassembly of a house of representatives, the majority of whose constituents are closely connected by race, language, family ties, and common traditions with the inhabitants of the late republics, and among whom are to be reckoned, not only those who left their country to join the Boers, but those who rebelled against us within the Colony. His Majesty's Government has decided, with the concurrence of the ministers of self-governing colonies, to take the risk. No precedent can be cited for the withdrawal, by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, of the privilege of self-government, once granted to a colony. However much we may disapprove of the tendencies by which the Cape Parliament appears to have been influenced, it must be admitted that we cannot assume that its members will not rise to the level of the momentous issue now before them until they have been put to the test. The disfranchisement of a large number of rebels has altered the balance of the constituencies; and it may be reasonably expected that many who sympathised with the Bond have ceased to believe in the illusions which they formerly cherished.

A newly elected chamber, if it has the real interests of South Africa at heart, may reflect that spirit of conciliation, moderation, and wisdom, which has animated the Imperial Government and its late enemies. Let us hope that it may be so, and that we may be spared the necessity of exercising a power which is properly regarded as a last resort, only to be appealed to when all other measures have been tried and have failed. To impose restrictions upon that fundamental principle of self-government which is the pride of the Anglo-Saxon race would be to establish a precedent which would be felt as retrograde throughout the Empire, and which might justify the recalcitrant offender in writing upon the wall, 'Hodie mihi: cras tibi.'

In the Transvaal the policy of Africa for the Afrianders was naturally even more pronounced than in Cape Colony. The oppressed Uitlanders declared in 1895:

'We are in a vast majority in this State. We own more than half the land, and, taken in the aggregate, we own at least nine tenths of the property in this country; yet in all matters affecting our lives, our liberties, and our properties, we have absolutely no voice.'

The Free State, which had no reason to quarrel with Great Britain, deliberately espoused the cause of the Afriander Bond and the oppressive oligarchy in the Transvaal. There was, in fact, a profound conviction in the mind of every member of the Afriander Bond that they were strong enough to oust the British. They were egged on to make the attempt by almost every country in Europe: they bravely maintained the struggle against overwhelming odds; and, though defeated now, it would be insane to imagine that the memory of the prolonged struggle, and their deep-rooted aspirations for exclusive supremacy, can soon be buried in oblivion or eradicated from their minds. Whether the feeling may subside into a harmless tradition, or develope into a dangerous menace in the future, will depend upon the measures which we now take to ensure that our paramountcy shall rest upon that most stable of foundations, the will of the people, in the shape of an overwhelming preponderance of loyal British inhabitants capable of absorbing and assimilating the Boers and the aliens.

Our remarks have thus far related to the terms of surrender and the re-establishment of the burghers on their farms—events, indeed, of much consequence, but ephemeral in character. Graver issues confront us when we endeavour to look into the future of South Africa, to forecast the operation of existing conditions and tendencies, and to consider how those which are beneficial may be fostered, and those which are prejudicial may be made innocuous. A free, prosperous, and united South Africa, loyal to the British Crown, is the ideal to which we aspire. How is it to be attained?

In former numbers of this Review,* Federation, Finance, Industries, Colonisation, Agriculture, Irrigation, Mining, Communications, and the Native Question have been discussed. The keynote upon which we shall now harp is the Anglification of South Africa.

At a moment when the relations of late antagonists appear to be of a very cordial description, it may seem inappropriate to sound a discordant note which may jar the harmonious concert of the two white races; but we should be blind to the teaching of the past were we to imagine that the good feeling and mutual respect which now happily exist between Briton and Boer can efface the divergence of the traditions and aspirations which characterise the two peoples who have long struggled for local supremacy; nor should we forget the baneful influences which well-intentioned but misguided politicians, both among ourselves and among the Boers, have exercised in the creation of the hostile power whose subjugation has just cost us twenty thousand lives and two hundred millions of money. These characteristics and these influences, though now dormant, are susceptible of revivification; and the Empire demands that the settlement now in course of accomplishment should be such as to expose us to their consequences 'never again.'

The present generation has been so accustomed to regard Cape Colony as a British possession that it is apt to forget that, when we acquired a definite title to it by purchase from the Netherlands in 1815 for a sum of six millions, the Cape had been under the Dutch East India Company—a very exclusive administration, which strongly

* 'Quarterly Review,' October 1900, January and April 1901.

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discouraged foreign interlopers—for 150 years; and that in our occupations of it by conquest from 1795 to 1802, and from 1806 to 1814, we did not disturb existing institutions. In 1815 the Dutch population numbered 26,700 whites. Since then we have only made one serious attempt at British immigration, viz. in 1820, when a colony numbering 3053 was formed on the eastern frontier, at a cost of about 80,000*l.* to the state. After the Crimean war farms were given to members of the German legion, who have proved to be good and loyal settlers, but can hardly be reckoned as a British element in the population. Voluntary emigration to South Africa from Great Britain took place to no appreciable extent until diamonds and gold began to attract seekers of wealth—not, however, with the intention of permanent colonisation, but rather in the hope of making a fortune and then retiring. We have no up-to-date statistical information of the existing population of South Africa, as regards numbers, race, or sex—all most important factors; but the information available is sufficient to enable us to draw some important deductions.

In a volume treating of the economic and social condition of 'The Nations of South Africa,' published by Mr Murray in 1901, is to be found (p. 20) the following summary of the population, based chiefly on official statistics.

—	Area in Square Miles.	Population.			Population per Square Mile.		
		White.	Coloured.	Total.	White.	Coloured.	Total.
Cape Colony . .	277,151	388,324	1,529,172	1,917,496	1·4	5·6	7·0
Natal	31,307	55,927	808,577	864,504	1·8	25·2	27·0
Basutoland . .	10,293	578	263,600	264,178	0·02	25·08	26·0
Bechuanaland .	213,000	(?)	122,000	122,000	(?)	0·6	0·6
Southern Rhodesia	192,000	13,346	308,255	321,601	0·07	1·53	1·6
Orange River Colony	48,326	77,716	129,787	207,503	1·6	2·6	4·2
Transvaal (including Swaziland)	127,639	246,897	794,000	1,040,897	2·0	4·0	6·0
Totals . .	899,716	782,788	3,955,391	4,738,179	0·8	4·4	5·2

This enormous territory, seven times the area of the United Kingdom, four times the area of France, and

three times the area of Germany, contained before the war a white population about equal to that of the cities of Glasgow or Liverpool, and a total population but little exceeding that of the metropolitan area. Yet it enjoys an admirable climate in which Europeans thrive, a fertile soil, and phenomenal wealth in minerals. If it were populated on the scale of Europe it would contain above eighty million souls. The Transvaal alone exceeds in area the whole United Kingdom, which now bears a population of forty-one millions; yet it only supports one quarter of a million whites and three quarters of a million of coloured races. Cape Colony, which is double the size of the United Kingdom, has about four hundred thousand whites and a million and a half coloured. Natal, though it has nearly two whites per square mile, has a denser native population than any other part of South Africa.

In general the whole country affords a suitable field for agricultural and industrial colonisation, which has received some slight encouragement from Natal; less, and of late none at all, from Cape Colony; while in the late republics it was never encouraged in any way. In their early days, indeed, it was enacted that no Englishman or German should be allowed to possess landed property; and the discovery and working of minerals was forbidden under a heavy penalty. These obsolete regulations afford typical illustrations of the characteristic policy pursued by the Boers, viz. exclusion of foreign interlopers, and protection of the pastoral farm system against industrial development—principles which underlie the aims of the *Africander Bond* and the legislation of the late South African Republic—and are deeply ingrained in the great majority of the people of Dutch descent who still constitute the preponderant element in the white population of South Africa. The progressive minority consists of British, with an admixture of foreigners; and in their hands lie the trade, commerce, agriculture, mining, railway, and other industries which bring wealth and prosperity to the country mainly by the aid of British capital.

But there is another and most vital distinction between the pastoral Boers and the industrial Britons, which is at the present moment exercising a most powerful influence

on the future of South Africa, viz. the relative birth-rates of the two populations. The Boers have been in the country for two hundred and fifty years, and the proportion of the sexes among them has nearly attained an equilibrium. They marry young and are prolific. In the very early days of the Cape Colony only married men of good character were allowed to settle on the land; and in 1659, when there were but a hundred Europeans resident at the Cape, Van Riebeck appealed to Holland

'for at least twenty lusty farmers' or other ordinary peoples' marriageable daughters, who would immediately obtain husbands, and the colony at the Cape be thus more permanently established, while those who might be inclined to desert would completely abandon the idea. . . . We found that when the freemen were married, they established themselves permanently. On the other hand, working with unmarried men is very unstable, and rests but on loose screws.'

The directors of the Dutch East India Company encouraged emigration to the Cape by granting free passages to industrious families, free grants of farms, and supplies of implements, seeds, and cattle, on credit; and

'the orphan guardians of Amsterdam and Rotterdam consented to allow marriageable girls who were so inclined to emigrate to the Cape, but only under conditions which, so far as human means can go, should serve to screen them from harm. They were not to embark unless accompanied by other emigrants, and under the care of a respectable elderly woman. The Commander of the Cape was to see that they were comfortably provided for, and properly protected until they were married to honourable, sober and industrious burghers.'*

In 1691 the colonists numbered over a thousand souls.† At the date of the transfer to the British the white population had increased to 26,700. Notwithstanding the Great Trek, following upon the discontent arising from the inadequate compensation granted on the abolition of slavery in 1834, and the secession from British rule to the territories beyond the Orange and the Vaal, the whites in Cape Colony, at the census of 1891, had increased to 382,000, of whom about three fifths were of Dutch origin,

* Theal's 'History of South Africa,' vol. i, p. 323.

† Ibid. p. 370.

returning a Bond majority which placed a Bond ministry in power immediately before the war broke out in 1899.

Although the Dutch had a long start of the British in colonisation, their increase in the last century was more due to ordinary causes than to immigration; and those causes are still in operation. In the British section of the population, however, there is a great disproportion between the sexes. In the case of the Albany settlers in 1820—the only serious attempt at colonisation which we have ever made—the numbers landed at Algoa Bay were 1020 men, 607 women, and 1032 children. The recent influx of British to the gold and diamond mines—like all mining rushes—consisted chiefly of men; and the settlers who remain behind on the demobilisation of the army will be of the male sex, some of whom may have wives and families who may subsequently join them.

Until a new census is taken, no accurate and up-to-date statistics of colour, race, and sex will be available. Those now accessible are antecedent to the war. The Statistical Register of 1898 gives the white population of Cape Colony as consisting of 195,956 males and 181,031 females, showing a shortage of women amounting to 14,925. So far as can be learned from imperfect data, the excess in number of white males over white females in British South Africa before the war is represented in the following table. Some of the figures, however, date from 1890 and 1891; and there is little doubt that more recent returns would show a considerably greater deficiency of women.

Numerical excess of Males over Females in the White Population of British South Africa before the outbreak of the War.

	Approximate.
Cape Colony	15,000
Natal	5,000
Orange River	3,000
Transvaal	43,000
Rhodesia	3,000
Total shortage of females	69,000

In a population of whites only numbering about 800,000 in all, this deficiency of women seems at first sight almost incredible; and it is the more remarkable and the

more deplorable inasmuch as, beyond a doubt, the greater part of the deficiency exists among the British section of the population. It means that about one man in every four of the British in South Africa could never hope to find a white wife, whether Dutch or English, in the country before the war. The actual disproportion in the immediate future will be far greater. During the war men have come and women have gone. Now that hostilities are over there will be a renewed influx of men to the mining centres, and an army of occupation must be maintained in the country; but there is no probability of a natural and automatic increase in the number of women. Short-sighted optimists say, 'Well, let the British marry Boer girls and bring about a fusion of the two races.' Apart from the fact that there are not enough women to 'go round,' it has been the invariable experience in South Africa that when a British man marries a Boer girl their children follow the mother and reinforce the Boer party. We have had the same experience in Ireland, where it is proverbial that the offspring of mixed marriages between English and Irish became *Hibernis Hiberniores*. These, then, are the natural tendencies which are now in operation in South Africa, and which, unless corrected, will inevitably produce, in a few generations, such an overwhelming predominance of the Dutch party in number and sympathy that, instead of the British absorbing and assimilating the Boers, and evolving a confederation loyal to the Empire, we shall have the dream of the Bond realised by the supremacy of the Afrikaner and the subversion of British rule.

All but the wilfully blind and prejudiced must now know exactly what they have to expect from again allowing political power to drift into the hands of our new fellow-subjects by neglecting the simple and reasonable measures which, if judiciously set in action, would avert this result, and lead to the definite Anglification of South Africa and its loyalty to the Empire. We have now, and probably shall have for many years, a male population of British origin in South Africa superior in number to that of Dutch descent; but, unless these men are mated with British women, the Boers will soon outnumber the British to such an extent as to necessitate either abandonment or reconquest. A flc

population, though it may have ephemeral power and influence, like the garrisons of the distant provinces of the Roman Empire, has but little durable effect upon the inhabitants. Its individual constituents come and go, but, unless they marry wives of their own race and permanently settle in the country, they leave but little trace behind. Colonisation is impossible in the true sense of the word without the aid of women. Men may exploit the mines, till the soil, engage in commerce and industry, and acquire competence and fortune; but without wives and children they pass away without increasing the permanent population of the country or influencing its racial character.

No scheme of Anglification can be effective which neglects the inevitable consequence of a lack of women. What the British element has to contend with is, first, the natural increase of the Dutch race, and second, the existing deficiency of at least seventy thousand women. Assuming the people of Dutch descent to have numbered four hundred thousand before the war (and this is well under the mark), their natural rate of increase, being taken at one per cent. per annum, would add in every year about two thousand to their female population; while the British, of whom a large proportion are unmarried, would only add about one thousand as a natural increase. The Boer women therefore are gaining upon the British at the rate of about a thousand a year, and we should have to emigrate that number to keep pace with them. Any excess over a thousand sent out yearly would go to remedy the general deficiency of seventy thousand. If, therefore, an organisation were created which would ensure the despatch of three thousand women from the United Kingdom in each year, one thousand would be set off against the natural increase of the Boer women, and the remaining two thousand would go towards filling up the shortage which exists; and this would be accomplished in thirty-five years, or one generation.

This is but a rough and approximate method of demonstrating that nothing short of an immigration of three thousand British women every year, or about sixty a week, carried on for a generation, can save the situation and place us in a position of numerical equality with the

If the process is to be accomplished more quickly

the number despatched must be greater. In the Transvaal is to be found the largest deficiency in women and the largest excess of single men of British race; it would therefore be advisable to commence operations there. The project is so large and so costly as to be altogether beyond the exertions of private enterprise or voluntary effort; but the associations which have long been engaged in promoting the emigration of British women to the Colonies, and particularly the South African Expansion Committee of the British Women's Emigration Association which was formed last year, with the approval of Mr Chamberlain, and which has ramifications in the United Kingdom and in South Africa, appears to be admirably adapted to perform the delicate task of collecting, selecting, and despatching women desirous of seeking their fortunes in the South, and solving this difficult problem. As there are above a million and a quarter more women than men in the United Kingdom, there should be no difficulty in finding a sufficient number of suitably qualified women. The older colonies, as a rule, are still short of women, and could spare but few.

The details of female emigration are not as simple as they may at first sight appear to be. With men, no more is necessary than to provide a passage and see that they have a little money to start with. Women need to be protected and taken care of from start to finish. They should be single, not over marriageable age, of good character and physique, and instructed in such practical and useful accomplishments as may enable them to earn a living in the farm, the laundry, the garden, or the kitchen; or by dress-making, type-writing, shorthand, teaching, nursing, etc. For the rest, the conditions insisted upon by the Netherlands orphan guardians, quoted upon page 306, afford an admirable guide. Each party should have a respectable elderly woman as *duenna*; and accommodation should be provided for the reception of girls in London, the South African ports, and the large towns in the interior, where situations have been found for them.

Owing mainly to the paucity of women, South African houses rarely contain accommodation for white domestic servants on the scale to which they are accustomed *home*; and suitable lodgings are almost non-existent.

indispensable preliminary to female emigration on a large scale is the remedy of these drawbacks by the construction of women's hostels for their reception in the principal towns, notably at Johannesburg, where a local committee, which has received substantial encouragement from the great mining companies, has already taken the matter in hand. In London, Glasgow, and other large cities, the housing problem—especially for men—has received liberal support from philanthropists and public bodies, with most encouraging results. The lodging of single women is not so easily dealt with, as it is difficult to combine freedom from restraint with adequacy of protection. This delicate task is properly entrusted to their own sex; and the names of the ladies who have undertaken it afford the best guarantee that it will be judiciously and tactfully treated, with the advice and co-operation of men of experience who recognise the importance of the movement.

A very large proportion of the women who are suitable for life in a thinly populated colony cannot afford to pay the passage-money and other expenses of the voyage, and, unless they receive free or assisted passages, are unable to emigrate. Many colonial governments make grants towards defraying the cost of the journey; and the Women's Emigration Association has wisely adopted a system of making advances on condition of repayment by instalments, which enables the society to turn over its small capital—raised by voluntary subscriptions—again and again, and thus to sustain a small but continuous stream of women emigrants. The method has been attended with success, and is worthy of extension.

In the case of South Africa, the greater cost of the voyage, and the absence of colonial grants-in-aid, render that country less attractive to intending emigrants than Canada or Australia, which compete under more favourable conditions of initial outlay. Suitable women desirous of going to South Africa have already been registered in considerable numbers, but the resources of the South African Expansion Committee are altogether insufficient to enable it to make a sensible contribution to fill the enormous deficiency which exists. The machinery is re, and is in excellent working order, but the out-turn is limited by want of funds. Nothing but state aid can remedy the want. There can be no

question that expenditure for such an object would be both directly and indirectly remunerative, politically and economically. It is obviously the most essential step towards Anglification; and, in view of the financial clauses of the terms of surrender, we may propound this arithmetical question. If, for the rehabilitation of our late enemies on their farms, we make a free grant of three millions sterling, and an offer of loan advances at a low rate of interest, how much should we be prepared to spend in establishing loyal British settlers, with their wives and families, in the country as a counterpoise?

We do not purpose here to discuss the details of land settlement, agricultural farms, or irrigation—subjects which have long engaged the attention of Mr Chamberlain and Lord Milner—but we would insist on the axiom that single men leave no families. The majority of the British men now in the Transvaal are unmarried, and live in the towns and mining centres, and not on the land. Their number is very great, and will increase automatically. Our first efforts should be directed to providing them with wives; and, when agricultural settlements are started, every encouragement and preference should be given to married men. The conception of settling the country with small farmers, though very attractive at first sight, bristles with difficulties. Where are the agricultural settlers to come from? The class hardly exists in the army of to-day, and is only likely to be found in the yeomanry. Capital of no inconsiderable amount is needed to start a farm *de novo*; and it is not to be anticipated that this would be forthcoming in more than a very few cases. The voluntary male immigrants will not be farmers, but men of the industrial classes, who can make their livelihood at the mining centres, where the wages of skilled labour are much higher than a small farmer could earn, and whither agricultural settlers are likely to drift.

It must also be remembered that the market for agricultural produce in the Transvaal is now, and for many years will be, limited to the consumption capacity of the towns, which, though at present in excess of the local supply, does not amount, all told, to that of a second-class English city. The Transvaal is too distant from the sea, and the cost of production is too

to admit of its surplus produce competing with that of other countries. The development of agriculture must therefore, in the immediate future, depend upon industrial expansion. As the mines and concomitant industries extend, so will the field for tillage and stock-raising; but, if we were now to plant ten thousand tillage farmers in the new colonies, there would be no market for half their produce. It is to the industrial classes that we must look to give us a loyal majority. This class of immigrant will find his own way out, and our only concern need be to afford him facilities and inducements to bring out a wife, a sister, or a daughter.

The Anglification of the Transvaal must be effected on the Rand as a nucleus, and, if fostered there, will leaven all South Africa. Every stamp added to the gold-producing machinery will bring an increase of at least a dozen to the white population. Let it be our care that the addition shall be, so far as possible, British, and let us not be oblivious of the danger and the expense occasioned by the swarm of undesirable aliens whom we were obliged to deport from Johannesburg, and who, if the existing restrictions are removed, will return thither in increased numbers. Nor let us forget that the Uitlanders' manifesto before the Raid aimed, not at a transfer to the British flag, but at the establishment of an independent republic—and this, notwithstanding that a large majority of the members were British. We must not assume that the cosmopolitan foreign element, when the reforms to which it aspired, in common with the rest, have been secured by British arms and British capital, will do more than assent to British rule so long as it is powerful enough to maintain its supremacy.

The first step towards assimilation has already come about by natural causes, in the adoption of English as the language of the industrial classes of every nationality on the Rand; and education in a common tongue will go far to obliterate racial differences in the next generation; but the most influential factor of all will be the British mother. The greater the number and the higher the class of girls we induce and assist to settle in the country, the more rapid will be the process of absorption, and the more permanent the impress of heredity. But it will not be sufficient to land them in the country and let

them shift for themselves. Besides providing free or assisted passages, they must be helped to earn their own livelihood in all situations which women can fill, and enabled to live comfortably, economically, and respectably, while they remain single; and every encouragement should be given to them to marry and settle in the country by rendering family life attractive to both sexes in the industrial centres.

The agricultural development may come later as the demand for produce increases; but, in the immediate future, the chief end in view, viz. the increase of a stable British population, can be more economically attained by converting the floating population of single men into permanent settlers by giving them opportunities and inducements to marry. To start a family on a farm will cost several hundred pounds, while to bring out a female immigrant will cost not more than thirty. The purchase money of land and the expenses of enclosure, building, and irrigation will also require far greater capital expenditure than the erection of women's hostels and provision of quarters for married men, which would become self-supporting at an early stage.

We have thought this particular aspect of the colonisation question worthy of special notice at the present time, as we believe that the great deficiency of white women which exists in South Africa is not generally known, nor its important bearing upon the Anglicisation of the country properly appreciated. The short examination which we have given to it appears to demonstrate that women are one of the most urgent needs of the country, and that one of the most promising means for Anglicising it is to be found in giving very liberal support to the emigration of British women on a large scale. We cannot but express the strong hope that the Government, which has shown itself so lavish—and rightly lavish—of the national resources in establishing British sovereignty in South Africa, and so wisely generous towards the defeated foe, will display equal wisdom and generosity in support of measures which are indispensable if that sovereignty is not to be lost again in the not distant future.

Art. XV.—THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

1. *Imperium et Libertas: a Study in History and Politics.* By Bernard Holland. London: Arnold, 1901.
2. *Democracy and Empire.* By F. H. Giddings. New York: Macmillan Company, 1901.
3. *Commonwealth or Empire: a Bystander's View of the Question.* By Goldwin Smith. New York: Macmillan Company, 1902.
4. *Speeches on Canadian Affairs.* By Lord Carnarvon. Edited by Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B. London: John Murray, 1902.
5. *Education and Empire. Addresses on Certain Topics of the Day.* By R. B. Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.C. London: John Murray, 1902.

AMONG the themes in modern British affairs which await the historian of the future, none will be more interesting than the growth of what is known as 'Imperialism.' Mr Bernard Holland's book, which we have named at the head of our list, is an able and suggestive essay on the historical side. Professor Giddings approaches a similar theme in the light of American experience and treats it in a more speculative manner, setting himself to find for the idea of 'a democratic Empire' an economic, a psychological, and a moral basis. The terms 'Empire,' 'Imperial,' 'Imperialism,' as applied either to British or to American expansion, are not very correct, as we are reminded in an admirable address by the late Lord Carnarvon, now republished as an epilogue to his 'Speeches on Canadian Affairs.' The terms are apt to suggest misleading analogies. 'But Mr Burke used the word and Shakespeare consecrated it.' We too may accept it, understanding its true meaning, and not confusing it with Cæsarism.

The growth, then, of 'Imperialism,' of the group of ideas represented by 'the Empire,' is one of the outstanding features of our time. The historian who shall trace its growth will deal with a sentiment, a process, and a conviction. The sentiment has been happily described by Lord Rosebery in a recent speech as 'a passion of affection and family feeling, of pride and hope and helpfulness.' The process with - 'the Imperial idea is associated

is painted red on the map of the world in the expansion of England during the Victorian era. The conviction of which we speak has not always dictated the policy. The expansion of England in earlier days was, as Seeley said, made to a large extent 'in absence of mind'; the expansion of later times has often been due to the force more of circumstances than of conviction. But the conviction has of late years been growing that expansion is a necessity and the maintenance of the Empire a supreme duty.

The sentiment, the policy, the conviction of Empire are at this day so strongly rooted and so widely spread that we sometimes forget how recent is their growth. In 1852 Disraeli, who was presently to apply to this country a phrase which has profoundly affected men's thoughts—the phrase *Imperium et Libertas*—could still speak of 'those wretched Colonies' as 'a millstone round our necks' and predict that they 'will all be independent in a few years.'* In 1867, when the guarantee of the Canadian Railway from Quebec to Halifax was proposed in Parliament, Mr Cave, the member for Barnstaple, remarked, without protest, that 'instead of giving three millions sterling with a view of separating Canada from the United States, it would be more sensible and more patriotic to give ten millions in order to unite them.'†

The severance of the Colonies from the mother-country was, within the experience of men still in public life, an article of faith with the governing classes in this country. Sir Henry Taylor, who was Permanent Secretary for the Colonies, wrote to Lord Grey in 1852 that the advantages of the Canadian connexion were 'no more than dust in the balance compared with the evil contingencies.'‡ There remains in existence the printed draft of a Bill, prepared with great care in the sixties by Lord Thring—who has since become interested in Imperial Federation—wherein provision is made, 'as the natural termination of a

* Letter to Lord Malmesbury, dated August 13th, 1852, given in 'Memoirs of an ex-Minister.'

† *Hansard's Debates*, March 28th, 1867. Mr Gladstone, who supported the guarantee, made use of words which may be commended to the notice of some of his latter-day disciples. The connexion between this country and her Colonies is, he said, 'not a selfish and sordid connexion, and ought not to be so on one side or the other. No; it is at once a connexion of interest, of honour, of feeling, and duty.'

‡ Quoted in '*Imperium et Libertas*,' p. 112, note.

connexion in itself of a temporary character,' for the formal separation of any colony and its erection into an independent state.*

In 1883 there appeared a book which made an epoch in the history of Imperialism—Seeley's 'Expansion of England.' A review of it by Mr John Morley† shows how far the new ideas were from penetrating minds indoctrinated in a different school. The reviewer was close bound in the tenets of particularism. He did not believe that even the several Australian colonies would ever confederate. He ridiculed the idea that Australia would spare militiamen 'in any numbers worth considering for long campaigns.' He predicted that at the touch of serious war the British Empire would dissolve. That the school of thought of which such predictions were the product has survived their falsification, is shown in the tract by Mr Goldwin Smith, referred to at the head of this article. He clings to the old prophecies, but judiciously postpones them to a date which only 'younger men will live to see.' Till then the British Empire will hold together, and the 'sun of humanity' will remain 'under a cloud.' If, as seems to be suggested by Mr Morley,‡ the test of wise political leadership be the power of swimming against the stream, Mr Goldwin Smith may be pronounced a statesman of the first order; a character which, on that showing, will no longer be distinguishable from that of the common scold.

At the very time when Mr Morley was seeking to stem the tide of Imperialism by the recital of precepts and prophecies drawn from an extinct past, a statesman in Australia was taking one of those acts of daring initiative which, like an electric flash, mark out a pathway for the future. By a curious piece of good fortune a brilliant English writer was in Sydney at the time, and has left us a picture of the man and an account of his policy. William Bede Dalley had by accident been placed, at a moment of critical opportunity, in control of the policy of New South Wales. The Premier was ill. The Colonial

* 'Imperial Federation,' by George R. Parkin, p. 12.

† To be read in the third volume of his 'Miscellanies.'

‡ See his speech at Edinburgh, June 7th, 1902. 'Do they know how to swim against the stream?' was a test applied in praise Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,

Parliament was not sitting. The news came of Gordon's peril, and of the expedition to be sent from home. Dalley waited for no authority, but telegraphed to London offering to the Imperial Government a contingent for service in the Soudan. The offer was accepted; and as Mr Froude watched the acting-Premier giving out his instructions with an easy unembarrassed manner, as if organising expeditions had been the occupation of his life, 'there,' he thought to himself, 'is a man whom it is worth while to have come all this way to see.' In the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral the stay-at-home Englishman may see a monument to Dalley, a man whom it is worth while to honour.

The New South Wales contingent of 1885 was in itself a small affair; the significance was not fully understood at the time; but it marked a turning-point in the history of the British Empire. It raised the status of the Colonies, as Dalley himself afterwards claimed,* both in the mother-country and in the eyes of the world at large. It disclosed the latent powers of the Empire. It was a demonstration against the political philosophers in favour of Imperial unity.

The new sentiment of Empire received wider expression in the Jubilee of Queen Victoria two years later. The Queen did not create the Imperial idea, though she warmly encouraged it; but the idea, and the personal veneration felt for the Queen, acted and reacted upon each other. The royal celebrations of 1887 and 1897 became something more than demonstrations of affection for the person of a venerable sovereign. They were Imperial festivals in which the common interests and common sympathies uniting the Colonies with the mother-country found common expression. At the same time the recognition of the Crown as the living symbol of this unity became touched with additional emotion from the long years and many virtues of the Queen. Mr Holland, in an eloquent passage, rightly seizes the historical significance of the Diamond Jubilee.

'On a lovely June morning, in the year 1897, a wondrous pageant moved through the enchanted streets of London.

* In a speech on the occasion of the centennial celebrations in Sydney, cited in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' of July 16th, 1890.

Squadron by squadron, and battery by battery, a superb cavalry and artillery went by—the symbol of the fighting strength of the United Kingdom. There went by also troops of mounted men, more carelessly riding and more lightly equipped—those who came from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—to give a deeper meaning to the royal triumph; and black-skinned soldiers and yellow, and the fine representatives of the Indian warrior races. Generals and statesmen went by, and a glittering cavalcade of English and Continental princes, and the whole procession was a preparation—for what? A carriage at last, containing a quiet-looking old lady, in dark and simple attire; and at every point where this carriage passed through seven miles of London streets, in rich quarters and poor, a shock of strong emotion shot through the spectators, on pavement and on balcony, at windows and on housetops. They had seen the person in whom not only were vested the ancient kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, but who was also at once the symbol and the actual bond of union of the greatest and most diversified of secular empires.

The growth of the Imperial idea tends to increase what Mr Holland calls 'the spiritual sovereignty' of the British Crown. That golden link tends to confirm the Imperial idea. The further demonstration of this truth, which would have been afforded by the pageants designed for the coronation of King Edward, has, by the sport of fate, been postponed, and in part prevented. But though the outward show has been shorn of its full splendour, the essential facts remain in all their significance. The sentiment, the conviction, the policy of Imperial unity, which had never been so strong as in 1897, have in the five subsequent years been sensibly deepened. The Australian colonies have federated themselves into a commonwealth 'under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' A great war has been fought in South Africa, and one of its fruits is the prospect of a third confederation of self-governing states under the British Crown. And in this war the passion of loyalty, the instinct of solidarity, upon which Dalley acted in 1885, have found expression to an extent which at that time might well have seemed incredible. Twenty years ago, if a man had predicted that in the next South African war the British army would be reir " " — nearly 25,000 men,

contributed by Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, he would have found no one, even in the Colonies themselves, to believe him.

This aspect of the war, upon which the historian of the future will probably fasten as the fullest of significance, has been a revelation to all concerned. It has been well said that 'on the battlefields of South Africa the British Empire has discovered itself.' To the Colonies themselves was revealed their nationhood. When the news of Paardeberg was flashed across the wires,

'Was there a man,' asked the Canadian Premier, 'whose bosom did not swell with pride—that pride of pure patriotism, the pride of consciousness of our rising strength, the pride of consciousness that on that day it had been revealed to the world that a new power had been born in the West?'

To the mother-country there has been revealed, in the words of the late Sir Francis Lushington's patriotic poem, the

'Valour of daughter nations, happy to press where the mother
strives;
Eager to aid her, eager to shield her, loyally lending love and
lives.'

To the world at large there has been revealed the hitherto unsuspected power of the British Empire, the reserves of latent strength which it contains in the Britains beyond the sea.

It is natural that the growth of the Imperial idea, in which we have enumerated some of the principal landmarks, should bring with it a desire to embody the idea in forms and institutions. Such a desire has, as we know, found expression in leagues, in propaganda, in Government action. The Imperial Federation League, and its successors, the British Empire (Trade) League and the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee, have carried on the work in this country. In Canada, a group of able men, among whom Principal Grant, Colonel Denison, and Mr Parkin have been the most active, have done much to inform public opinion on similar lines. Governments have so far co-operated as to organise a series of confer-

* Speech in the Canadian House of Commons, March 14th, 1900.

ences. It was in the Queen's speech on the prorogation of Parliament in 1886 that Imperial Federation first entered the domain of state politics.

'I have observed'—were the words put into her Majesty's mouth—'with much satisfaction the interest which, in an increasing degree, is evinced by the people of this country in the welfare of their Colonial and Indian fellow-subjects; and I am led to the conviction that there is on all sides a growing desire to draw closer in every practicable way the bonds which unite the various portions of the Empire. I have authorised communications to be entered into with the principal Colonial Governments with a view to the fuller consideration of matters of common interest.'

The first Colonial Conference sat in April and May 1887. To some of its deliberations we shall have occasion presently to revert. Here it is enough to remark that it led to no material results; it left the formal relations between the mother-country and the Colonies as it found them. 'The Conference,' wrote Lord Knutsford in his despatch accompanying the reports, 'has been productive of the greatest good in the opportunities for the interchange of information which it has afforded.'*

The initiative for the second Colonial Conference came from the Canadian Government. It was held at Ottawa in 1894, Lord Jersey attending on behalf of the British Government. Its scope was less comprehensive than that of the Conference of 1887, and it resulted in the adoption by the colonial premiers of a definite resolution in favour of preferential trade within the Empire. Lord Jersey, however, warned the Conference that such a resolution would be unlikely to meet with favour at home. To the Colonies it meant a remission of taxation; to the mother-country, the imposition of new taxation. Lord Ripon's despatch† adopted the attitude of Lord Jersey; and nothing came of the Conference of 1894. Among its other recommendations was that the treaties with Germany and Belgium, containing clauses which prevented the Colonies from giving a preference to British

* Despatch of July 23rd, 1887, in 'Proceedings of the Colonial Conference, 1887' (C. 5091).

† 'The Ottawa Conference, 1894. Despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies on questions of Trade and Commercial Treaties.' 1895. (C. 7824.)

goods, should be denounced. The Liberal Government declined to take this course. At the third Colonial Conference, held in connexion with the Jubilee of 1897, the recommendation was again made, and this time with more success. The treaties in question were denounced in the following year.

On the other hand, in the Sugar Convention recently concluded at Brussels, the British Government has bound itself to levy the same duties on colonial sugar as on sugar from foreign countries. British policy on this group of questions is at present in a state of flux. Lord Ripon, it may be remarked, fought against the idea of preference for British goods whenever and wherever it presented itself to him. In 1894 the administration of Matabeleland and Mashonaland by the British South Africa Company was being discussed. Mr Rhodes tried hard to obtain the insertion in the Order in Council of words forbidding the imposition of customs duties upon British goods higher than those in the low-revenue tariff then existing at the Cape. Lord Ripon refused to entertain the idea, on the ground that, as there was nothing to prevent the company from imposing higher duties on foreign goods, the proposed clause might give a preference to British commerce—an idea not to be thought of. The correspondence which passed between Mr Rhodes and the Colonial Office affords an instructive instance of the conflict between the old and the new ideas on this subject. In 1898, it should be added, when the administration of Rhodesia was reorganised, Mr Rhodes obtained from the Unionist Government what he had been refused by the Liberals; and the principle that a colony might give a preference to the mother-country was admitted.*

Apart from the question of the Belgian and German treaties, the Colonial Conference which sat in June and July, 1897, was more remarkable for its negative than for its positive results. The programme set before it was

* See section 47 of the Southern Rhodesia Order in Council, October 20th, 1898 (in C. 9138). The other paper referred to is 'Copy of Correspondence between the British South Africa Company and the Colonial Office, relating to clause 13 of the Matabeleland and Mashonaland Agreement, in reference to the limitation of Customs Duties' (1894, No. 177). Mr Rhodes has stated, what we can well believe, that some members of the 1894 Cabinet were in favour of his proposal (see his speech of April 28th, 1898, in 'Cecil his Political Life and Speeches,' by Vindex).

ambitious. In 1886 the late Mr Edward Stanhope, then Secretary for the Colonies, had expressly ruled out the question of political relations.

'I should deprecate,' he said, 'the discussion at the present time of any of the subjects falling within the range of what is known as political federation. There has been no expression of colonial opinion in favour of any steps in that direction; and her Majesty's Government are of opinion that there would be no advantage in the informal discussion of a very difficult problem before any basis has been accepted by the Governments concerned. It might, indeed, be detrimental to the ultimate attainment of a more developed system of united action if a question not yet ripe for practical decision were now to be brought to the test of a formal examination.' (Despatch of November 25th, 1886.)

Lord Salisbury, in a characteristic address to the Conference at its inaugural meeting, had taken the same line. Imperial Federation consisted, he said, of 'nebulous matter which in the course of ages will cool down and condense into material form.' For the present there was nothing to be done except to leave it alone. In 1897 there was the same Prime Minister, but a different Colonial Secretary; and Mr Chamberlain brought down from the nebular regions that question of political relations which Mr Stanhope and Lord Salisbury had on the previous occasion decided not to touch.

'Strong as is the bond of sentiment,' said Mr. Chamberlain to the Conference, 'and impossible as it would be to establish any kind of relations unless the bond of sentiment existed, I believe we all feel that it would be desirable to take advantage of it and to still further tighten the ties which bind us together.' (Opening speech, June 24th, 1897.)

Mr Chamberlain put therefore in the forefront of the programme a proposal for the formation of a Federal Council. But nothing came of it. The resolution of the Conference was—

'That the present political relations between the United Kingdom and the self-governing Colonies are generally satisfactory under the existing condition of things.'*

* Mr Seddon and Sir E. Braddon (Tasmania) dissented. See 'Proceedings of a Conference between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Premiers of the self-governing Colonies, 1897' (C. 8596).

With this declaration the hopes of politicians in a hurry were once more dashed to the ground.

The contrast between the two developments which we have now traced successively in outline is very striking. It may well detain us for a moment before we pass on to consider the Colonial Conference of the present year. On the one hand we have seen a steady and continuous growth in the unity of the Empire. Nothing has impaired it; everything seems to have worked together to strengthen it. On the other hand we have seen that every effort made to embody this unity in conscious mechanism has ended in failure. 'Federate or perish' was the formula in which a distinguished colonial governor of the present generation summed up his prospect of the Empire.* If federation is to be found only in rigid political forms, the advice has not been taken, but the doom has not been fulfilled. The formal federation of the Empire is still in the nebular regions; the solidarity of the Empire is a very present reality. Each successive Conference has left the political mechanism of the Empire where it was, but has found the working unity of the Empire stronger.

The conclusion to be drawn from this contrast is obvious. We have here before us the action of natural forces which are steadily unfolding themselves; they are making their own channel; it is wiser not to seek to imprison or direct them. This was the counsel which, with obvious reference to coming discussions, Lord Salisbury gave in his speech to the Primrose League on May 7th. We are at the beginning, he said, of a movement of causes, opinions, and feelings which may end in large modifications of our political system. But the more convinced we are of this development, the less cause there is for any impatience.

'There are very important men,' said Lord Salisbury, 'men of great intellect and authority, who think that the moment has come for some legislative action on our part which should federate the Colonies. I exhort them, before they do so, carefully to consider what steps they are going to take, and what results they expect to come from them. . . .

* The phrase was a summary of views expressed by the late Sir Hercules Robinson (Lord Rosmead). See 'Pall Mall Gazette Extra,' No 28 (1886).

All kinds of difficulties are before us—difficulties as to the burden of finance, difficulties as to the duty of defence, difficulties as to the rights of decisions which the mother-country should retain; and, unless feeling is running very strongly, and we have a great force behind us, I look with some apprehension upon any attempt to anticipate events or to foreclose the results, the precious results, which, if we are only patient and careful, the future has in store for the Empire. . . . There is no danger that appears to me more serious for the time that lies before us than to attempt to force the various parts of the Empire into a mutual arrangement and subordination for which they are not ready, and which may only produce a reaction in favour of the old state of things.'

We shall obtain a clearer view of the danger which Lord Salisbury had in mind when we examine the principal proposals placed before the Colonial Conference of 1902. There is a danger of reaction both here and in the Colonies. There it is mainly political; here mainly fiscal. The sentiment of Empire in the United Kingdom might easily change if it came to be identified with large proposals for taxing the food of the working-classes and the raw materials of their industry. In the Colonies the sentiment of Empire has grown up in an atmosphere of local freedom. It might easily die away if it came to be identified with what Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a recent speech called 'the vortex of militarism,' or what is spoken of in Australia as 'the payment of Imperial tribute.'

Mr Chamberlain's circular invitation to the colonial Premiers this year stated that—

'It is proposed by his Majesty's Government to take advantage of the presence of the colonial Premiers at the Coronation to discuss with them questions of the political relations between the mother-country and the Colonies, imperial defence, and the commercial relations of the Empire.'

We propose to examine these three subjects in the reverse order, thus beginning with that which has excited most discussion at home, and which has been most to the fore at preceding colonial conferences. What, we must first ask, are the present commercial relations of the Empire, and why is it desired to alter them? The present commercial relations, so far as the self-governing states are concerned, are those of perfect freedom. The United

Kingdom manages its own fiscal policy in its own way, which is the way of Free-trade. The Colonies are free to manage their fiscal policy in their own way also, which is for the most part the way of Protection—protection against the mother-country included. The last vestiges of any restraint were removed in 1895 and 1897.* In the former year Lord Rosebery's Government repealed the clause in the Constitution Acts of the Australian Colonies which prohibited differential duties; in 1897 Lord Salisbury's Government gave notice to terminate, from and after July 30th, 1898, the German and Belgian treaties, which prevented preferential treatment by British Colonies in favour of the United Kingdom only. Every self-governing state in the British Empire has therefore a perfectly free hand in fiscal matters.

Under this reign of freedom both the United Kingdom and the British Colonies have greatly prospered. The Colonies have enjoyed, in the free-trade system of the mother-country, advantages which they would have secured from connexion with no other colonising country. They have been free at the same time to erect a tariff-wall against the mother-country, and to build up protected industries behind it. The mother-country has, nevertheless, prospered also. By far the greater part of the trade of the Colonies has been with her; and the total volume of her external trade would in all probability have been less if Australia, let us say, had been colonised by some other country.

Why, then, is it desired to alter the commercial relations which have been satisfactory to both parties? The desire for change proceeds both from general sentiment and particular interest. The closer political union of the Empire is recognised as desirable, and it is supposed that this would be promoted by closer commercial union. The particular interest in the case of the Colonies is obvious. They are new countries beginning to compete in the markets of the world. The British is one of the principal of these markets. Any preference they could obtain in that market over competitors would be of great and immediate benefit.

* Rhodesia is not yet a self-governing colony, so that is not quite an exception to this rule; but see remarks on p. 322.

To the mother-country the benefit held out is rather future and contingent. It is both political and economic. The diversion of trade from foreign countries to our Colonies, or the encouragement of colonial trade by artificial means, would tend to develop the resources, increase the population, and promote the strength of integral portions of the British Empire. In strengthening the Colonies we strengthen ourselves also. Among the unfulfilled prophecies of the original free-traders was the assurance that free imports on our part would convert the world to the same policy, and that interchange of commodities would lead to international peace and good-will. It is not so; trade and tariffs are among the means by which foreign countries, if unfriendly to us, hope to gain political ends.

It is not a sufficient answer to such political arguments in favour of closer commercial union with the Colonies to say that we have all done very well as things are. It remains arguable that we might in the end have been in a stronger position if a different policy had been adopted. By Lord Stanley's Act of 1843 a certain advantage was given to flour milled in Canada, and capital was attracted thither in consequence. The Act of 1846 swept this advantage away. How would it have been, Mr Holland asks, for Canada and for the Empire, if the line of policy taken by Lord Stanley's Act of 1843 had not been abandoned but developed, and fiscal preference had been given by England to Colonial and Indian exports? Mr Disraeli, in a remarkable speech in 1872, gave voice to similar questionings:—

'Self-government, in my opinion, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England, for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the Colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves. It ought further to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis which would have brought the Colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government. All this, however,

was omitted, because those who advised that policy looked upon the Colonies of England, looked even upon our connexion with India, as a burden upon this country, viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals.*

Such a policy would, for a time at least, have made the loaf not so cheap; but in the end, by directing a stream of emigration into British possessions, and by developing their resources, it might have conduced to the greater strength of the British realm.

Those who advocate the cultivation of closer commercial relations with the Colonies look to an economic as well as to a political benefit; perhaps it would be more accurate to say, to the avoidance of an economic danger. Free-trade implies free competition. We throw open our ports freely, in order that by the competition of the world we may obtain in the cheapest market the food for our people and the raw materials for our manufactures. But there are signs in the economic sky which suggest that these conditions may not always exist. There has been a great outcry over the rise in the price of bread which is threatened by the corn-tax. The actual rise in the price of meat, much more formidable in amount, has not attracted the same attention. Whether or not it be largely due to the beef trust, it is at least an indication of what may some day come to pass when the organisation of huge monopolies and 'combines' is more advanced. The oil trust and the Atlantic shipping 'combine' are similar portents. If a time should arrive when our policy of free imports no longer secures to the masses the advantage of competitive prices, there may be bitter regrets that steps were not taken to develop the potential granaries and stock-grounds which we possess within the British Empire. Some present loss may be worth incurring as an insurance against future disaster.

* Speech to Conservative Associations at the Crystal Palace, June 24th, 1872. Disraeli's speech reproduces with curious accuracy many of the aspirations of to-day. Mr Froude has remarked on the fact that Disraeli *himself* took no steps towards their realisation (see his monograph, p. 242).

Such are the general ideas which should be borne in mind in considering particular proposals. These fall under two heads, which are entirely distinct, though in popular discussions they are often confused. A customs union (*Zollverein*) is one thing, preferential trading is another. The essence of the former is free-trade within the Empire, and a common customs tariff. Advocates of change often point to the experience of the United States and of Germany, though what they advocate is something which does not prevail in either country. The United States, we too often forget, is the greatest free-trade area in the world. In the German Empire the Customs Union contributed to the formation of the political empire. But the British Empire exists already on a basis which makes a customs union well-nigh impossible. It cannot be doubted, as Lord Ripon said in his despatch on the Ottawa Conference, that a Pan-Britannic Customs Union, if practicable, would prove efficacious in cementing the union of the Empire and promoting its progress and stability. Had our colonial policy of fifty years ago been different, a *Zollverein* might have come about; but, as things are, business interests and political arrangements have grown up which make its realisation, for the present at least—even among the self-governing states of the Empire—impossible. The framing of a common tariff would be of the utmost difficulty, and the abolition of all duties on British goods would reduce the Colonies to a financial deadlock. Especially is this the case under the constitution of the Australian Commonwealth, which relies for its revenue on customs duties. A British *Zollverein* need not, then, be further discussed. It has never been proposed at any colonial conference. It may be desirable, but it is not in fact desired.

The Colonies have no desire to revolutionise their own fiscal systems. They have not the same objection, however—human nature being what it is—to the mother-country revolutionising hers. It is such a revolution that is involved in the more extreme form of the proposals for preferential trade. The history of these proposals dates back to 1887, and it is interesting to remember that they were first put into definite shape by Mr Hofmeyr, the 'power behind the throne' in the *Africander Bond*. The scheme which Mr Hofmeyr put before the Colonial

Conference in 1887 ingeniously combined the questions of commercial relations and of Imperial defence. What he proposed for discussion was

'the feasibility of promoting a closer union between the various parts of the British Empire by means of an Imperial tariff of customs, to be levied, independently of the duties payable under existing tariffs, on goods entering the Empire from abroad, the revenue derived from such tariff to be devoted to the general defence of the Empire.'

Mr Hofmeyr suggested as a first step a 'navy tariff' of 2 per cent., which, on the then total of Imperial imports, would have yielded 7,000,000*l.* Colonel Denison, who is now the leading advocate of Mr Hofmeyr's idea, proposes a tax of 5 to 10 per cent. to be similarly applied.

The objections to the adoption of such a policy at the present time are, in our opinion, overwhelming; but some of the criticism directed against it is not fairly stated. Sir Robert Giffen, for instance, objected to Mr Hofmeyr that 'the portion of the 7,000,000*l.* paid by the United Kingdom would be nearly the whole';* and he objects to Colonel Denison that on the 10 per cent. basis 'the contribution of the United Kingdom under the proposed arrangement would be over 41,000,000*l.*'; while Australia and Canada 'would contribute 3,500,000*l.* only.'† But he forgets that at present the Colonies contribute next to nothing. From this point of view the scheme would not involve the United Kingdom in an additional disparity of contribution to Imperial defence; it would mean a colonial contribution, in relief of taxes in the United Kingdom, amounting to 3,500,000*l.*

The real objection is not to the amount raised by the proposed scheme, but, as Sir Robert Giffen went on very forcibly to point out, to the way in which it would be raised. This would impose heavy burdens on the food of the people, and involve British trade in serious risk. The essential figures to remember are that our colonial trade is one fourth of the whole, and our foreign trade three fourths. The colonial trade increases; but its proportion to the whole trade remains much the same now

* 'Nineteenth Century,' May 1902.

† 'Times,' June 17th, 1902.

as it was fifty years ago.* What, therefore, is suggested is an import duty on three fourths of the goods sent into this country, in the interest of the one fourth. It needs no elaboration to show the serious nature of such a proposal, involving as it does a great increase in the price of most of the necessities of life, a crippling of our manufactures for export by a heavy tax on their raw materials, and the risk of economic reprisals and increased political ill-will from foreign countries. It is clear from recent declarations by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that his Majesty's Government has no intention of embarking upon so revolutionary and perilous an enterprise.

The Hofmeyr-Denison scheme of preferential trade may, then, be put on one side. But there is another scheme, or rather another principle, which is more within the scope of practical politics. At the Conference of 1887, another distinguished colonial statesman—Sir Samuel Griffith, now Chief Justice of Queensland—suggested that 'whenever any member of the Empire imposed customs duties, they should be higher on foreign than on Imperial goods.' This suggestion attracted little attention at the time, Mr Hofmeyr's scheme holding the field. But it bore fruit in the Conferences of 1894 and 1897, and it will probably be found to have been much to the fore in the Conference of 1902. The Ottawa Conference resolved on

'the advisability of a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies, by which trade within the Empire may be placed on a more favourable footing than that which is carried on with foreign countries.'

The Conference of 1897 demanded, as we have seen, the denunciation of treaties with foreign countries which stood in the way of such a policy; and the demand was granted. The United Kingdom, until the other day, imposed no customs duties on goods imported from Canada or Australia. She had already given away to the Colonies, not exclusively, but in common with the rest of the world, all that she had to give. But the Colonies were free to act

* In Lord Ripon's despatch (C. 7824) the figures are set out for the five years 1854-8 and 1889-93 respectively. In the former period, British imports from the Colonies were 23·8 per cent. of the whole, and exports to the Colonies 28·3; in the latter period the corresponding figures were 22·8 and 28·8. In 1900 they were 20·9 and 32·10.

on their side by favouring the mother-country. Accordingly the Premiers assembled at the Colonial Office in 1897 agreed 'to confer with their colleagues' on the question of giving preference to the products of the United Kingdom. Canada alone has taken action in this direction. The result of the preferential tariff during the three years for which figures are now available has been somewhat disappointing. In 1896-7 the percentage of Canadian imports supplied by Great Britain was 26·4; in the year 1900-1 it had fallen to 23·7. It is a fair argument that, if the mother-country did so badly even with a preferential tariff, she would have done much worse without it. The fact is, however, that the preference is more apparent than real; for though the rebate favours us, the tariff itself favours rather the United States.*

There is room for revision and development here; and Canada is not indisposed to give it. But it is clear from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech (May 12), made shortly before he left Ottawa for London, that for any revision of the Canadian tariff in our favour, Canada will expect something in return. Referring to the corn duty, he significantly remarked that

'we are in a position to make offers to the Imperial Government which we could not make five years ago. . . . We go to London with the intention of trying to secure, if possible, preferential treatment for Canada in the British market.'

To a rebate off the new duty in favour of Canadian flour and grain there would not be the same objections as to the larger schemes already discussed. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has suggested that so small a favour would not be worth acceptance by Canada.† That is a question for the Canadian Government to consider. If they want the favour, and are willing to give us something in return, none but the economic pedant need object to a bargain being struck.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it is interesting to remember, is a gold medallist of the Cobden Club. Another colonial politician, who is a Cobden Club prize essayist, has made an interesting suggestion with regard to preferential

* See the particulars given in an article in the 'Times,' June 30th, 1902.

† Speech in the House of Commons, June 18th, 1902.

treatment of the mother-country in Australia. Mr Wise, Attorney-General of New South Wales, suggests that, in order to avoid contravening the most favoured nation clause, the Commonwealth should grant a rebate of customs duties on all goods imported in British bottoms.* This is an ingenious suggestion, and its adoption would, as Mr Wise says, by encouraging the mercantile marine, assist incidentally the navy. But it is doubtful if the Australian Commonwealth will be in a position, for some time to come, to entertain any scheme which would involve an appreciable loss of revenue. Particularist jealousies are not yet extinct in Australia; and the Federal Government only retains one quarter of the customs which it collects.

In New Zealand, where Mr Seddon seems to reign without rival, the Government is in a position of greater freedom. Mr Seddon's policy has already been declared. It is to give a preference to British goods, in return for some reciprocal favour. The importance of Mr Seddon's position is to be found in the fact that he is prepared, if we may judge by his declarations at the New Zealand dinner, to accept reciprocity in a form other than rebates on new customs duties. He mentioned more particularly the subjects of army contracts and steamship services. New Zealand claims, not without reason, that the British army in South Africa might have been fed both better and more cheaply than it was if New Zealand mutton had been more plentifully supplied. The War Office contracts, which are 'scandals' to home politicians, are almost personal grievances to colonial politicians. As the War Office makes so little pretence of a belief in the necessity of buying in the cheapest market, it is difficult to see why a preference, in the form at any rate of prior application, should not be given in the case of such contracts to colonial products.

Mr Seddon's mention of steamship services brings us to one of the most practical points under consideration in the Colonial Conference of 1902. To schemes of 'Imperial trade development,' which involve restrictions on the greater volume of foreign trade, there are valid objections; to schemes which tend to develop the former

telegram from Sydney in the 'Daily Mail,' February 6th, 1903.

without injuring the latter there are none. For a forward policy in this direction the time is fully ripe. The British colonist is, man for man, the best of British customers. Now the life-blood of commerce is communication; and shipping communication between the different members of the British body-politic cannot safely be left to the chances of private enterprise. The shipping 'combine' gives us a warning. We may find another in a pregnant paragraph in the report of the Royal Commission on the Port of London.

'The power of undertaking large general expenditure, and of working for a long time at a loss with a view to compensation in a distant future, is no doubt, in the keen world-competition, an advantage possessed by undertakings which have the force of an empire, state, or great city behind them. If, in some countries, national and municipal resources are thus employed, it becomes most difficult for private enterprise elsewhere to hold its own against the intelligent, far-sighted, and formidable rivalry thus created.'

Add to national and municipal resources the resources of great monopolies in foreign countries, and the competition may well become of such a kind that no individual enterprise can be trusted to stand against it. In a matter so vital to the Empire as shipping, the State cannot allow things to take their course. There will be widespread disappointment if one outcome of the Colonial Conference is not a scheme for improving the communications alike in speed and in certainty between the various parts of the British Empire.

The question of communications is connected with the subject of Imperial defence, which we have next to discuss. 'Ocean greyhounds' may be useful in war no less than in peace; and the Navy League makes a good point by appealing to the Government

'to make the present the occasion for a new departure in our mercantile policy, recognising the necessity of linking up the different parts of the British Empire by subsidised lines of steamers suitable for Admiralty purposes.'

The general question of Imperial defence was that to which precedence was given by the Home Government in *the* despatch convening the Conference of 1887. It was,

said Mr Stanhope, a question 'at once urgent and capable of useful consideration at the present time.' In one respect the hopes of the Home Government in this matter have been abundantly fulfilled. Mr Stanhope in his despatch referred to 'the deep and lasting impression' made by the Soudan contingent. Lord Salisbury in his speech to the Conference, while dismissing a Zollverein as impossible, dwelt upon the practicability of a *Kriegsverein*. He expressed the anticipation that,

'as time goes on, those who are born in the Colonies will more and more take a personal part in the defence of the Empire in all its portions, and will join more in serving under the standard of the Queen.'

How abundantly this anticipation has been fulfilled, we have seen. But British ministers, and still more certain organised bodies of British opinion, have had something else in view than colonial contingents. They have thought of colonial contributions. The case for colonial contributions to the navy has been forcibly put in a tract issued by the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee. The Royal Navy protects the commerce of the entire Empire. Of this commerce the Colonies possess one fifth. But to the cost of protection they contribute less than one hundredth. The committee does well to call attention to these things.

But the record of previous colonial conferences shows very clearly that colonial views are not as yet affected by such figures. In 1887 the colonial representatives dwelt upon the great efforts made by the Colonies in the direction of local defence, efforts which, said Lord Knutsford in his summary despatch, are 'not perhaps sufficiently realised.' For the rest the Colonies made no move beyond their very modest contribution, at that time 91,000*l.* a year, towards the cost of a squadron to be maintained in Australian waters—a condition opposed, as all readers of Captain Mahan are aware, to sound principles of naval strategy. In 1897 Mr Chamberlain put to the Conference points similar to those made in the tract above mentioned. The answer was a prolongation of the Australasian squadron agreement, and a grant of 30,000*l.* a year—representing the maintenance of a single battle-ship—from the Cape. The total money contribution from the

self-governing colonies to the cost of Imperial defence amounts in the current year, for the navy alone, to 220,000*l*. It is something, but it is not all that, as time goes on and their resources are further developed, the Colonies will in self-respect be satisfied to pay. We know, however, of no reason for expecting that the present Conference will result in anything more, under this head, than perhaps a strengthening of the Australasian squadron. Nor are we led by expressions of opinion in Canada or Australia to expect that Mr Seddon's proposal for a standing Imperial reserve force will meet with the general approval of the colonial Premiers. In military matters the volunteer principle is likely to continue, as in political the voluntary.

The question of Imperial defence is closely bound up with the third subject of discussion—that of political relations. The pith of the matter is to be found in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech in the Canadian Parliament, March 13, 1900 :

'What we did, we did of our own free-will; and as to future wars, I have only this to say, that if it should be the will of the people of Canada at a future stage to take part in any war of England, the people of Canada will have their way. Of course, if our future military contribution were to be considered compulsory—a condition which does not exist—I would say to Great Britain, "If you want us to help you, call us to your councils."'

The call will not come unless it is asked for, and at present it is not asked for. No fundamental change was desired, as we have seen, in 1897; and it is not desired, so far as we know, in 1902.

It does not follow, however, that, because the Colonial Conference is likely to make no sweeping recommendations under the head of commercial or political relations, or Imperial defence, it will therefore do nothing useful towards advancing the cause of closer union. The constitution of this country has been developed less by heroic legislation and short sharp shocks than by the gradual growth of unwritten usage, and by the modest process of adding or subtracting here a little and there a little. So it has been with the internal constitution of the United Kingdom; so it has been also, and so it will be, with

relations of the Crown and Parliament of the United Kingdom to the British dependencies beyond the sea. The essence of political federation is the application of a common will to common purposes. This may be secured by other than mechanical and stereotyped means. It would be possible, no doubt, as Mr Haldane says in one of his suggestive essays on 'Education and Empire,' to create a federation of a fixed type of the Imperial and Colonial Governments,

'but in creating it you would, if you followed the principle which the word implies, break up the Constitution of the Empire and substitute what would in the main be a rigid and inelastic Constitution for the unwritten and developing one which has so far worked well.'

The tie which binds the Empire together is the possession of common feelings and memories, common interests and institutions. It is in the strengthening of these, and in developing the means of common action, that the next stage of Imperial Federation is likely to consist.

Among the common institutions which have still to be established on a satisfactory basis is an Imperial Court of Appeal. At present there are within the Empire two Courts of Final Appeal—the House of Lords (for the United Kingdom), and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (for the Colonies and dependencies). No one who has any acquaintance with the work of the Judicial Committee will speak of it except with respect. But from the colonial point of view the objection has been made that the Judicial Committee is not always sufficiently in touch with colonial law and life. From a more general point of view the objection holds good that the existence of two tribunals is inconsistent with complete Imperial unity, and that the colonial tribunal is stamped with a certain inferiority, not only by its dingy surroundings, but because attendance at it is apt to be starved by the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery's Government in 1895 took a tentative step in the direction of strengthening the Judicial Committee by appointing colonial members; but no provision was made for their payment, and their membership has been scarcely more than nominal. The discussions upon the Australian Commonwealth Bill, which Mr Chamberlain sought to

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amend so as to leave the jurisdiction of the Privy Council in no way curtailed, served to call attention to the constitution of the court; and the subject was referred to a Colonial Conference in 1901, which, as being of a restricted character, we have not hitherto mentioned. The Crown Colonies and India were also represented at it. Though Mr Chamberlain, in convening the Conference, declared his intention of introducing a Bill on the subject immediately, it does not seem that any definite proposals were put before the Conference on behalf of the Government. The delegates were left to their own devices, and they differed in opinion. Australia, New Zealand, and Newfoundland were in favour of a new Imperial Court of Appeal; Canada, the Cape, Natal, and the members appointed by the Government to represent India and the Crown Colonies, were content to suggest some improvements in the existing Judicial Committee.

Mr Chamberlain, who had begun with 'an earnest desire to deal with the matter this session,' and with an intention to create colonial law lords, ended by announcing that 'His Majesty's Government do not propose to make any material changes for the establishment of an Imperial Court of Appeal.' The reason assigned was the fact that the Colonies were divided in opinion. It has been conjectured—we believe, correctly—that there was another division of opinion nearer home. The scheme which Mr Chamberlain is understood to favour is that suggested by Mr Haldane in 1900 in an address now reprinted in the collection under review. It is the fusion of the Judicial Committee in the House of Lords, which would thus become the single supreme Court of Appeal for the whole Empire, and the creation of colonial law lords to strengthen the House for that purpose. Such a creation was perhaps regarded by some of the more conservative members of the administration as the end of a dangerous wedge. It is to be hoped that such qualms will not always stand in the way of a proposal, of which the advantages have been so well stated by Mr Justice Hodges, the Australian delegate at the Conference of 1901:—

'Such a court would bring the best legal thought in the United Kingdom in touch with the best legal thought in the Empire outside the United Kingdom. It would be a wonder

fully strong court, and command the admiration and respect, not only of the whole British race, but of every race in the British dominions. It would be a powerful factor in the development of a closer union between all parts of the Empire. In the British dominions it would obliterate in the administration of justice all distinctions between place and persons. Just as there is one flag to protect the subject from external assault, so there would be one court as the final arbiter of internal disputes.*

Such an Imperial Court of Appeal would, as Mr Holland observes, be a far truer symbol of the Empire than the present Judicial Committee, which, except in ecclesiastical cases, has no jurisdiction in the United Kingdom; a truer symbol, even, than the Parliament now sitting at Westminster, which, so far as the self-governing colonies are concerned, has little real jurisdiction outside the United Kingdom.

The army and the navy are institutions which exist for the common defence of all; their personnel and organisation might well be made more Imperial in character. As we have already said, we do not anticipate that the Colonies will as yet shoulder their proportionate share of the financial burden; but meanwhile any measures which should identify colonial interests more clearly with the Imperial army and navy would be steps in the right direction. Lord Brassey has done good service by pointing out the fine material for a naval reserve that might be found in the Colonies. The Committee on Military Education has wisely recommended that a large number of commissions should be placed at the disposal of the colonial governments.

From common institutions we pass to common action on subjects of common interest. The scope for unification here is very large. It is to be found in the whole field of legislative and administrative activity. There may be no common councils; the legislation and administration of each state within the Empire may be separate and particular, and yet each may be informed by a common purpose. Take, for instance, the subject of defence. No state need surrender any portion of its freedom of action,

* See 'Correspondence relating to the proposed Establishment of a Final Court of Colonial Appeal, November 1901' (Cd. 846).

and yet the strength and solidarity of the whole would be greatly increased if each kept in mind a common understanding with regard to pattern of armament, schemes of mobilisation, formation of reserves, and other kindred matters. In the field of law there is even more room for the pursuit of uniformity. Matters such as trade-marks, patents, copyright, naturalisation, immigration, have already been discussed at colonial conferences; and much remains to be done in the direction of common action. Such discussions attract little notice in the newspapers. They lend themselves but ill to the fine phrases of the platform. But if they lead to greater uniformity of law and practice within the Empire, they will conduce to real, as distinct from formal, federation.

If such uniformity of action and concentration on common purposes are to be attained, there must be means and opportunities provided for interchange of ideas between those who, in the several parts of the Empire, are concerned in directing its policy. It is instructive to note that these opportunities have so far come about naturally, and in connexion with the Crown. True statesmanship consists in following the line of natural advance. Now, Jubilee or Coronation conferences cannot be relied upon always to offer themselves at appropriate intervals. The next step forward would seem to be a policy of conference on a more extended scale and on a systematic basis. Mr Seddon put down on the agenda paper for the Conference of 1902 a proposal that 'triennial conferences be held between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Premiers of the self-governing colonies.' It may be that this proposal is in some respects too binding, as in others it is too confined. The policy of conference, wisely interpreted, would not be limited to formal sittings, at fixed periods, in Downing Street. The exchange of ideas should be constant. The confidential communications which have passed between London and some of the self-governing colonies during the progress of negotiations in South Africa are significant of the new order. Such communications in themselves secure some of the objects of formal confederation. Some day there may be evolved, from the growth of this usage, an Imperial Council *advising* the Crown and acting as a medium between the

groups of confederated states and the great executive officers in charge of Imperial interests.

The view presented in the preceding pages of the relations between the Colonies and the mother-country, and of the immediate possibilities of drawing them closer together, may appear disappointing to those who have been full fed on more ambitious schemes. But it is in keeping with the spirit of our institutions, and also with the lessons of our colonial experience. If we look back over the modern colonial history of Britain we shall perceive that two successive mistakes of policy have arisen from the inability of statesmen to grasp a great and governing idea. The idea was new in modern history, and it is the glory of Britain to have realised it. But it was long before it dawned upon the political consciousness, and even now it is perhaps only imperfectly seized. The idea is that of free colonies; of the union of liberty with empire; of states united by a tie (in a phrase of Sir Henry Parkes) as light as air, and yet as strong as steel. The statesmen of the eighteenth century could not perceive the possibility of such a connexion. They insisted on keeping it tight, and they lost the American colonies. The statesmen of the mid-nineteenth century could not perceive the possibility either. They made the connexion loose, and they expected, and even desired, the 'ripe fruit' to drop off the parent stem. There is some danger now of a third mistake from an imperfect grasp of the same principle. The ripe fruit has not dropped off, and does not seek to drop off. The connexion is loose, but it is strong and it is voluntary. Then why not, say some, tighten it once more? Closer, if not tighter, the connexion may well become; but it must be by following the laws of natural growth. The immediate object to be aimed at is not so much the creation of a single organ of sovereign will, but the concentration of the free-wills of the several states upon a common purpose. The federation thus attained may not be symmetrical or logical. It will conform to no known type; but it will realise a great ideal. It will establish an empire whose service is perfect freedom.

Art. XVI.—THE CORONATION OF THE KING OF ENGLAND.

1. *Missale ad Usus Ecclesie Westmonasteriensis nunc primum typis mandatum.* Curante Johanne Wickham Legg. Three vols. London: Henry Bradshaw Society, 1891, 1893, 1897.
2. *The Manner of the Coronation of King Charles the First of England at Westminster, 2 Feb. 1626.* Edited for the Henry Bradshaw Society by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A. London, 1892.
3. *The Coronation Book of Charles V of France.* (Cottonian MS. Tiberius, B. VIII.) Edited by E. S. Dewick, M.A., F.S.A. London: Henry Bradshaw Society, 1899.
4. *Three Coronation Orders.* Edited by J. Wickham Legg. London: Henry Bradshaw Society, 1900.
5. *The Coronation Service according to the use of the Church of England.* With notes and introduction. By the Rev. Joseph H. Pemberton. London: Skeffington, 1901.
6. *English Coronation Records.* Edited by Leopold G. Wickham Legg, B.A. Westminster: Constable, 1901.
7. *The English Coronation Service, its History and Teaching.* By F. C. Eeles. Oxford and London: Mowbray, 1902.
8. *The Form and Order of the Service that is to be performed, and of the Ceremonies that are to be observed, in the Coronation of their Majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, in the Abbey Church of S. Peter, Westminster, on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1902.* Cambridge, University Press; Oxford, University Press, 1902.

UNTIL a few years ago the student who would know something of the ancient ceremonial of the coronation of the kings and queens of England had to be content with such information as he could extract from works like Selden's 'Titles of Honour,' the folios of Ogilby and Sandford, Arthur Taylor's 'Glory of Regality,' and Planché's 'Regal Records,' or the few surviving copies of the Form and Order of the Coronation of a particular sovereign. The 'Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ'* of Mr

* A second and greatly enlarged edition of Mr Maskell's work was issued in 1882.

William Maskell, first published in 1846-7, led the way to a more scientific study of the subject; and the issue of the full text of the manuscript known as '*Liber Regalis*' to the Roxburghe Club in 1870 was a useful contribution, though the value of it is somewhat discounted by an inadequate introduction.

The first work undertaken by the society established in 1890 in memory of Henry Bradshaw, late University Librarian at Cambridge, 'for the editing of rare liturgical texts,' was the '*Missale ad Usum Ecclesie Westmonasteriensis*,' from the splendid manuscript in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, written and illuminated during the abbacy of Nicholas Lytlington in 1384. This includes the '*Ordo Consecrationis Regis*' and the '*Ordo Consecrationis Regine Sole*,' which have now, under the editorship of Dr Wickham Legg, for the first time, been properly collated and annotated with the version given in '*Liber Regalis*.' In 1892 the Henry Bradshaw Society issued to its members another important work, '*The Manner of the Coronation of King Charles the First, 1626*,' under the editorship of the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth. This contains, besides a full and annotated text of the coronation service, a valuable historical introduction, together with a series of appendixes of illustrative documents. The '*Coronation Book of Charles V*,' also edited for the Henry Bradshaw Society in 1899 by the Rev. E. S. Dewick, is of interest, not only from the exceeding beauty of the manuscript in question, now preserved in the British Museum, but for the interesting evidence it affords of the close correspondence in early times of the coronation offices of the English and French kings. By the further publication in 1900 of '*Three Coronation Orders*,' viz. (1) the Coronation Order of William and Mary, (2) an Anglo-French version of '*Liber Regalis*,' and (3) the Consecration of an Anglo-Saxon King, the Henry Bradshaw Society has conferred upon students the boon of a fairly complete series of texts of the coronation office. The value of this last volume, which has been issued under the competent editorship of Dr Wickham Legg, is enhanced by a number of useful appendixes and notes.

The accession in 1901 of His Majesty King Edward VII has produced, as was to be expected, a flood of literature

relating to coronations. The first of such works to make its appearance was the Rev. J. H. Pemberton's 'Coronation Service according to the use of the Church of England.' The text is that used at the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838, prefaced by a series of notes, which, however, do not seem to have involved much original research. The popularity of the book is nevertheless attested by its having reached a fourth edition and been doubled in bulk, with an additional series of illustrations, copied from old prints.

But by far the best of recent works is Mr Leopold G. Wickham Legg's 'English Coronation Records.' The object of the author has been 'to gather into one volume a series of documents which will give the consecutive history of the coronation in England, from the earliest time down to the coronation of Queen Victoria,' and right well has the author fulfilled his task. The result is a book of five hundred pages, of which eighty-eight are devoted to a lucid introduction. The documents have been selected with judgment, and include a chronological series of the various recensions of the coronation order, accompanied by such detailed accounts of the rites as illustrate the coronation ceremonies during each dynasty. Mr Legg apologises for having added translations to the French and Latin documents. But surely no apology is needed. The documents printed contain many words and phrases intelligible only to an expert, and the student, for whom the book is written, will be saved much trouble and investigation by their being thus presented to him in an English dress. One useful feature of Mr Legg's work is a comparative table showing the changes that have taken place from time to time in the coronation ceremonies; and there are other tables showing the changes in the coronation oath and in the form for the coronation of the queen-consort. A number of appropriate illustrations are included, with a reproduction in gold and colours, as a frontispiece, of a remarkable illumination of an English coronation of the fourteenth century.

The ceremony of the coronation of the King of England is one of high antiquity, as well as of the greatest historical importance. It has come down to us with all its *essential* parts unchanged from certainly the ninth century,

and is thus at least a thousand years old. It is also of importance historically, because until the king had been, in the coronation service, elected, anointed, and crowned, of old time he was not king.

For this reason the coronation of the king took place as soon as possible after his accession. From the Conquest to the coronation of George II the interval has varied from four days, as in the case of Henry I, to as many as nineteen weeks in the case of Mary I; but the usual practice has been not to allow more than a few weeks to elapse. The few exceptions can be explained on reasonable grounds. Thus Edward I succeeded his father in November 1272, but, being on crusade, he was not crowned until August 1274. Henry VI was a child of nine months old at his accession in 1422, and still but a child when he was crowned in 1429. In the case of Charles I the coronation was postponed for forty-four weeks on account of the plague. The long interval at the Restoration was no doubt due to the necessity for making new ornaments and regalia owing to the destruction of the old ones by order of the Parliament; for in the five succeeding reigns the interval varied from six weeks only in 1714 to seventeen weeks in 1727. Owing partly to the growing disregard of the religious and constitutional side of the ceremony, and a corresponding increase in the importance attached to the accompanying pageant, the last five coronations have been postponed for as many as eleven, eighteen, fifteen, twelve, and seventeen * months respectively after the accession of the sovereign. Another cause of this delay, which in the present instance has had such regrettable consequences, has been the mistaken idea that the formal mourning for the late sovereign should not be interrupted by a national act which, if it is of importance at all, should be done as soon as possible after the king's accession. Another distinctive feature of recent coronations has been the enormous concourse of persons, due to greatly increased facilities for travel, which has led, among other things, to the effort to crowd into the Abbey Church of Westminster many more people than it can conveniently hold, and has necessitated the

* This refers to the date (July) originally fixed for the coronation of King Edward VII.

piling up of huge stages and galleries for their accommodation. It is matter for congratulation that on the present occasion unusual care has been exercised in the erection of the scaffolding, so as to avoid injury to the fabric of the venerable Abbey church and its priceless collection of monuments.

The coronation ceremonies anciently began with a great procession, in which the king, preceded by his officials, the judges, and the peers of various grades, and accompanied by his great officers of state, rode bareheaded from the Tower of London through the City to his royal palace at Westminster, and thus offered himself to be seen of his people. The last occasion of such a procession was at the coronation of Charles II. The next day, which was directed to be always either a Sunday or some holy-day, the king was arrayed early in the morning in special vestments, in view of his anointing, and then came down into Westminster Hall. Here he was met by all the prelates and nobles of the realm, and lifted by them into a lofty seat in the form of a marble chair, adorned with cloth of gold, and set upon the King's Bench. Not improbably this was a traditional survival of the ancient Teutonic custom of raising the new king on the shield; and its discontinuance since 1820 is much to be regretted.

The king having thus been elected and enthroned by his peers, awaited the advent of the regalia, which were brought in solemn procession by the archbishops and bishops and the chapter and quire of Westminster from the Abbey church. Another procession was then formed, and the king, supported by two bishops, and preceded by the bishops and clergy and the nobles of the realm, with the regalia borne before him, was conducted from his palace to the Abbey church, a silken canopy being carried above him by sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports.

The coronation service, which now began, had for its object the confirmation of the elected prince as king. An elevated stage having accordingly been prepared in the quire of the Abbey church, the king was led up to a throne placed thereon; and the metropolitan or bishop who was to consecrate him addressed the assembled people from the four sides of the platform in turn, enquiring their will and consent about the king's consecration. The king,

meanwhile, stood up and turned himself about to the people addressed, who signified their approval with shouts of assent. It was the mistaken import of this acclamation that caused the Norman soldiery, at the coronation of William the Conqueror, to fire the houses round the Abbey.

The king next took a solemn oath to govern his people to the best of his power. In the earliest versions of the service this took the form of a threefold promise: (i) to keep peace for the Church of God and all Christian people; (ii) to repress rapacity and all iniquities to all degrees; and (iii) to exercise equity and mercy in all judgments. In 'Liber Regalis,' and the later orders, the oath takes the form of a series of questions put to the king by the archbishop: (i) if he be willing to keep the laws and customs of England; (ii) if he will keep peace to the Church and people; (iii) if he will cause law, justice, and discretion, in mercy and truth, to be executed in all his judgments; and (iv) if he will respect and defend the privileges of the commonalty. The king was further requested to respect and defend the privileges of the bishops and clergy. The policy adopted by James II towards the Church of England led, at the coronation of William and Mary, to the recasting of the oath in its present form, wherein the king promises (i) to govern his people according to the statutes of Parliament; (ii) to cause law and justice and mercy to be executed in all judgments; and (iii) 'to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law,' the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the Church of England, and the rights and privileges of the bishop and clergy.

The king having taken the oath, the second part of the service was begun. This part contains the very essence of the whole ceremonial, the all-important rite of anointing. The anointing of the king—as Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, explained to Henry III—is not a gift wherewith many kings are adorned, but is the sign of the privilege of receiving the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit, whereby the anointing has a sacramental character; though the bishop is careful to point out that the privilege does not in any way raise the dignity of a king above, nor even to the level of a priest, or give him power to

perform any priestly office. So far back as the reign of Edward III it was held as part of the common law of England that the king who had been anointed with the holy oil was endowed with spiritual jurisdiction; and the learned English canonist, William Lyndwode, in the reign of the sixth Henry, asserts that an anointed king is no mere layman, but a clerk as well according to some. So the anointing has been generally regarded as the means by which grace is given to the sovereign to perform the duties of his high office, whether they be civil or ecclesiastical. Even to-day the anointing is preceded, as of old, by the singing of 'Veni Creator'; and the archbishop prays that the king, 'who by our office and ministry is now to be anointed with this oil and consecrated king of this realm,' may be strengthened with the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost.

The king was anciently anointed with oil on the head only, but in later times on the hands and breast also, and for some time on the shoulders and the bend of the arms as well. The King of England also enjoyed, with the King of France, the special privilege of being further anointed on the head with the *chrisma* or cream. This seems to have been done at least as early as the coronation of Edward II, and was continued down to that of Elizabeth. The Stewart kings were anointed with cream only, and not with oil. Since the Revolution oil alone seems to have been used. As the king was partly disrobed for the anointing, a canopy of cloth of gold was held over him meanwhile by four Knights of the Garter, a ceremony that is still carried on, though it seems to have been forgotten or omitted at the anointing of William and Mary. After the anointing, linen gloves were put upon the king's hands, and a linen coif was placed upon his head, there to remain until the eighth day; but this edifying ceremony has been discontinued for several coronations.

The third part of the service, which immediately followed, consisted of the delivery of the royal ornaments and the enthronisation. Owing to the quasi-spiritual character which was held to have been conferred upon the king by his anointing, the royal ornaments have from an early date been of a peculiar character. They included *all those* anciently worn by a deacon, and they also *closely resembled* in other respects those put upon a bishop

at the time of his consecration. There was also, and still is, a close parallel between the order of the consecration of a bishop and the order of the coronation or consecration of a king, as may be seen by a comparison of the two rites. The *colobium sindonis* and the *supertunica*, which were first put upon the king, correspond to the alb and the tunicle or dalmatic anciently put upon a bishop; and the buskins and sandals, which followed, are also episcopal ornaments. Formerly the parallel was made closer by the investiture with both tunic and dalmatic.

Next the king's spurs were put on, and he was girded with the sword, and then he was invested with the stole and the mantle or cope, which was of red silk woven with golden eagles in token of the king's temporal authority as Emperor of Britain. The presentation of the spurs has now degenerated, and the king's heels are simply touched with them. The crowning followed, and then the investiture with the ring 'of kingly dignity and the seal of the Catholic Faith.'

While the king's hands were still free, he divested himself of his sword, and proceeding to the altar there presented it as an offering to God; but it was immediately redeemed by an earl for 100s., and borne naked before the king until the end of the service. The gloves, which like the ring were an episcopal ornament, were next put upon the king; and then there were delivered to him, into his right hand the sceptre, as the emblem of kingly power, and into his left hand the rod with the dove, the symbol of equity and virtue. Having now received all the royal ornaments, the king was solemnly enthroned by the bishops and nobles. This part of the ceremony was concluded by the peers of the realm doing their homage and, as they stood round the king, touching his crown in token of fealty.

If the queen was to be anointed and crowned on the same day as the king, her coronation followed the homage. It was a much shorter ceremony than the coronation of the king, and consisted of the introductory prayers, the anointing on the head and breast, the investiture with the ring, the crowning, and the delivery of the sceptre, to which was afterwards added the ivory rod with the dove. No special robes were put upon the queen.

From the very earliest times the coronation service

has been incorporated with the Holy Communion office, and at first was imbedded in it between the *missa catechumenorum* and the *missa fidelium*; but from the twelfth century down to the coronation of James II, when there was no communion on account of the king being a Roman Catholic, the coronation service preceded the other rite. At the coronation of William and Mary, when great changes were made in the service, the precedent of pre-Norman times was unconsciously reverted to and has since continued.

At the end of the service the king exchanged his coronation vestments for his robes of state of purple velvet, and the crown wherewith he had been crowned—that known as St Edward's—for his own crown. Thus arrayed, and carrying the sceptre and rod, he returned in procession to Westminster Hall, where the day's proceedings were concluded with the coronation banquet. Like the processions from the hall to the church and back, this has been discontinued since 1820.

It does not appear to be known who was the first Christian prince to be anointed and crowned by the bishops of the Church; but that the rite was borrowed from the practice of the ancient Jewish Church there can be little doubt. The imposition of a crown or diadem was of course no new thing to western nations; and, soon after the emperors became Christian, their inauguration would naturally be accompanied by sacred rites and a blessing at the hands of the chief bishop. It is, however, uncertain when this custom arose; and there seems to be no earlier record of a coronation than that of Leo the Great in 457, or of his son Leo II in 474. The next recorded instance of episcopal coronation is that of Justin I. This emperor was crowned twice: first by the Patriarch at Constantinople in 518; and secondly, by Pope John II when he visited Constantinople in 525. The reign of his successor Justinian was also inaugurated by the imposition of hands by the Patriarch Epiphanius; and thenceforth the crowning of the emperors by the Patriarch became an established rule.

The earliest recorded instance of the consecration of a king at the hands of a bishop in the West is that of a British prince, Aidan, who ruled over the Scottish kingdom of Dalriada from 574 to 606. An account of it given

in Adamnan's 'Life of St Columba' (521-597), written in the seventh century, relates how the saint, in obedience to a divine message, ordained (*ordinavit*) Aidan king at Iona, and, laying his hand upon his head, consecrated and blessed him. The statement that Columba 'ordained' the king is significant; and the laying on of hands is of interest in view of the important part it takes in the consecration of a bishop.

The essential part of the consecration of a Christian king is of course the anointing. For almost the earliest evidence of this we again turn to the English records. The form of it in the oldest English version may actually be that in use during the episcopate of Egbert, Archbishop of York from 732 to 766; and the references to the king as 'the Lord's anointed' in the canons of the council held at 'Cealchyth' in 785, coupled with the record in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle that at the same assembly Ecgferth, the son of King Offa, was 'hallowed king' during his father's lifetime, show that the ceremony was an established custom. Moreover, it is important to note that the actual word recording Ecgferth's hallowing, 'to cyninge *gehalgod*,' is also that applied throughout the Chronicle to the consecration of a bishop, the ceremonial of which included imposition of hands, the anointing of the hands and head, delivery of the ring and staff, and enthronement. That enthroning also followed the consecration of a king is borne out by the statement in the Chronicle that in 795 Eardulf, King of Northumbria, was 'gebletsod and to his cynestole ahafen' by Archbishop Eanbald and three other bishops.

From England, as will presently be shown, the rite of unction seems to have passed into France. The first of the Frankish kings of whose sacring there is any credible record is King Pepin, who was twice anointed; first at Soissons by the Archbishop of Mentz in 752; and again, apparently in 754, by Pope Stephen II at St Denis, together with his queen, Bertha, and his sons Charles (afterwards Charles the Great) and Carloman. Charles the Great is said to have been anointed more than once: first with his father in 754; again on the death of Pepin in 768; and finally, as Emperor of the West, by Pope Leo III at Rome on Christmas Day 800. The rite of anointing, thus firmly established in the West, appears to have been

followed from the time of Charles the Great by the East also.

Let us next consider the different versions of the English coronation order, and the changes made in it from time to time. The oldest known service for the coronation of an English king occurs in manuscripts of the ninth century, and is possibly copied from the pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York from 732 to 766. It is interpolated after the Gospel in a mass called 'the mass for a king on the day of his hallowing,' and consists of the blessing of the king, the sacring or anointing of the king's head with oil, the delivery of the sceptre and staff, and the imposition of the crown or headpiece (*galea*), each with its accompanying blessing, concluding with the acclamation of the enthroned king. The seven blessings of this service, with the collect, 'God, who providest,' and the anthem, 'Zadok the Priest,' form the basis of most subsequent coronation services. This form not improbably originated in England, and was very likely used for the consecration of most of our pre-Norman kings down to and including Edward the Confessor.

The second version of the English coronation order is found in a number of manuscripts, including several of the eleventh century, and may have been the form used at the coronations of Harold and William the Conqueror. It is entitled 'Consecratio Regis,' and precedes the mass instead of being interpolated in it. It is the first that contains the direction for the procession and the oath; it also directs that the king shall be invested with the ring and sword, as well as the crown, sceptre, and rod. This version is the first which includes an order for the consecration of a queen-consort. She is directed to be anointed with the oil of holy unction upon the head, as is due to her honour; to be adorned with a ring for the integrity of her faith; and to be crowned with a crown for the glory of eternity.

The third version of the coronation order dates from the twelfth century. Like the preceding version, it is entitled 'Consecratio Regis,' but differs from it considerably in form, though not in substance, no fewer than six of the original seven blessings being superseded, and new ones introduced. It is the first that contains the recognition

or formal election of the king by his people. The anointing is extended to the hands, breast, shoulders, and elbows; and the bracelets (*armillæ*) and the mantle (*pallium*) are added to the ornaments.

The fourth version of the medieval coronation service is that represented in 'Liber Regalis,' a manuscript of the fourteenth century, now in the custody of the Dean of Westminster, which was probably written for use at the coronation of Richard II, and perhaps for the king himself. This form, which presents the service in its fullest development, appears to have been used first at the coronation of Edward II; but the version then followed has only short rubrics in place of the more elaborate directions of 'Liber Regalis.' It includes practically all the preceding form, with a few additional prayers, and, what is more interesting, the restoration of five out of the six early blessings suppressed in the third version, as well as the ancient collect, 'God, who providest.' The form in 'Liber Regalis' is preceded by directions for the arrangement of the Abbey church, the procession from the Tower, the proceedings in Westminster Hall, and the procession thence to the Abbey church.

The order of the coronation service in 'Liber Regalis' continued in use throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Queen Elizabeth being the last of our sovereigns to be anointed and crowned with the old Latin form. For the coronation of James I in 1603 'Liber Regalis' was literally translated, and it was so used in its new English form, and otherwise unaltered, at the coronations of Charles I and Charles II.

The accession of James II in 1685 brought about the first serious changes in the English coronation order. James himself having become a Roman Catholic, it was not possible for him to take part in, or communicate at, the celebration of the Lord's Supper by the clergy of the Church of England, which has been associated with our coronation order from the earliest times. Even for the anointing, which he received, it was deemed advisable afterwards to obtain absolution from Rome. The celebration of the Holy Communion was therefore omitted; and, to conceal the mutilation thus caused in the service, Archbishop Sancroft was directed to revise and shorten it, on the ground that it was too long.

A comparison of the service with that used in 1660 shows that Sancroft went a good deal further than mere revision, many of the prayers being entirely re-written, though the change is not at first observable, owing to his retention of the opening words of the older forms. Sancroft seems also to have greatly disliked the old prayers for the blessing of the royal ornaments; he accordingly omitted that for the blessing of the ring, and converted others into prayers for blessings upon the wearer of the ornament. The sequence of forms also underwent grave changes. The first part of the service remained unaltered; but in the second part the ancient prayers that accompanied the consecration of the king were moved, with the Litany, away from the blessing of the oil and the anointing to an earlier part of the service, and reduced in number. The third part was shortened by omitting several of the prayers.

One new feature in the service was the delivery of the orb with the 'imperial robe.' This innovation can only be set down to ignorance on the part of Dr Sancroft. He seems to have been unaware that the orb with the cross and the sceptre with the cross were interchangeable forms of one and the same ornament; the orb with the cross being apparently the form of the sceptre which was usually delivered to the king after the anointing, while the sceptre with the cross was more convenient in form for the king to carry in procession when he exchanged his vestments and crown at the end of the service. Owing to this failure to recognise the identity of the two ornaments, King James II departed from the church carrying the sceptre with the cross in his right hand, and the orb with the cross in his left, that is, the same symbol in both hands. The error still remains unrectified.

The accession of William III and Mary II was the excuse for further alteration in the coronation order. The reasons for this were twofold. In the first place, it was felt that the service ought to be so framed that in future no Roman Catholic could be crowned King of England. In the second place, the fact that the queen was not a queen-consort but queen-regnant introduced an element into the service that had never before occurred in the history of England; consequently all the parts peculiar to the consecration and anointing and the crown-

ing of the king had to be duplicated for the queen, for whom also a second set of the royal ornaments and regalia had to be provided.

The revision of the service was entrusted to the Bishop of London, Dr Compton, whose changes were quite as considerable as those made by Dr Sancroft in 1685. The most important of them were (1) the alteration in the oath already mentioned; (2) the interpolation of the coronation in the communion service, immediately after the creed and sermon, thus unconsciously reverting to the precedent of the earliest version of the coronation order; and (3) the omission of all the prayers consecrating the king and queen before the anointing, with the exception of 'God, who providest,' which retained the place in the Litany to which it had been relegated in 1685. Other changes were the putting off of the crowning until the delivery of all the other ornaments, thus making it the climax of the service; and the altering of some of the prayers. An innovation that followed the crowning was the presentation of the Holy Bible to the king and queen; this was perhaps suggested by the corresponding delivery of the Bible at the consecration of a bishop. The coronation service for William and Mary has prefixed to it a special order for morning prayer on the day of the coronation. In view of the long wait now considered necessary between the admission of the congregation and the beginning of the coronation service, this very proper feature might with advantage be revived.

Since 1689 the English coronation order has remained virtually the same in arrangement, though some verbal alterations have been made in the prayers, mostly in 1761. The form and order put forth for the coronation of their Majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra is practically the same as that used in 1831, but the first oblation is moved away from the place after the recognition, which it has occupied for nearly six centuries, to the offertory, where it takes the place of the second oblation. The litany is also shortened, and the ten commandments omitted. The ancient collect, 'O God, who providest,' which has come down to us from the earliest form of the coronation service, and has, since 1685, formed part of the Litany, is inserted after the collect for purity in the communion service, in the place of the liturgical collect. The

anointing, which, at the coronation of Queen Victoria, was on the head only, is now again to be, as formerly, on the head, breast, and hands.

Mention has been made above of the correspondence of the coronation offices of the English and Frankish kings. In early times it is quite clear that the two services were identical; and the seven blessings of our oldest order are the same as the 'Benedictiones super regem noviter electum' to be found in a part of the well-known Leofric missal, written in Lotharingia early in the tenth century. The second version of the English form has also its parallel in an order 'ad benedicendum regem Francorum' of the tenth century. This is identical throughout, both in form and substance, with the English order. It, moreover, contains strong internal evidence of having been borrowed from the English form, as may be seen, for instance, in the reference in one prayer to St Gregory as 'Anglorum apostolicus.' In the thirteenth century a new form of the sacring was brought into France. It closely resembles the third version of the English service, even to the supersession of the older liturgical forms by new ones. The crowning in this French version takes place after, instead of, as hitherto, before the delivery of the sceptres.

The fullest development of the service for the sacring of the French kings is contained in the 'Coronation Book of Charles V,' written and historiated in 1365, now in the British Museum. The manuscript is distinguished by a splendid series of thirty-eight illuminations, supplementary to the rubrics, and forming an almost continuous picture of the whole ceremonial.* A comparison of the French form with that in the English 'Liber Regalis' shows that, although the two services differ in arrangement, they are very similar in matter.

The French service began on the day before the coronation with the reception of the king by the archbishop and clergy at the west door of the cathedral church of Rheims. After praying in the church, the king passed the night in the archiepiscopal palace. In the morning the bishops of Laon and Beauvais went in procession to the palace, and, after a short preliminary service in the

* In the Bradshaw Society's edition seven of the pictures are re-
in gold and colours, and the whole series is also given in autotype.

king's chamber, conducted him to the church, and there presented him to the archbishop. The simple preparing of the oil and cream for the anointing by the sacrist of Westminster, in the English rite, was represented in France by a more elaborate ceremony. The holy ampul was at this point brought in by the monks of St Remy in procession, with crosses and lights, the sacred relic itself being carried by the abbot under a silken canopy borne up by four monks in albs. It was then met by the archbishop and bishops, and solemnly brought to the altar. In the fifteenth century the abbot of St Remy, mounted on a white palfrey, rode up the cathedral church to the quire door carrying the ampul. The archbishop having administered the oath to the king, the 'Te Deum' was sung instead of the 'Veni Creator' of the English rite; and then the king was stripped of his outer robe for the anointing, leaving him arrayed in a red silk tunic and shirt, with the necessary slits for the unction. The buskins were then put on him by the Great Chamberlain, and the spurs by the Duke of Burgundy. Next the king was girded by the archbishop with the sword, which was immediately ungirded and unsheathed, and delivered into the king's hand. It was then offered by the king at the altar, but was forthwith returned to him by the archbishop, and given to the Marshal of France to carry until the end of the service. The archbishop having prepared the cream by mixing with it, on a paten, a particle of the sacred oil taken out of the holy ampul with a golden needle, the litany was sung; and then the archbishop proceeded to anoint the king, on the head, breast, between the shoulders, and in the bows of the arms, 'Unxerunt Salomonem' being sung meanwhile. The king received the unction kneeling. The openings of the shirt and tunic having been closed, the Great Chamberlain invested the king with the royal tunic and mantle of blue, woven with golden *fleurs de lis*. The king was then anointed on the hands; and the archbishop, having blessed the gloves and sprinkled them with holy water, put them on the king. The delivery of the ring, the sceptre, and the rod followed; and then the king received the crown kneeling. Finally, the king was led by the archbishop and the Marshal of France to the quire, which was set up on a lofty stage in the quire, and there enthroned.

The coronation of the queen closely resembled that in the English order; but the crowning, as in the case of the king, took place after the delivery of the sceptre and rod, and the anointing was done with a golden style.

At the mass which followed, the king and queen laid aside their crowns during the singing of the Gospel. The king and queen did not communicate until the mass was ended; they then received the sacrament in both kinds, the king first kissing the archbishop's hand. The service concluded with the blessing of the Oriflamme.

The form and order of the service as given in the 'Coronation Book of Charles V' continued to be that under which all succeeding kings of France were crowned, with only a few slight alterations, such as the addition, in 1484, of an anthem when the holy ampul was brought into the cathedral church.

To return once more to the English rite. It will be seen, as Mr Legg has pointed out, that the significance of the coronation has not really varied to any great degree during the whole length of the history of that service. Throughout the mediæval period the idea of its likeness to the consecration of a bishop continued; but the changes of the seventeenth century suggest that by that time this likeness had been forgotten, though the structure of the service continued to show it. It was this likeness to an episcopal consecration, with its accompanying unction, which formerly gave to the anointing of the king its pre-eminent position. Since the disappearance of the unction from the ordinal or consecration service for English bishops, the royal anointing has decreased in importance; and the alterations of 1685 show that the crowning had then come to be regarded as the central act of the service, a fact emphasised in 1689 and since by the delivery of the crown after all the other ornaments.

It is much to be hoped that the recent issue of so much instructive literature on the subject will lead in future to a better appreciation of the meaning of the coronation service and its bearing upon the history of England.

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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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Art. I.—NATIONAL SOBRIETY.

1. *The Temperance Problem and Social Reform.* By Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell. Ninth edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1901.
 2. *The place of Compensation in Temperance Reform.* By C. P. Sanger. London: King, 1901.
 3. *Practical Licensing Reform.* By the Hon. Sidney Peel. London: Methuen, 1901.
 4. *Licensing Administration in Liverpool.* Compiled by the Liverpool Vigilance Committee. Nottingham: The Licensing Laws Information Bureau.
 5. *Popular Control of the Liquor Traffic.* By Dr E. R. L. Gould. London: Cassell, 1894.
 6. *The Commonwealth as Publican; an Examination of the Gothenburg System.* By John Walker. Westminster: Constable, 1902.
 7. *Drink, Temperance, and Legislation.* By Arthur Shadwell. London: Longmans, 1902.
 8. *Report of the Central Public-house Trust Association* (October 31, 1901), and *Supplement* (February 28, 1902).
 9. *Final Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Operation and Administration of the Laws relating to the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors.* 1899. (C. 9379.) London: Eyre and Spottiswoode.
- And other works.

THE student whose sustained patience may bear him through the long history of temperance legislation from the time of Edward VI, when the licensing system was first established, until the present day, cannot but be saddened by the story of this protracted struggle with

the evils of the drink traffic, a struggle reaching through nearly four hundred years of national history; for in it there is all the pathos of a great and noble conscience wrestling ineffectually with a besetting sin. The uniform failure of Act after Act to do more than temporarily allay the abuses which it was intended to root out will leave its impression on his mind, but he will appreciate the steady growth of a deeper and broader recognition among the people of the far-reaching evils which intemperance has fastened on the nation.

Had we only the Statute-book before us on which to base an estimate of the attention given to the temperance problem since the rejection by Parliament of Sir William Harcourt's Local Control Bill in 1895, we might be led to conclude that the nation, wearied by the persistent agitation of extreme doctrines and preoccupied by the South African war, had turned its thoughts away from such questions altogether; yet, as a matter of fact, the last five years have been remarkably full of activity and solid work and thought in the cause of temperance—an activity, moreover, which is characterised by a tendency to question old ideals, by the exploration of new paths for experiment, and by the influx of a large volume of moderate opinion into a field hitherto filled by the loud battle between the extreme Prohibitionists on the one side and the advocates of the 'trade' on the other. This period has seen three salient events in this connexion; firstly, the appearance of the Reports which are the outcome of the long and laborious investigation into the operation of the Liquor Licensing Laws by the Royal Commission presided over by Lord Peel; secondly, the publication and wide interest excited by Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell's book, 'The Temperance Problem and Social Reform'; and thirdly, the birth of a new movement in practical temperance reform called the Public-house Trust Movement, which is associated with the name of Lord Grey.

The eleven ample Blue-books in which the vast inquiry and the final reports of Lord Peel's Commission are recorded for the guidance and instruction of future legislators, form a mine of historical, critical, and statistical wealth on the subject of the Liquor Licensing Laws the magnitude of which has never before been equalled. It is difficult to decide whether it is a matter to

the reverse that at the last sittings differences arose among the commissioners which led to the issue of two separate reports. A unanimous report—if such a concord between all the shades of opinion represented on the Commission, from the prohibitionist views of Mr Whittaker on the one hand to the militant trade advocacy of Mr C. Walker on the other, were ever within the bounds of possibility—would certainly have carried immense weight; but, on the other hand, recommendations resulting from the compromise of so many diverse views might have fallen into that colourless and anæmic condition that often characterises resolutions framed on the wisdom of a middle course.

These two reports—the Majority Report, signed by the commissioners holding moderate views, Lord Windsor, Sir Algernon West, Mr Andrew Johnson, and others, as well as by the trade members; and the Minority Report, drafted by Lord Peel, and signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr Caine, Mr Whittaker, and the extreme temperance members of the Commission—reflect the views of the two most prominent types, the prohibitionist type and the moderate type of temperance opinion at the present day; and we may accept the most salient points dealt with in the two reports, when taken together, as indicating the questions that, at the moment, stand in the forefront of temperance politics. These questions are: the very complex problem of compensation; the question of the reduction of licenses; the regulation of clubs; and those purely restrictive measures advocated by the extreme temperance party, that is to say, prohibition, Sunday-closing, and shorter hours of sale. We have not included the serving of children, for, having recently been the subject of legislation in the Child Messenger Act, this matter cannot be regarded as in the front rank of the temperance questions of the day. The question of the reform of the licensing authority hardly yields in importance to any of the above; but to consider it here would be to enter the labyrinth of that mass of uncoded legislation known as the Licensing Laws, a task altogether beyond the scope of the present article.

“Licensing reform is to move, it must,
enter the barrier of ‘compensation.’”

Whether we contemplate reducing licenses or abolishing them, or placing them under municipal or state control, the first step must always be to dispose of the question whether or not compensation shall be given to the dispossessed licensee; and, if it is given, on what basis of calculation it is to be reckoned, and from what source the necessary funds are to be raised. It is round this vexed question, entangled as it is with arguments of law, of equity, and of precedent, that the trade has thrown up its strongest entrenchments. The far-seeing and eminently worldly-wise generalship of its leaders and of the powerful bodies, such as the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society of London, which shape the policy and organise the forces of the trade, has recognised the great strategical advantages which this question offers as a defensive position, and has chosen 'compensation' as the ground on which to accept battle. Once let Parliament recognise that the tenure of a license carries with it a legal vested right to compensation in the event of its being extinguished, and the position of the trade is enormously strengthened against assaults of any kind; for it must be remembered that, next to the agricultural interest, the liquor trade represents by far the largest and wealthiest interest in this country; and any measure that, by diminishing the consumption of liquor, would touch the pockets of the trade, would always find itself face to face with a legal demand for compensation, on a scale to which the £20,000,000 paid by the nation to the dispossessed slave-owners of the West Indies would be a mere trifle.

The claim of the trade is that a dispossessed licensee has a legal and vested right to be compensated at the full price which his house would fetch, or which it has fetched, in the open market. This claim is based on the following considerations—that, though the license is nominally only granted for one year, the custom of licensing magistrates for many years past has amounted, in practice, to establishing a certainty that a license will always be renewed, except in cases of misconduct: that this practice has given a security of tenure to the licensee which makes his license a marketable asset, and that for years past a traffic on a very large scale has taken place in licenses, most of the present holders having paid very highly for the

that this state of things and the right of dispossessed licensees to receive compensation has been recognised by municipalities, which invariably pay the full market value of the licensed house when it has to be taken in the course of town improvements, and that Parliament itself in many enactments has also recognised this, especially in regard to the levy of death-duties on the property of deceased owners of licensed houses. The extreme view on the opposite side, held by the leaders of total-abstinence and prohibitionist opinion, and by such bodies as the United Kingdom Alliance and the National Temperance Federation, is that, a license being granted for one year only, no question of compensation can arise on its extinction at the end of any year: that there is by law no property in a license, and it cannot be bequeathed: that in cases where the magistrates have found it necessary to reduce the number of licenses because the neighbourhood does not require them, they have exercised their legal right to extinguish these licenses without giving any compensation.

The problem is largely affected by the growth of a system of trading known as the 'tied-house system.' It is probable that at the present moment as many as seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the licensed houses in England are 'tied' to brewers; that is to say, have been bought by brewers, or are financed by them, on terms which secure that the liquors sold shall be supplied from their breweries. This plan of trading, though it has been in existence here and there for the past fifty years, has latterly grown to enormous dimensions, owing partly to the custom of home-brewing having fallen into disuse, but mainly on account of the conversion of the greater number of the large breweries into limited companies. It must be nearly twenty years ago that the partners in the great concern of Guinness and Co. decided to offer their business to the public. No sooner was the prospectus issued than the phenomenal success of the venture was apparent. The shares were subscribed for many times over, and afterwards rose in value to something like three times the issue price. The other large breweries in the country were not long in adopting the same policy; and, one after the other, their undertakings were sold to the public at enormous premiums. The directors in each case found

themselves with a large margin of capital on their hands, in excess of what could be profitably employed in the business proper, for which it was necessary to find an outlet that would bring increased trade and secure the larger profits required to provide a dividend on the larger capital. The outlet was found in the purchase of public-houses in which to sell the liquor brewed by the company—an expedient which provided a profitable investment for capital as well as a means of increasing the trade. The competition between rival companies to secure houses became acute; and the prices of licensed houses were forced up to extraordinarily inflated figures, of which the following, among innumerable instances, will serve as a fair illustration. The 'Crooked Billet,' a fully licensed house in Newcastle-on-Tyne, was put up to auction in 1896. The first bid was for 10,000*l.*, and it was knocked down for 15,800*l.* The same house forty years earlier had been sold for 900*l.*, and no important structural improvements had been made in the interval.

It is obvious that these conditions have combined to increase the temptation to push the sale of beer sometimes by illegitimate means. A brewery that has paid a high price for a house naturally looks keenly to the tenant to sell enough beer to return a dividend on the excessive capital. This is one of the evils laid to the charge of the 'tied-house system.' Again, it is said that brewers who have secured an outlet for their beer do not pay the same attention to quality and care in brewing as they did when their products had to hold their own in a free market. The system has been universally condemned, not only by several select committees of both Houses of Parliament, but by a practically unanimous public opinion. It seems to be based on an ever-pressing call to extend business and profits—a call to which even the most scrupulous of publicans cannot be altogether deaf, and in which, unfortunately, a large section of the public is now interested. But it is not with this aspect of the 'tied-house system' that we have to concern ourselves, so much as with its bearing on the compensation question.

The question of compensation is largely affected by the fact, not only that many of the present holders of licenses have paid abnormal and inflated prices for them, *but that*, owing to the large breweries having no

formed into limited companies, their shares are distributed among the more influential classes of the population; consequently the effect of any decision that Parliament may come to on this question does not merely touch the brewing trade, but concerns an enormous number of interested persons representing a large voting power. The trade, therefore, in choosing 'compensation' as its position for battle, has chosen wisely. It does not propose to waste energy and resources on direct opposition to the actual reforms that may be mooted; its attitude is well reflected in the remarks which Messrs Walker and Hyslop—trade members of Lord Peel's Commission—prefix to the ample reservations they have made on the Majority Report. After paying grandiloquent homage to 'the great, honest, and untiring exertions that are continually being made for the moral and social advancement of the people,' they continue:

'As representatives of our class, we can truly say on their behalf that they would hail with the greatest possible satisfaction reasonable legislation on the principles of justice and equity, so that in the true spirit of compromise (and whilst assuring to them the preservation of their legitimate worldly possessions) a satisfactory settlement of this difficult and complicated question may be arrived at.'

The nature of this 'true spirit of compromise' becomes apparent in a later paragraph, where they suggest that the compensation to be paid shall be at the full market value, and shall come entirely out of public funds, for, they add, 'it would be intolerable that the trade should be further taxed.'

The two reports of the Royal Commission agree in so far as they recommend that any funds for compensation shall be levied from the trade itself; but on the questions of the justice of the trade's claim to a vested right to compensation, and of the extent to which the claim to be paid at full market value may be equitably considered, they are widely divergent. We have already stated the main arguments of the advocates on either side. The Majority commissioners, without attempting to weigh too nicely the whole of these arguments, express their

'general adhesion to the principles of compensation equivalent to the fair, *intrinsic* selling value of the license and good-will

apart from the extreme inflation of prices caused in some cases by excessive competition.' This they do 'on the general ground of justice and expediency.'

The Minority commissioners approach the subject in a sterner spirit. They sift, and in some cases select for quotation, the arguments and evidence of particular witnesses in a manner which perhaps implies a certain anxiety lest those arguments which tell against the trade should lose weight for want of a forcible setting. The claim of the trade to full market value compensation cannot, they say, 'be for one moment entertained'; and

'the truth is the exact contrary to the assumption of a vested interest in a public-house license. It cannot be too clearly laid down that the license lasts for one year and no longer. . . . The only possible conclusion is that the claim to compensation rests on no legal foundation whatever.'

Yet, in consideration of the opinion, which has been very generally held, that there is by law a vested interest in a license—a belief which has been encouraged by the usual practice of the licensing justices in granting renewals without question year after year—they recommend that, 'as a matter of grace and expediency, though not of right, some allowance should be made for this.' The compensation they suggest is a sum equivalent to seven years' purchase of the annual rateable value of the licensed houses that may become extinguished under the scheme they recommend for the reduction of licenses. It is an essential of this scheme that it shall be put into force, and the whole reduction effected, within a period of seven years; after which time no claim for compensation is to be recognised. The fund required to meet the compensation claims during this seven years' period is to be raised by additional license rentals upon the rateable value of all licensed houses. The Majority Report, on the other hand, while deciding, like that of the Minority, to draw the requisite funds from the trade itself, proposes that every license-holder shall make a declaration of the value of his license and good-will, apart from the value of the house, and shall contribute annually to a compensation fund at the rate of 6s. 8d. per 100l., i.e. one third per cent., on the above declaratory value; or, if his license

is extinguished, he is to receive compensation to the extent of this same declared value.

The strictly legal question as to vested rights in licenses seems to have been decided by the judgment of the House of Lords in the test case of *Sharp v. Wakefield*, which lays down that the law recognises no claim on the part of the licensee to have his license renewed at the end of the year for which it was granted. Further, the magistrates have in places exercised their discretion in this respect without question. In Liverpool especially, where the licensing bench has taken a high view of its duties in regard to diminishing the facilities for obtaining drink, a considerable reduction of licenses has been effected without compensation; and so recently as in May of this year the action of the Farnham magistrates in refusing the renewal of nine licenses, on information which they had themselves collected as to the desirability of reducing the number of public-houses in the district, was confirmed by a decision of the Court of Appeal.

But, though it seems clear that those who claim a right to compensation have in strict law no case, it does not follow that they may not have a very strong, even an imperative claim to receive equitable consideration if legislation tending to reduce the number of licenses throughout the country is adopted by Parliament. There is no doubt that the easy good-nature of the practice on most licensing benches has led to licenses being generally regarded as absolute and genuine property; and this is proved by the facts that they are habitually insured at low rates against the risk of loss by a decision of the magistrates; that they are constantly trafficked in; and that they are accepted as real and solid assets in the balance-sheet of any brewery company. This being the case, any drastic law or action of Parliament that did not recognise the situation as it has now grown up would create widespread dislocation of values, and would affect an enormous number of persons, only so far connected with the liquor trade that they are shareholders in some concern that owns licensed property. Apart from this aspect which the question bears in public opinion and in the everyday transactions of life, the deliberate action and policy of the licensing authorities may be said to have actually created a state of things which gives the

claim to compensation all the force of equity, if not of legal right.

There has of late years sprung up a custom among magistrates in many parts of the country, when granting a new license, to exact, in exchange, the surrender of an existing license in some other district under their jurisdiction, where it is desired to reduce the number of public-houses. This practice, which is really nothing more or less than the exacting of a payment in kind for the granting of new licenses, implies that security of tenure shall be conceded with the license. The extent to which the policy of exacting surrenders has grown has given rise to a keen competition among the brewers to buy up small houses, which may be useful to surrender in exchange for a new license; and such small houses have consequently come to fetch prices which are far in excess of their real value for trading purposes; they, in fact, command in the market a 'surrender' value, distinct from and in excess of their intrinsic value. It often happens, therefore, that the grant of a new license has practically, by the action of the magistrates, cost the grantee a large sum of money; and to deny him any security of tenure would be a distinct injustice. Again, there is a laudable and growing tendency among magistrates to insist on certain structural conditions in newly licensed premises, in order to facilitate supervision by the police and respectable management by the tenant. These stipulations often entail the expenditure of considerable sums of money. Can it, after this, be fair to regard the license as terminable at the end of any year, except for misconduct?

The views on the compensation question held by the extreme temperance party, and reflected in the Minority Report, have, generally speaking, been tinged with a feeling which is alien to an entirely open-minded consideration of the equity of the claim of the trade. Through the arguments and expressed opinions of this party there runs a thread of resentment at the moral harm attaching to the drink traffic, which shows itself occasionally in a definite, though perhaps unconscious, desire to exact reprisals from a trade to whose charge so many public evils can be laid. Natural though this feeling may be, it is out of place in the consideration of a highly complex question of justice, the decision of which will

touch a large section of the community, and produce far-reaching effects which no one is competent at the moment to foresee. We believe, too, that any view of the question which is narrowed by a taint of fanaticism, and by a leaning towards a policy of reprisal, is entirely out of touch with the broad feeling of the nation and with the liberal tradition which has guided the wisdom of Parliament in like cases. The majority of the nation, quite apart from the large class directly interested, has made up its mind that considerations of justice demand that some compensation shall be given to those who may suffer by any state measure of reduction; and the national conscience would not, we think, rest easy if the question were settled on lines other than such as will leave no real grievance behind.

One great fact stands prominently forward, and that is that the high-road of reform must be cleared of the block presented by this problem before any real progress in the direction of effective temperance legislation can be made. When we consider that there is no direction in which wise reform will be of such undoubted gain to all classes of the community as in that of temperance, from the workman who will spend his wages on better food and education rather than drink, to the capitalist who will profit by the increased efficiency of the labour he employs, and to the tax-payer, whose burdens will be lightened by reduced police rates and a more prosperous exchequer, we can well afford to deal with it in no haggling spirit, but with a large-minded liberality. It would seem that the main points to bear in mind in planning the framework of a comprehensive measure for the solution of this problem, such as will commend itself to the great volume of the moderate and earnest opinion of to-day, are the following: firstly, that the problem must be dealt with in a manner that shall be final and shall leave no room for its re-appearance on the political horizon; secondly, that it must be dealt with in such a way as not to create a legal right to compensation which does not now exist, and so give to the trade an effective legal weapon with which to combat future measures of reform, and to hamper the action and independence of the licensing benches; and thirdly, that in consideration of the enormous value of the monopoly given away by

the nation to the trade—a monopoly whose net profits are reckoned at about 20,000,000*l.* per annum, and for which the nation has received nothing in return—the fund required for compensation purposes shall be raised wholly, or in very large part, from the trade itself.

We now turn with relief from the perplexities of the compensation problem to consider the actual measures of temperance reform that at the moment are uppermost in the practical politics of the day. We will first consider those measures about which there is the greatest unanimity of opinion both inside and outside Parliament, that is to say, the question of reduction of licenses, and that of the regulation of clubs, leaving those more purely restrictive remedies, which are advocated by the extreme temperance party, for later consideration. Mr Ritchie's recent Act has not touched the question of reduction. Its unheroic ambition is satisfied by an attempt to grapple with the club difficulty; by increasing in some measure the power of the law in dealing with drunken persons or with the publican who serves a drunken person; and by amending some parts of the complicated machinery of the licensing laws. To have touched the question of reduction would have involved the opening of the compensation question; and, in avoiding this, an overburdened Government, largely dependent on the support of licensed victuallers, has doubtless been well advised.

There is, however, no solution which commands such a general consensus of opinion in its favour as that of the reduction of licenses. The principle that a considerable reduction is necessary has been adopted almost unanimously by both sections of the Royal Commission. At public meetings and in the press the same principle commands the readiest assent, and is accepted as a panacea almost without question. There is a strong feeling everywhere that a better state of things in regard to both the diminution of drunkenness and stricter police supervision must result if the smaller and least reputable houses are snuffed out, and if the trade is entrusted to fewer hands, and is administered in larger and better adapted houses, situated in the main thoroughfares, and in places less congenial to scandalous orgies that shun the light.

At the same time it should be borne in mind that mere

statistics by no means prove that where public-houses are few drunkenness is less. The judicial statistics of 1893, published by the Home Office, are accompanied by a map designed to illustrate, by comparative shades of black, the degrees of drunkenness in each county, calculated on the number of offences recorded by the police. It is a disconcerting fact that the patchwork shading of this map supplies no argument for reducing licenses; on the contrary, a first glance conveys the startling impression that the statistics on which the map is based point to the opposite conclusion. The blackness of Northumberland, Durham, and Lancashire contrasts with the comparative whiteness of Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Suffolk; yet in these last counties the public-houses are thickly strewn over the land, whereas the three former counties form part of the group of seven in which the proportion of licenses to population stands lowest. Wales and all the Midland and northern counties fall under a uniform tint of sombre shading; most of the agricultural counties stand out lighter, though there are blotches of shade on Berkshire, Hampshire, and Sussex, which serve as a warning against drawing any sweeping conclusions from the statistics which the map illustrates. Glamorgan, foremost among thinly licensed counties, and coming under the Welsh Sunday-closing system, stands next to the three northern counties in blackness.

Are we then to conclude that a multiplicity of public-houses means less rather than more drunkenness? Such a conclusion would probably be as unjustifiable as the opposite view. We have before us merely another illustration of the fact that statistics are misleading, unless every circumstance which affects the figures is taken into consideration. In this instance no just conclusion can be drawn until, in addition to comparing in each county the number of arrests with the number of public-houses, we have accomplished the apparently impossible task of gauging how far the comparative strictness of police administration has affected the former, and how far a higher current rate of wages has given the men in one county a larger margin of cash for self-indulgence than in another.

The Majority commissioners leave the manner and degree of the *reduction to the discretion* of the local licens-

ing authority, its extent being necessarily limited by the resources made available under their scheme for providing a compensation fund, which, it will be remembered, is found by a levy of one third per cent. per annum on the declared value of the license and good-will (p. 366). The Minority commissioners lay down that, within a period of seven years, licenses all over the country are to be reduced until there is left only one house to every 750 inhabitants in towns, and one to every 400 in rural districts. This, it is calculated, is equivalent to the extinction, in the course of seven years, of about half the existing number of houses.

Meanwhile, in certain large cities the question has already been taken up practically; and it is possible that the public-spirited policy of the leading men in these great centres will open a way by which the independent action of licensing bodies may accomplish a reform which Parliament is unwilling to initiate. In Liverpool the activity and businesslike methods with which the licensing laws are administered by the magistrates and the police have received strong support from public opinion in the town, and are doubtless largely due to that opinion. The Liverpool justices take cognisance of, and deal effectively with, offending houses by methods not usually adopted elsewhere. In objectionable cases licenses have been refused; and the formal notice of objection served by the police on owners of other undesirable houses has often deterred them from applying for renewal, so that in eight years as many as 181 houses have been closed.

In Birmingham a scheme in which Mr Arthur Chamberlain is taking a leading part has been set on foot, whereby, with the co-operation of the brewers themselves, a large reduction of licenses will, it is hoped, be accomplished. Roughly speaking there are over 2000 licenses in Birmingham, or about one to every 230 inhabitants. With the exception of some of the smaller beer-houses it may be said that all these licenses are in the hands of ten or twelve large brewers. These gentlemen have been public-spirited enough to recognise and endorse the soundness of the magistrates' policy of reduction. They have also been wise enough in their own true interests to see that a monopoly can be administered in a few large houses with greater economy than in many small ones;

and that, although less liquor may be sold, diminished sales may be compensated by an appreciation in the value of securities due to that increased popular favour which attaches to the cleaner trade in preference to the less reputable, and to interests which are at one with the forces of law and order instead of at variance with them.

It is obvious that a scheme of this kind, by which the intentions of the magistrates are, as it were, anticipated by the voluntary surrender of licenses under a mutual arrangement among the brewers themselves, must, to make it effective, be based on a skilfully contrived plan of finance. In rough outline this plan is as follows: A valuer is chosen by the brewers to act for them. He values each house in the district in which the magistrates have decided that the number of licenses is excessive. From his report the joint committee of brewers is able to decide which licenses to surrender. The valuer then estimates the extent to which each house that is left will benefit by the removal of the adjacent competing houses. The two valuations, that of the surrendered houses and that of the betterment accruing to those that remain, supply the data from which a satisfactory adjustment of mutual compensation among the brewers can be made. Should this apparently wise and statesmanlike experiment prove to work successfully, there is every possibility that it may be repeated in other parts of the country, and that without the intervention of Parliament a considerable reduction of licenses may be effected.

No recent symptom is more encouraging than the growth of the spirit of public duty among the justices in regard to licensing. The Liverpool and Birmingham benches constitute no solitary example. Many of the large centres, notably Glasgow, may congratulate themselves on the intelligent zeal of their magistracy; and, with regard to rural districts, the important initiative taken by the Farnham bench, to which we have already referred, may be the precursor of a new and more exacting estimate of their duties being taken by the county justices. Unfortunately, it frequently occurs that the veto of the Quarter-sessions annuls wise and well-considered decisions of the licensing magistrates; and there can be little doubt that something needs revision in a law which obliges a bench of able *men of business*, such as that of Birming-

ham, to submit its decisions to a Quarter-sessional court composed of Warwickshire county gentlemen, who cannot be in touch, and must often be out of sympathy, with the aspirations of a great and progressive industrial city.

We have already referred to the difficulty of getting distinct evidence of a convincing kind that a decrease in drunkenness accompanies a decrease in the number of public-houses. On the other hand we know that, concurrently with the reduction that has been carried out in many districts in recent years, drinking-clubs have sprung into existence and year by year increased in number, wherein men of the class who frequent public-houses find facilities for obtaining the strong liquors which reduction was intended to place further from their reach. This shows the fallacy of the view so strongly held in temperance circles, that in abolishing the tavern you abolish drinking. The magistrates of Northumberland, a county that has been foremost in pursuing a policy of reduction, now fully recognise that in places where, for instance, new waterworks or big contracts are set going, and where there exists no facility for the supply of liquor to the men, it is actually advisable to establish a canteen under supervision, rather than leave the way clear for the inevitable hawker of bottled spirits. The growth in the number of workmen's clubs is the most marked feature in the evolution of the drink question within the last decade; and there is every indication that we are destined to see a great development of this movement in the near future. Many of these clubs are respectable institutions, formed for social intercourse of a more select kind than the public-house provides; but, on the other hand, many are merely unlicensed public-houses, masquerading as clubs, where drinking goes on at all hours and without restriction. In the evidence given before the Royal Commission, it is stated that, in some instances, publicans, who had been deprived of their licenses for misconduct, have turned their houses into so-called 'clubs.'

It may be said that the growth of education and refinement among the working-classes makes for a development in the direction of club-life, for in a club a man can have some control over his company, and can enjoy the pleasure of dispensing hospitality and entertaining his

friends ; in fact, all those features of club-life that attract the West-end man must, in their degree, have a like effect on the artisan and workman of the more refined order. The unmistakable connexion, however, which can be traced between the reduction of public-house accommodation and the growth of clubs points assuredly to the chief cause of that growth being the need or desire for greater drinking facilities. It is in those localities where the public-houses are fewest in proportion to population that the clubs are the most thickly scattered and the most flourishing ; and in Newcastle the rapid extension of the club system, and its increasing hold on the population, appear to those who have the social welfare of the town at heart to be a great and pressing danger. The town of Nelson, in Lancashire, a place of recent growth, is another instance in point. Here the magistrates have steadily refused to grant new licenses, so that there is probably no spot in the kingdom where licenses are in a lower proportion to the population ; but the workman has taken the matter into his own hands, and a multitude of clubs provide him with the liquor which the magistrates have denied. The conclusion to which these facts seem to point is that, while in many districts the proportion of licensed houses to population is too high, there are others in which the insufficiency of the accommodation for supplying legitimate wants encourages irregular drinking in places out of reach of the law.

In Mr Ritchie's new Licensing Act, the most prominent feature of which is the part dealing with clubs, Parliament has adopted the suggestion, which is to be found in both reports of the Royal Commission, that all clubs should be registered with a view to their *bona fides*. The Act is not so stringent as to make it difficult for genuine clubs to be carried on. A club is a private institution, bound by its own conditions, and therefore quite distinct from a licensed trading-house ; moreover, to borrow a happy phrase from Mr Ritchie's speech in introducing the Bill, the law which is to regulate clubs in St George's in the East must also reach those in St George's, Hanover square : we may not discriminate between the West-end and Whitechapel. The Act leaves it easy for a club to register : all that is required is the entry of certain

on a prescribed form, which is to be sent in
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to the clerk to the justices. No elaborate onus of proof as to *bona fides*, such as is recommended by the Minority commissioners, is imposed on the club secretary. Once registered, it is within the powers of the police, or any one else, to represent to a court of summary jurisdiction that the club is not being conducted in good faith, or that there is frequent drunkenness, and the court can then decide to strike the club off the register. Heavy penalties attach to the sale of any liquor in an unregistered club, for in the eyes of the law it is on a par with a shebeen.

Of the restrictive measures so zealously advocated by the extreme temperance party, the chief are Sunday-closing, shorter hours of sale, and prohibition. Sunday-closing has been universal in Scotland since 1851, and has been twenty years at work in Wales, so that there should be sufficient means of gauging its effect on the drinking habits of a large section of the nation. The advocates of the measure place great reliance on the police statistics of arrests for drunkenness. Mr Sidney Peel, in his 'Practical Licensing Reform,' quotes figures from Liverpool which show a much smaller number of arrests on Sundays than on either Saturdays or Mondays; and, attributing this solely to the shorter hours of trade on Sundays, he argues that complete Sunday-closing would still further decrease drunkenness. He says, 'If necessary for home consumption, a supply of bottled beer can be laid in.' These words give rise to an irresistible suspicion that the number of police arrests may, after all, not afford an altogether certain gauge of Sunday drinking; and that, with a handy supply of bottled beer at home, the hard-drinker may be able to satisfy his craving without the risk of running the gauntlet of the constable in the street. Home-drinking is a more terrible evil than any, for it may contaminate the wife and children; and the mere suspicion that Sunday-closing may open the way for so great a scourge to domestic happiness must make us pause. Thousands of people see no reason for marking the Sabbath by abstention from strong drink; and no law or restriction will prevent their getting it somehow if they want it. It is a question whether the cause of temperance is not better served by allowing these people

take their drink at stated hours, in well regulated duly licensed houses, than by driving them to carry home, or to frequent drinking-clubs. The Derwent Water-board, a few weeks after opening the canals for the navvies employed on their works, found it able to rescind the Sunday-closing rule because of regularities it encouraged.

It seems clearly established that in Wales and in England a movement to repeal the Sunday-closing Act find little support. The feeling of the people themselves seems to be that the Act has done and is doing good; and it is asserted that the county of Monmouth, which is not at present covered by it, would come under its provisions. So far as rural Wales is concerned, there seems little doubt that the Act has been satisfactorily, and has been enforced without difficulty; the same cannot, however, be said of the great and busy commercial port of Cardiff. Even the evidence of Mr Donald Maclean, the leading local advocate of Sunday-closing, amounts to an admission of failure, qualified merely by a sanguine anticipation of success. The soil of Cardiff is undoubtedly anything but congenial to the tolerance of Sabbatarian restraints, being a large and fluctuating sea-going population accustomed to submit to law, and unable easily to wear the strait-waistcoat of a Sunday-closing Act. It is stated that the main difficulty arises from the drinking-clubs which on Sundays administer an irregular solace to the alcoholic craving that, since the Act was introduced, has led to find legitimate means of satisfaction.

It is not easy to recognise any logical grounds for contentment that the closing of public-houses on one out of seven tends materially and permanently to strengthen habits of temperance among the people, or to Mr Peel's view 'that a complete break in the week's drinking would be very beneficial.' The feeling in favour of Sunday-closing is probably to a large extent religious, apart from moral or economical considerations; for, it is said that Sunday-closing is supported mainly by the Nonconformists in Wales, and by the Presbyterians in

and we may safely assume that the Sabbatarianism put out so firmly round the Chapel and Church to say in fostering the movement.

As the Commission of 1890 and both reports Licensing Commission have passed a favourable opinion on the working of the Sunday-closing Acts in the districts of Wales and in Scotland, we may accept their view so far as these districts are concerned. The denser population of England, however, presents a less favourable ground for the working of the Act; with the tendency of the English working-classes towards strict Sunday observance, and the growing habit of Sunday excursions, make it improbable that the present system will take further hold in England.

Many of the arguments used for Sunday-closing may be applied in favour of shorter hours on weekdays. There is much to be said for earlier closing in districts where the 11 o'clock rule holds good; for the habit of 'drinking,' as a rule, takes place between 10 and 11. Quite as much, if not more, may be urged in favour of a later opening, a change which might put a stop to the baneful habit of beginning the day's work with a glass of beer on an empty stomach, and would give the public-houses more chance of substituting their attractive offerings for those of the public-house in the early hours of the morning.

A survey of the great struggle in favour of Prohibition, which, during three decades preceding 1895, filled the front of the stage in temperance politics, induces a feeling of profound admiration for the philanthropy and splendid sincerity which initiated and gave its impulse to the movement. The unflagging loyalty and zeal of the leaders, the manliness of thought and purpose which united the great body of working-men that formed the backbone of the movement, and the steady striving after better things which characterises its aims, are beyond all praise; and those who are unable to accept its policy may still recognise the lofty moral spirit which has animated it.

The supporters of Local Option propose to grant to the people themselves that control of the drink traffic which at present is in the hands of the licensing authorities. This control which is to be exercised by vote, and which, in its practical application, must always entail the enforcing of a minority to conform to conditions which are uncongenial to it. It is the expression of the will of a majority on a recalcitrant minority.

been looked upon as the ugliest feature of the principle of the direct veto, and is now generally felt to be alien to the sense of political justice which has usually inspired British legislation. It will be remembered that the long and unrelenting agitation of the Prohibitionist party culminated, in 1895, in the conversion of Mr Gladstone's Government to the principle of Local Option; and in April of that year Sir William Harcourt introduced his 'Liquor Traffic (Local Control) Bill.' The rejection of this proposal by Parliament may be regarded as the turning-point in the tide of extreme opinion, which, in the adoption of Prohibition as a Government measure, attained a high-water-mark from which it has ever since been receding.

When argument gives place to blows, the impulse of interested bystanders is to form a ring and to await in silence the issue of the fight. So it has been that in the loud clash of the contest between the extreme temperance party and the trade, marked by much harsh intolerance on the one side, and by cynical worldliness on the other, the great mass of moderate opinion, keenly interested though it has been in the questions involved, has remained a silent spectator. The fight has lasted long, and has been fought bravely, if bitterly, on both sides; and the combatant whose zeal, if only tempered with discretion, would have had all our sympathy, is showing unmistakable signs of lassitude, if not of exhaustion. There is an increasing tendency among the leaders to listen to the suggestion of compromise, to modify the irreconcilable attitude which has so long been the distinguishing feature of their tactics. Concurrently with this gradual toning down of extreme opinion, indications of an increasing activity in the thought and speech of the moderate section have become perceptible.

In April, 1899, there was published, under the title 'The Temperance Problem and Social Reform,' a thick and closely printed volume of some six hundred pages, in which the joint authors, Mr Joseph Rowntree, of York, and Mr Arthur Sherwell, embodied a rich harvest of facts and statistics—the fruit of necessarily long and costly labours—and summed up the conclusions to which a singularly independent and rigorous investigation had

! them. The appearance of this book, in which the

whole field of temperance policy, both in this country and abroad, is reviewed, and conclusions are put forward altogether at variance with the orthodox tenets of the Temperance party, may be said to mark an epoch; and the rapidity with which its editions, now amounting to nine, with a tenth in cheap popular form, have followed each other is evidence of the appreciation of this fact by an eager public, who have long doubted the wisdom of the extreme temperance programme, and have waited in silence for some one of a different school to take up the work.

We can here only attempt to state, in the briefest possible form, the general scope of the work and its final conclusions. Having first undertaken the task of investigating the actual condition of this country with regard to intemperance, the authors say:

‘The inquiry resolves itself finally into two main questions: what in this age and in this country are the causes which create intemperance? and what are the influences which can be brought to bear in counteracting it?’

These influences they class in two separate categories, namely, ‘restrictive’ and ‘constructive.’ The former class consists of agencies of a negative or restraining character, such as the reduction of licenses, shorter hours of sale, and the measures advocated more especially by the Prohibitionist party. ‘Constructive’ agencies, on the other hand, aim at the elimination, by the supply of alternative attractions, or by other means, of the sources and causes of intemperance. Such agencies have hitherto been left to private effort, and have not yet been seriously taken up as a matter of national concern.

Unsparring personal investigation and exhaustive research are then applied by the authors to the consideration and criticism of the various forms of ‘restrictive’ temperance legislation that have been put into practice in different countries. Prohibition, in the several forms in which it has been tried in Canada, in the United States, and notably in the State of Maine, naturally holds a prominent place in the book. We cannot here even attempt to touch the fringe of the enquiry, built up and buttressed as it is on voluminous statistics, examples, and reports. We can only summarise the main conclusions

drawn, which are as follows: That prohibition has succeeded only in very thinly populated rural districts; that it has failed and has been abandoned in the more densely populated states; and that, since the population of Great Britain is vastly more dense than that of the states in which prohibition has failed, the success of prohibition by Act of Parliament in this country must be regarded as hopeless.

The authors next turn to experiments in 'constructive' reform. They examine the spirit monopoly in Russia, bringing into relief the good effects which the policy of spending the revenue so derived on the encouragement of 'counter-attractions' to the spirit-store has had on the temperance, the behaviour, the health, and the material resources of those affected. In this state monopoly they however recognise a danger in the temptation to use it for state profit, and purely as a handy source of revenue—a danger from which the Scandinavian 'Company System' is free. A review of the Scandinavian experiments occupies an important section of the work, and immediately precedes that in which the authors give us their 'Solution of the Problem.'

In Norway wise legislation has converted what was once the most drunken nation in Europe into the most sober. It was in 1865 that the 'Company System' was first established in the town of Gothenburg, whence by private effort and state encouragement it has spread over the Scandinavian peninsula. Its underlying principle is the elimination of private profit from the retailing of alcoholic drink. The houses and bars where drink is retailed are held in monopoly by private companies, constituted under the self-denying ordinance of a strictly limited return to shareholders; and these companies appoint agents for the retailing of drink under conditions of remuneration which exempt them from any personal interest in the amount of alcoholic trade that passes through their hands. Among the advantages attributed by Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell to this system, the following appear to be most conspicuous. A dangerous trade is placed under efficient control; evils such as gambling, drinking on credit, the pushing of the sale of drink by the publican, disappear; a source of corruption detrimental to social progress is removed; a divorce

is effected between drink-selling and politics, and the way made easy for further reform, for where no personal interest is concerned, political propagandism ceases to find a reason for its existence; illicit drinking and the 'club' difficulty disappear, the drink traffic being kept above, not driven below the surface; and finally, the large profits that otherwise go to the trade are, after satisfying the modest conditions of interest on shareholders' capital, made available for furthering the cause of temperance by establishing counter-attractions to the temptation to drink. The practical conclusions of value to this country to be deduced from the experiments in Scandinavia are thus stated:

'The first, the bed-rock upon which any fabric of effective licensing reform must be built, is to take the trade out of private hands. So long as the private interest of the seller runs counter to the interest of the State, so long will the effort of the State to restrict and control the traffic be baffled. The second is that the trade, when taken out of private hands, shall be worked locally, not by the State, and should be subject to no other State control than that which is necessary to secure honest administration and the complete carrying out of the conditions determined by the statutory law under which the localities carry on the traffic.'

The authors consider that, to effect any material improvement in this country, 'restrictive' legislation must be backed and supplemented by 'constructive' reform; that when the former has gone as far as we can reasonably hope to see it go in the reducing of licenses and in the removal of the obstruction presented by the compensation question, there will still remain four great evils to be taken in hand, namely, first, the loss to the community of the monopoly values now given away to the trade with every fresh license that is granted; secondly, the pushing of the sale of drink by every means that the interested retailers can devise, and their evasion of the laws that run counter to their interests; thirdly, the corruption of politics by the tavern wire-pullers; and fourthly, the evils of the 'tied-house system.' All these can only be touched effectively by 'constructive' reform, following the lines that have worked successfully in Norway.

As in animal life, so in the movement of thought,

the subtle influences of circumstance and the stream of tendency combine to produce, at a given time, like effects at different and wholly independent points. A new idea comes spontaneously to life in several places at once, as an inevitable corollary to the prevailing drift in evolution, in experience, or in social progress. The dawn of the idea of 'constructive' temperance reform in this country really dates back to a time some years before the appearance of Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell's book; and, while they were laboriously gathering the data on which their conclusions are based, others were independently occupied in thought, as well as in practical experiment, in the same direction. Here and there small and generally successful attempts at public-house management on the principle of the elimination of private profit had been attempted, notably that by the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt at Hampton Lucy; but the first serious effort to bring the question on to the platform of national politics was made by Dr Jayne, the Bishop of Chester. The idea that something in the nature of constructive reform afforded the only solution to a question so long blocked by prohibitionist politics had for some years occupied him; and the account published by Dr Gould, special commissioner of the United States Labour Department, on the success that had attended the 'Gothenburg system' of reform in Norway, matured his convictions and put them into shape. These took the form of a Bill which he introduced into the House of Lords in 1893, under the title of the 'Authorised Companies (Liquor) Bill.'

The main provisions of this Bill, in the drafting of which he was helped by the experience and strong sympathy of Lord Thring, were, that by the vote of any district a company could be formed in which should be vested the exclusive right to sell intoxicating liquors in that district; that all existing licenses should be surrendered to the company under certain conditions of notice and compensation, which we need not here specify; that the return on the capital of the company should not exceed five per cent.; that surplus profits should be handed over to the local authority for local objects of a public or charitable nature not maintained out of rates. Open spaces, libraries, museums, hospitals, and old-age

pensions were specially mentioned in the Bill as objects on which these surplus profits might appropriately be spent. To further the principle of this Bill a great meeting was held under the presidency of the late Duke of Westminster at Grosvenor House. Mr Chamberlain spoke at the meeting in strong support of the new plan of reform; and Mr Gladstone's sympathy, which had some time previously been made public, did much to attract attention to the importance of the question which the Bishop of Chester had brought forward. The wide-spread interest which this meeting excited was the means of launching the movement in favour of constructive reform as one of public concern in this country.

Except for the sporadic existence of isolated experiments of a practical kind like that at Hampton Lucy, and the larger undertakings started more recently, such as the canteen at the Elan Valley, and the reformed public-house at the Hill of Beath Colliery, the question so far assumed the shape of a matter for legislation pure and simple. The feeling among those who had interested themselves most keenly in Dr Jayne's proposals was that legislation must first open a way along which reform on the Gothenburg system could travel. Later experience has, however, pointed to the opposite course as the most practical; and private enterprise has come forward to pioneer a high-road which may be used hereafter by the stage-coach of legislation. In 1896 a small company, called the 'People's Refreshment-house Association,' was formed, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, with the Bishop of Chester as chairman of the executive committee, its object being to acquire public-houses, and manage them on the Gothenburg principles. Though its progress was slow and tentative in character, it continued, in fulfilment of its function as a pioneer company, to break new ground, and to make good the ground it had gained. Financially it was able to pay the full five per cent. to its shareholders—the maximum return allowed under its rules—and to give surplus profits to such local objects as village-nursing, a library, an improved water-supply, a rifle-club, and others. Four years of experience in the management of some fifteen public-houses showed that the scheme was based on sound financial principles; and further, that the principle of

eliminating private profit from the retailing of strong drink served, as it were automatically, to tap at its spring the source of temptation to the publican to push the sale of intoxicants and to comply laxly with the law.

It was left to the insight and personal influence of Lord Grey to expand this practical experiment into the wider form of a national movement. The special advantages which he perceived in the scheme were that it afforded a means of saving to the community the enormous values in unearned increment which are continually being given away to private individuals with the new licenses as they are granted, and of preventing the further growth of the obnoxious 'tied-house system.' He recognised that the most effective way of establishing the scheme on a scale able to cope with the magnitude of the questions at stake was to associate it with the county areas, and to enlist the support of the men of most influence and weight in each county; and by means of a vigorous propaganda in the press and on the platform he has succeeded in getting the idea taken up in a practical form by the establishment of County Public-house Trust Companies all over the kingdom. The aim is to acquire existing houses not already 'tied' to brewers; to oppose the granting of new licenses to brewery companies or to private persons; and, in every case where the magistrates decide that it is advisable to create a new license, to ask that the license shall on public grounds be entrusted to the company. By this means it is hoped to draw a ring-fence round the area now in the hold of the 'tied-house system,' and to occupy the ground outside this area with the trust-company system, under which private profit will be eliminated from the retailing of drink, and the great values that go with the gift of new licenses may be administered for the public good.

In Scotland Dr Jayne from the first found the warmest sympathy with his ideas, and here it was that they earliest took legislative shape, in the so-called Threefold Option Bill, which proposed to submit the question of 'local management' to the popular vote. It is not surprising therefore to see the new trust movement taking vigorous root in that part of the kingdom. In Glasgow a strong company has been promoted by leading men of *that city with a capital of 25,000l.*; and its carefully drawn

rules may well serve as a type of their kind. The prospectus sets forth that 'the object of the company is the promotion of temperance by the trial of various means calculated to reduce excess in the consumption of alcoholic liquors.' The principle underlying the methods proposed to be followed is that of the elimination of private profit. The interest on capital is at four per cent. per annum. The surplus profits are to be paid over to trustees, to be expended by them for the public benefit, with special regard to the fostering of counter-attractions to the public-house and encouraging rational recreation and entertainment, but not in relief of rates; or these profits may be paid into the national exchequer if thought expedient. With regard to new licenses which the authorities may find it necessary to grant, the directors of the trust in effect say to the magistrates, 'If you grant a license in this district at all, we ask that it be granted to us in the public interest to be managed as a public trust. We shall hold the profits at the disposal of the trustees, and we shall be prepared to surrender the license at any time, without compensation, if authoritatively required.'

Criticism was naturally not long in raising its voice. Sir Edward Fry addressed a letter to the 'Times' in November last, and was closely followed by the Bishop of Hereford, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and several adherents of the extreme temperance party. Sir Edward, writing as a well-wisher to the movement, gave expression to a fear that the scheme may eventually be debauched by the great profits that will be at its disposal; the philanthropic investors who supported the scheme at the outset may, he fears, be swamped by greedy capitalists, possibly brewers themselves, anxious to secure a first-class investment paying a sure four or five per cent; and in this way the movement may, he thinks, lose its original character and direction. He looks still further to the time when the sum of something over 20,000,000*l.* annually made in net profits from the retail drink trade of the United Kingdom may have to be distributed; and he can hardly conceive of any method by which this vast sum of money could be diffused over the country without the production of evil. He suggests that the least objectionable course will be, after providing adequate 'counter-attractions,' to devote the balance to extinguishing the

National Debt. The Bishop of Hereford, noticing that in one or two cases village schools have received support from the public-house profits, demurs to the idea of education being subsidised by the proceeds of drink, and sounds a warning to all good churchmen on this theme.

These criticisms seem to anticipate difficulties at present imaginary. If to subsidise education from the profits of drink is recognised as a mistake, there are plenty of other ways in which those profits may be employed. If, in the dim future, Sir Edward Fry's forebodings prove true, and the great gains which, as he anticipates, will be saved to the nation by this new scheme raise the perplexing question of their disposal, he at any rate offers us a substantial consolation in the thought that we may, by following his advice, eventually wipe out the burden of the National Debt.

The opposition to the new movement from the extreme temperance party has taken a tone of some bitterness and a good deal of sarcasm. Lord Peel has proclaimed his scepticism of temperance being furthered by the efforts of the 'soda-water missionary' from behind the bar of the reformed public-house; and there can be no doubt that the inherited habits of a people accustomed for many generations to excessive indulgence in drink cannot be changed at once. This is borne out by the investigations of those temperance writers who approach the subject from the side of the social, physiological, and climatic influences that affect it. Mr. Arthur Shadwell, the latest exponent of this school, shows in his book, 'Drink, Temperance, and Legislation,' how inveterate is the drink habit of the nation, and discourages the hope that any immediate change can be effected either by prohibitive or constructive reforms. We cannot, however, acquiesce in the *laissez-faire* attitude of opinion which these conclusions encourage, and which characterises the views expressed by Mr Shadwell. We rather think that to the reforming forces of education, culture, and a higher standard of hygiene, should be added all the power of a vigorous temperance propaganda, and of a wise public control of the retail drink traffic.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson resents the suggestion of any remedy that falls short of Prohibition, and especially deplores the *attempt to raise the tone of the public-house*

and of the publican. To make these more respectable is, in his eyes, little short of criminal, for he holds that the respectable house will attract the respectable customer, and bring temptation to those who at present shun the disreputable precincts of the ordinary tavern. To the dispassionate mind there is a cynicism in such an argument which, coming from any other quarter, would convict its author of inhumanity. We know that many extreme teetotalers hold equally strong opinions on the unrighteousness of war. Would their consistency carry them so far as to condemn the ministrations of the Red-cross Society, lest, by mitigating the horrors of the battle-field, they dim the grimness of its object-lesson and so encourage the growth of a more tolerant attitude of public opinion towards war?

The Trust movement comes as a 'first aid,' with the principle of the elimination of private profit as its anti-septic. It seeks to mitigate the evils of the drink traffic—the crime, the ruin, the degradation—by diminishing the consumption of drink and removing some of the causes which tempt the publican to push his wares and the public-house customer to consume them. It blocks no road to reform, but rather opens the way in every direction for it. The growth of the 'tied-house system' will be checked if the ground which it has not yet covered is occupied by the trust companies, for these companies seem to offer the only practical alternative, the only hope of preventing the 'tied-house system' from becoming universal. The increasing complexity of the 'compensation' problem would be arrested, and its claims kept within bounds, if all new licenses that might have to be granted were entrusted to the county companies, to be administered by them as long as the license is needed, and to be surrendered, without compensation, if so required, in the interest of the community. Prohibition, for those who believe in this panacea, should be within easier reach if public management of the liquor trade can be established by means of the trust companies, for the great question of compensation will have disappeared, and politics will have been divorced from the public-house.

The antagonism of the trade has been slowest in finding expression in print; but, judging from a small book which has recently appeared, 'The Commonwealth

as Publican,' by Mr John Walker, it seems likely to adopt methods of a not very scrupulous order, and to employ those partisan tactics that find ready weapons in doubtful statistics and hazarded deductions, and rely on a picturesque arrangement of facts in light and shade, according to their convenience or otherwise, for purposes of argument.

Among the critics of extreme views, Lord Carlisle has expressed his apprehension that the policy of the Trust movement in coming forward and applying for new licenses may tend to increase the number of public-houses in the country. It should, however, be remembered that the demand is only put forward as an alternative to the license falling into private hands. There is every indication that the trust companies intend scrupulously to respect those areas and estates where an experiment in prohibition is established, and to apply for new licenses only where the conditions of population and the feeling of the magistrates make it plainly clear that one should be granted. The fact stands that new licenses are being granted in those places where the restriction of licenses tends to develope the drinking-club evil. In these circumstances is there before us at present any better alternative than that offered by the trust companies?

There would, in fact, seem to be no reason why this scheme of constructive reform, which is in every direction rallying the great body of moderate temperance opinion in the country, should not also obtain the support of the extreme party, and be the means of uniting a large section of the nation in an attempt effectually to control a trade which, as Lord Rosebery has told us, is daily gaining strength, and at present bids fair in the end to control the State itself. The future seems to a large extent to depend on the attitude of the extreme party. Will they maintain the hopelessly irreconcilable attitude of the last thirty years, and choose rather to see their cause starve than take the half-loaf which is within their reach; or will they unite to help forward a movement of constructive reform, which, though it does not abolish strong drink, aims at diminishing its consumption; which, though it lets the public-house still live, seeks to destroy its political power and its power to do evil; and which though it does not sweep away the liquor interest

to stop its growth? It is earnestly to be hoped that the Prohibitionists of this country may be guided by the same spirit as those of Sweden, and may accept the new scheme as the best practicable solution.

The attitude of the Church, as a body, has been sympathetic to Prohibition, and the great influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Church of England Temperance Society has been exerted on behalf of the party which, in Parliament, has for so many years been led by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. We cannot, however, think that, like that party, their action has been guided by a blind belief in the efficacy of legislative restrictions and a naïve faith in the power of bye-laws, police regulations, and Acts of Parliament, to control an evil which, as history shows, has always evaded any control of this kind. We believe that the Church, having had, on this as on all great social questions, to declare herself, and having hitherto had only the two alternatives of the extreme temperance party or the trade before her, has of necessity cast in her lot with the former. But the Church of England Temperance Society has always been ready to admit and examine new ideas, and we trust it will be able to modify its policy with the times.

The Trust movement is an important step in the direction of the popular control of the drink traffic and the elimination of the incentive of private profit. It is, however, obvious that without legislation enabling either municipal councils, or trust companies, or the State itself, to become the monopolist of all licenses, nothing of a comprehensive nature can be effected; and this is especially the case in England, where the 'tied-house system' has a stronger hold than in Scotland. May we hope to see the whole body of temperance opinion in the country unite and, sinking minor differences in mutual concession, combine forces in favour of a policy which aims at giving such legislative help as may ensure fair and free scope for experiments in constructive reform of the kind we have indicated? If such a union takes place, then within the first decade of this century we may see the question of the public management of the retail liquor trade occupying a foremost place in the field of national politics.

Art. II.—THE NOVEL OF MISERY.

1. *Nell Horn; Le Termite; L'Impérieuse Bonté; La Charpente.* By J.-H. Rosny. Paris: Plon, Savine, etc., 1886-1900.
 2. *Workers in the Dawn; The Unclassed; Demos; The Nether World.* By George Gissing. London: Smith Elder, etc., 1880-1889.
 3. *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot (in Many Inventions).* By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan, 1893.
 4. *Tales of Mean Streets; A Child of the Jago.* By Arthur Morrison. London: Methuen, 1894-1896.
 5. *Liza of Lambeth.* By William Somerset Maugham. London: Unwin, 1897.
 6. *East-End Idylls.* By A. St John Adcock. London: Bowden, 1897.
 7. *Mord Em'ly.* By W. Pett Ridge. London: Pearson, 1898.
 8. *Maggie: a Child of the Street.* By Stephen Crane. New York: Appleton, 1896.
 9. *Out of Mulberry Street.* By Jacob August Riis. New York: Century Co., 1898.
- And other works.

IN considering the influence which Victor Hugo had upon the literature of France, one is struck by its persistence; and, strange as it would have seemed twenty years ago, his influence has remained more in the art of fiction than in the art of poetry. At least, this is the case at the present day. It is generally thought that the romantic movement, of which he was the principal apostle, was superseded by the realistic or naturalistic movement; but, as a matter of fact, the earlier movement, so far as fiction is concerned, has survived the later one. Between 1831, when 'Notre Dame de Paris' was published, and 1862, when 'Les Misérables' appeared, there arose a new convention in the arts of the novel and the drama, which was directly opposed to the convention of the 'cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears.' The novels of Balzac, and more especially of Flaubert, the plays of the younger Dumas and Augier, and the scientific criticism of Taine, were the expression of this new convention. The idealistic novel, however, did not disappear. Victor Hugo, in 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' which appeared in 1874.

course faithful to the imaginative conception; and moreover, the second-rate romantic work of an early day, with its insipidly noble and devoted hero, its sentimentality, and its fine, but unconvincing, motives, still lived on somewhat obscurely. 'Le Vœu d'une Morte,' by the late M. Zola, which was published about 1867, is an uninspired production of this second-rate romanticism.

Throughout his career M. Zola has been an example of the persistence of the romantic movement. It would, of course, be unfair and uncritical to estimate him by his first essays; but even in the works of his prime, in 'Germinal,' 'L'Assommoir,' and 'La Débâcle,' for instance, has he not entirely followed the methods of Victor Hugo? There is the same unreal but effective personification of material objects—the cathedral in 'Notre Dame' and the tavern in 'L'Assommoir'; the sea in 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' and the mine in 'Germinal,' or the railway engine in 'La Bête Humaine'; the French Revolution in 'Quatre-vingt-treize' and the French army in 'La Débâcle.' In the novels of each writer there are many pages that seem copied from a badly edited encyclopedia; and the characters of both novelists are not individuals but symbols of some single human passion, creatures of one idea, whose living representatives usually obtain care and comfort, but not liberty. M. Zola was in no sense a realist, so far as the word denotes a writer who describes that which he has seen, and that only. He obtained his facts in the same way as the other romanticists; that is to say, by aid of an imagination that fed on books. The story of 'L'Assommoir,' for instance, was taken from 'Le Sublime,' by Denis Poulet; and the local colour, even in regard to some of the names, was obtained from the same source. Again, to the making of 'La Débâcle'—the story of a campaign in which the novelist took no part—there went, M. Zola tells us, more than a hundred works.

If the question of the degree of genius be excepted, the only difference between Victor Hugo and M. Zola, as novelists, is in regard to the spirit in which they regard humanity. This difference, however, is fundamental, and it is the explanation of M. Zola's apparent originality of method. The author of 'Les Misérables' had so high an opinion of human nature, even at its worst, that, described with his dazzling rhetoric, a convict appeared an

soul, beside whom, it has been said, a man of the middle classes who fights against temptation and leads an honest life, seems like a sinner beside a saint. The author of 'La Terre' went to the other extreme, picturing mankind, with equal rhetorical exaggeration, as vicious and hideous animals, compared with whom the goat were continent and the tiger mild.

Few writers before the time of Zola could claim any mastery in representing the facts of existence. Till then novels had been tales more or less after the manner of the 'Arabian Nights.' They lacked the central conviction that the life of man was a nightmare of sensuality, crime, drunkenness and nervous disorders. Moreover, the people who lived before the age of Taine and Claude Bernard had not shaped their existence in accordance with the very latest scientific and pathological hypotheses. In many cases they even struggled against the circumstances of their lot and overcame them, which was an absurd thing to do, having regard to the novelist's idea of the law of environment. Worse still, they were often described with dangerously contagious sympathy as possessing virtues which had no place in a 'realistic' conception of the universe.

It must not be overlooked that the new movement, which did away with all this, was essentially the adoption of a rigorously materialistic standpoint. In regard to method of construction and to style, there is little or no similarity between Balzac, Flaubert, the De Goncourt, Zola, Maupassant and Huysmans. The main point of agreement is their theory of materialism, of which Balzac's novels are the most complete, and Zola's novels the most extreme, expression. According to this theory, man, when all pleasant illusions are put aside, is a machine driven by a few well-defined appetites common to all animals, and only dominates his fellow-beasts by reason of being craftier, fiercer, and more devilish. This was called reality; and to write novels based on this fundamental conception of human nature was to be a realist. And the realist, recognising the gulf that separated him from the novelists of an earlier day, was no longer content to be a mere man of letters. He bestowed upon himself the title 'homme de science.' The ennobling and purifying power of literature had no more place in his work.

it would have had in a scientific monograph on earth-worms.

Scientific monographs however do not enjoy a very large sale; and the realist did not wish to be a man of science in this respect. Consequently he had to find some other means of making his novel attractive to the general public. This was easily done. Not having the delight which an artist would have had in appealing to the higher instincts of a reader, the realist appealed to his worst. This was the triumph of the novel of misery. Of all classes of society the lowest was that which the realists loved most to describe. Here, they explained, was man, unsophisticated by civilisation, in all the vileness and bestiality of nature. To picture him required not art, but merely insensibility. With this, one was able to treat of matters so horrible in themselves that a gift of description, which, if employed on the wholesome aspects of life, would be regarded as commonplace and insignificant, appeared remarkably powerful and effective.

M. J.-H. Rosny in 'Le Termite,' a poor and unpleasant novel of French literary life between 1880 and 1884, analyses this development of the realistic movement. The aim for him and for a hundred other writers of that day was to descend into the foulest places (*boyaux*) of low life. Unconsciously they formed a code of composition by which charm was interdicted, and only trivial situations and an entirely materialistic standpoint permitted. It appeared artistic to exaggerate defects; and blame was attached to any optimism in regard to mankind, collectively and individually. The formula of the note-book, of life taken down as life, of the verity of the thing seen, of the spoken word, of the real occurrence, became sacred. Suppression was forbidden, transformation of facts disallowed, and any use of a constructive conception condemned. 'There was, above all,' M. J.-H. Rosny says, 'the abolition of all that was noble, generous, disinterested and beautiful, in the evolution of the beings evoked.' ('Le Termite,' p. 35.)

About this time, MM. Rosny—for J.-H. Rosny is the *nom de guerre* of two brothers—were amongst the most able of the younger realists. M. Huysmans said in 'Là-bas' that J.-H. Rosny was the best of Zola's pupils; this was too generous an abdication of his own

That MM. Rosny at first imitated very closely the author of 'L'Assommoir' is clearly seen in their earlier works, such as 'Le Bilatéral,' a study of the Parisian socialists and anarchists. Another of their first novels, 'Nell Horn, de l'Armée du Salut,' is perhaps a better example for our present purpose, as it deals with the lower classes in London. In this it resembles most of the other novels of misery which we propose presently to examine as representing the beginning and the end of the realistic movement in England.

'Nell Horn' justifies so completely MM. Rosny's condemnation of the French realistic novel of the eighties, that we are surprised they should have recently republished it. It is a disagreeable book, badly written and badly put together. An unwonted sense of pity is wholly insufficient to redeem its faults; and, save for the fact that it was written by authors who afterwards produced works of singular and attractive qualities it would long since have been justly forgotten. The style is very irritating, consisting partly of French words strung together on an English idiom, and partly of a somewhat less enigmatical diction, which, however, has none of the merits of sound French prose.

No doubt, in 1882, when MM. Rosny appear to have been in London, the subject seemed a very promising one. It occurred to a young English author also about the same time. 'Let me get a little more experience,' Mr George Gissing said, 'and I will write a novel such as no one has yet ventured to write, at all events in England.' The horrors of the slums of Paris were almost exhausted; and for a French novelist, London, as the scene of description, was in itself a fine discovery. Even the Anglicisms were, at that time, meritorious. Zola had been accustomed to put into print expressions that no man with a feeling of self-respect would dare to use in any society. If his pupils surpassed him by using phrases which had never been uttered by man on earth, it was only to obtain a similar effect of reality!

The story of Nell Horn may be told in a few words. She was a pretty working girl, who joined the Salvation Army, and by chance became acquainted with a Frenchman staying for a while in London. She thought he
shed to marry her. He, however, deceived

her, undermined her faith, and deserted her; and in order to obtain food for her child she was compelled to go deeper into the mire. The theme, it will be seen, does not display much originality in its selection; but one does not ask a realist for originality of invention. Of all the tales of misery it is the one which in its main lines has been the most often told, and the one therefore that requires the utmost novelty of treatment. This was obtained by picturing the manners of the lower classes in London, which were doubtless strange to the French novel-reading public. The rantings of the men who vent their wrongs and opinions in Hyde Park and other open spaces are given literally, and the description of the meetings of the Salvationists, of their battles with opponents, and of the aspect of Hackney Road, would be creditable work for an apprentice reporter. J.-H. Rosny, in fact, shows us that he lived in London for some time, and always carried a notebook. Such translations as 'totaliseurs de thé' for teetotalers, and 'garde-noir' for blackguard, are slight indications of the demerit of 'Nell Horn.' Even as a realistic study, it is superficial. With all its photographic detail it exhibits no knowledge whatever of the fundamental characteristics, social or psychological, of the London poor. It is as interesting, and only as interesting, as ordinary newspaper work; its note of actuality has been obtained at the expense of all permanent literary value.

Yet, even in this early work, MM. Rosny distinguished themselves from the school of Zola by a sense of pity for the patient and suffering creature whom they described. And it was no doubt this healthfulness of conception in regard to human life that led them to draw up and publish in the French press, on the appearance of 'La Terre,' their famous protest against the cynicism and scurrility of M. Zola. In this they were joined by M. Paul Margueritte and three other writers, who had hitherto been the obedient pupils of the master of the realistic movement. Less, perhaps, by reason of 'la protestation des cinq' than by the revulsion which the work itself produced on every sane reader, the realistic movement practically came to an end in France on the publication of 'La Terre.'

MM. Rosny, like M. Margueritte, were men of mind, who, so long as they subordinated it

to the methods of M. Zola, seemed scarcely to possess talent. In 'Daniel Valgraive' they revealed themselves, as M. Margueritte did in his fine study, 'La Force des Choses'; but neither of these is a novel of misery. In 'L'Impérieuse Bonté,' the authors of 'Nell Horn' returned to the question of the lower classes, and showed themselves as idealistic as they had been realistic. About this time their former master appears to have placed himself at their feet and learned morality and kindness. M. Zola, the apostle of nihilistic pessimism, was actually converted to the idea of the innate goodness of human nature. The belief in the final victory of righteousness became a valuable literary asset, and M. Zola also set to work to regenerate France, but in the strangest possible way. Even when he wished to promote virtue, he was more disgusting than many a writer with worse intentions; and, as M. Anatole France said, his purity cost him dear, for he paid all his talent for it.

The most sincere admirer of MM. Rosny's genius finds in 'L'Impérieuse Bonté' more to make excuse for than to praise. Their fault is that they are the most learned of novelists, and are at times ostentatiously so. They have translated stories from the languages of ancient India, Egypt, and the Semitic races; they have written books on prehistoric subjects; and in modern science they are what M. Zola pretends to be, well-read. One is not made aware of all this in reading MM. Rosny's best novels. The reader is more struck by their insight and imagination, their nobility of conception, the magic of their descriptions of natural objects, especially of the changing aspects of the sky, and by the loving fidelity of their portraits of children. Above all, there is in their finest work a poetic quality which is to be found in none of their contemporaries, and for which one forgives them very many defects. These merits are not entirely absent from 'L'Impérieuse Bonté,' but they are obscured by an unfortunate vocabulary, consisting largely of a mere jumble of scientific terms, unintelligible without a glossary. That strange style, *l'écriture artiste*, also increases the unintelligibility. Besides all this, the book has a great defect; it is not a novel; it is merely a partial and unconvincing statement of a theory which has much in common with the evolutionary theories of Mr Benjamin Kidd.

The thesis of the work is a fine rhetorical idea of a Charity Organisation Society with an executive of men of individuality and genius, heroic souls who will combine the virtues of all the saints and the abilities of the greatest statesmen with the detective qualities of Sherlock Holmes. They will abolish vice and poverty from the earth. Not only will they rescue those who have suffered shipwreck in life through accident more than through lack of ability, but they will also shelter the incurably miserable, the idlers in body and spirit, the tramps and loafers; for these types of character, that cannot exist under the yoke of modern civilisation, may be as necessary to its future development as the plagues of bygone days were necessary to the development of the science of modern sanitation. This dissertation is broken by fragments of narrative concerning Jacques Fougeraye, a young enthusiast in social reform, who is made almoner to a millionaire, and converts him partly to his views.

In 'La Charpente,' a later sociological romance by MM. Rosny, there are happily fewer words for an ordinary reader to boggle at. On the other hand there is no story worth mentioning, and the principal character talks more than Jacques Fougeraye. The book contains his opinions on the middle class, the aristocracy, and the people; and in order to find occasion to explain his views he associates with the different grades of society. In this novel MM. Rosny have lost all interest in their marvellous Charity Organisation Society. We are presented, instead, with what looks like a humorous perversion of Mr Herbert Spencer's analogy between the animal organism and the social organism. The aristocracy and the middle class constitute the framework of our leviathan; and it appears well established that the working-classes are the skin! The third part of 'La Charpente' deals with the sufferings of this sensitive outward layer, sufferings which no Jacques Fougeraye would now think of removing, for it is by suffering that progress is obtained!

Magnificent developments, it seems, keep occurring in France in the art of novel-writing, while English authors, such as Mr George Meredith and Mr Thomas Hardy, still continue to describe men and women and natural scenery from an obsolete, unscientific point of view. The fault of the English mind, as Mr. Wells has recently pointed out,

is its dislike of ideas, its love of mere fact. It cannot accept a theory for the theory's sake. Even in the matter of literary art, what can we show against all the new principles that the French writers of late years have exemplified and exhausted? Realism, impressionism, idealism, symbolism, satanism, neo-catholicism, and twenty more! What have we to compare with such a play of ideas? True, we have had the æsthetic movement and the Celtic Renaissance, but even these have obtained little support from the general reading public.

Of all our novelists, Mr George Gissing has shown himself the most open to the influences of continental literature; but we doubt if even he, at the beginning of his career, set himself docilely to translate into English the last achievements of the realistic school of France. That they served as a slight impetus to his work is unquestionable, but he was too true an artist to be a mere imitator; and, even though he had in his youthful days a wish to equal their 'glorious effects of filth and outrage,' he had not the heart to do so. Some of the 'efflorescences' of his very early works no doubt hindered the appreciation of the original qualities which he exhibited, but they were merely passages of youthful braggadocio, and most of them have been omitted from later editions. His first novel, 'Workers in the Dawn,' published in 1880, it would be unkind to criticise minutely. It was promising, but very immature. It shows what books influenced Mr Gissing when he was twenty-one years of age, more than what powers of observation he was to develope; for his characters are distinguished chiefly by the opinions which they are given to express concerning humanitarian matters and the conflicting theories of Comte and Schopenhauer.

In 'The Unclassed,' published four years later, Mr Gissing made a great advance in the foundation of the novelist's art, in insight into human nature and experience of life. In spite of this, however, Mr Gissing still showed that he had yet to learn that the first quality of art was sincerity, and the second, in regard to his talent, moderation. Unfortunately he chose a very difficult and unpleasant subject, in the exposition of which all signs of his defects of insincerity and extravagance were intensified by the nature of the theme—a theme which only a man of genius, of the highest sincerity and self-restraint,

had the right to attempt. The hero of the tale, Osmond Waymark, was, like Mr Gissing, a young novelist, whose first novel concerning the lower classes was not a success. To him are allotted the passages of braggadocio to which we have referred.

'Two supreme artists,' he says in one of his outbursts, 'are at work in the creation of the world,—God and the Devil. Some of us delight to imitate the former, some the latter. In the work of the Devil I find my own delight and inspiration. I have only to go out into the streets all night to come across half a hundred scenes of awful suffering or degradation, every one of which fills me with absolute joy. There is nothing of malice in this; it is simply that every human situation is interesting to me in proportion as it exhibits artistic possibilities, and my temperament is especially sensitive to the picturesque in what is usually called vileness. Thus, for instance, prostitution, and everything connected with it is my highest interest.' ('The Unclassed,' iii, 9.)

It is, in fact, this difficult and unpleasant subject that is dealt with in 'The Unclassed'; but Mr Gissing's work is far from ranking with De Goncourt's '*La Fille Élisa*.' Instead of taking a low view of human nature, Mr Gissing, it seems to us, rated it too high. The story, in brief, is that of an unfortunate girl of strong and original disposition, who inherits, partly through her own obstinacy, her mother's calling, but who is redeemed by her love for the literary hero, Waymark. Their marriage, in circumstances of prosperity, ends the romance. In effect, the book is not unlike the '*New Arabian Nights*.' The figures resemble those in the late Mr R. L. Stevenson's tales by the manner in which they become acquainted with one another; but what in Stevenson was art was in Mr Gissing artlessness. Some of the characters are not realised, and in other cases their characterisation does not justify their actions. Abraham Woodcock, for example, is laboriously endowed with all the qualities of the general type of petty usurer—the analysis occupies six pages—and yet, towards the close of the book, he becomes a repentant and generous grandfather, who might have brought to a happy ending some Christmas story by Dickens.

As a matter of derivation, Mr Gissing, in his earlier essays in fiction, owed more to Dickens than to any realistic novelist. We say this in spite of the fact that many

of the observations made by his hero might have appeared in the declaration of faith of some very young disciple of realism; for these passages, we think, represented not the result of Mr Gissing's own reflections, but the course of his 'reading.' Nevertheless, Mr Gissing did not imitate Dickens with the obsequiousness with which Mr George Moore, who began to write novels about the same time, imitated the French realists. The inspiration was indirect. Mr Gissing had not the master-faculty of the author of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and he did not counterfeit it. But in studying the works of Dickens, he appears to have seen how much of the real gloom had been left out of the picture of the London populace; how much what was eccentric and humorous had been insisted upon, and how much what was joyless, and yet equally representative, had been omitted; and this darker and more unrelieved side of lower London life Mr Gissing determined to describe.

The result was seen in 'The Nether World,' which appeared in 1889, and it justified the attempt, for the novel was impressive and original. Dealing mainly with the working-classes, however, the work contained neither any 'glorious effects of filth and outrage,' nor any realisation of a character of great nobility of soul, which, to paraphrase the saying of Renan, quoted on the title-page, would vindicate the use by an artist of such effects. 'The Nether World,' in fact, is hardly a correct title, as it is not a description of the lowest depths of London life. The hero, Sidney Kirkwood, is a working jeweller in a good position; Clara Hewett, whom he marries, is a girl of intellect and personality; and Jane Snowdon, whom he should have married, grows up into a kind, sensible, capable woman.

Yet for all this, 'The Nether World' is one of the most depressing and powerful of the novels of misery. It is written in a spirit of despondency which affects one more keenly than all the outrageousness of the realistic school. The exceptional natures of the principal actors are fairly and sympathetically portrayed, only to intensify the hopelessness of their struggle to escape from the dull, mean, and yet respectable, condition of the working-classes. And it is also implied, unfairly, but skilfully, by means of *secondary figures*, that the picture is a repre-

sentative one. Some of the characters are described as patient and tender-hearted; but this, it seems to us, is only done in order to show how useless their virtues are, how cunning, avarice, and cruelty, as personified in other characters, make all their efforts unavailing. Mr Gissing even went out of his way to make the creatures of his fancy unhappy. He was very unkind to Clara Hewett. She had obtained the part of the leading-lady in a touring company. A capable actress, waiting for an opportunity to reveal her power, her position was well assured; but, as she entered the theatre, an angry rival, by means of vitriol, disfigured her for life. Returning home, she renewed her acquaintance with Kirkwood, and covering her horrible face with a thick veil, she induced him to marry her, despite the fact that he was deeply in love with another woman. These incidents are as 'romantic,' to use Mr Gissing's word, as the idealism of 'The Unclassed.' They are, however, of a piece with the misfortunes that overtake most of the other characters; and if these occurrences do not strike the reader as too improbable for belief, it is because of the skill by which Mr Gissing, in the story, sustains the atmosphere of wretchedness which they serve to intensify.

Yet the general sentiment of the novel is not so much pessimism as idealism in revolt. The author, with the intolerance of youth, was dissatisfied with the world as he found it, not because it was the worst of all possible worlds, but because it was not the best. His standpoint, we think, had become a purely personal one; and it was only by depicting in his hero and in the woman he marries two exceptional natures, discontented with their condition, that he was able to write so sincere and impressive a novel. Like Turgenev's 'Virgin Soil,' 'The Nether World' has, in addition to the contexture of incident and characterisation, a social interest. As a picture of the lower classes we do not think it a fair one. Judging the proletariat from the standpoint of his own culture, Mr Gissing saw clearly all their defects, but overlooked many of their good qualities because he did not then share them. Most artists are able to endow the creatures of their imagination only with the powers which they possess or sympathise with; and the power which Mr Gissing lacked and did not appear to appreciate justly is

was that exuberance of animal spirits of which, in literature, Dickens was the incarnation. A man of sensitive and refined nature, with little spontaneous gaiety, whose temperament is moulded as much by a reaction from mean and vulgar surroundings as by the direct stimulus of culture, is apt to foster a feeling of pitying contempt as a protection against the coarse, vigorous animal life around him. And although Mr Gissing, even in his earlier days, was too strong to give way wholly to this feeling, there still remained a mixture of pity and disgust in his descriptions of the populace. To picture with sympathy or gusto the diversions of a Bank-holiday crowd at the Crystal Palace, one must needs have the merry, kindly eye of a Dickens in selecting the picturesque details and overlooking the unseemly; or else that fierce delight of a Mérimée or a Rudyard Kipling in all the manifestations of the rude energy of life, which would enable one to forgive the accompanying vulgarity. With Mr Gissing a feeling of abhorrence and distant compassion effaced all other sensations, and his ironical description ends in an attack of the nerves. 'A great review of the people. Since man came into being did the world ever exhibit a sadder spectacle?'

It is not as a study of the lower classes that 'The Nether World' resembles Turgeniev's novels. The Bank-holiday scenes, and the Peckovers, the Snowdons, and other subsidiary figures are not the essential part of the book. The real interest lies in Clara Hewett, and, more especially, in Sidney Kirkwood. Kirkwood, like Turgeniev's Bazaroff, is the study of a type. A good workman, but without the force of character or the power of mind which would enable him to rise far above his fellows, he had been made unhappy through being educated above his position. All the highest refinements of life, its social charm as well as its intellectual tastes, he had sufficient receptive capacity to esteem and hunger after, but not sufficient ability to acquire. He represents not an inconsiderable class of men, and a class that is increasing in number and in discontent. He is a product of a system of universal education which, instead of making technical instruction more thorough and more general, and thus replacing the obsolescent custom of apprenticeship, gives the more sensitive, and often the least powerful minds,

intellectual needs that they will, for the most part, be unable to gratify.

In 'Thyrza' and 'Demos,' two other earlier novels of Mr Gissing, there is the same forcible representation and gloom in dealing with the lower orders as in 'The Nether World'; while the better classes, shown by way of contrast with their culture of mind and character, are described with an admiration so general that one can understand how it was that Mr Gissing, some years ago, saw more clearly the demerits than the merits of the rougher people. Mr Gissing's novels are in one respect a history of his opinions; and it is only fair to say that this merely reactionary admiration was soon replaced by a more critical view. In 'The Whirlpool' and other later works the deficiencies of the cultivated world are observed with a maturity of power much in advance of the impressive but narrow conception underlying the earlier novels, which alone come within the scope of this article. Even 'Thyrza,' the story of a disastrous attempt to introduce the faint sweetness and feeble light of culture, as a means of salvation, into a district of working people, must be passed over here.

'Demos,' on the other hand, is, like 'The Nether World,' a striking study in what MM. Rosny would call the psychology of the English proletariat. In 'Marc Fane,' MM. Rosny exposed the meaner side of French socialism, with the leaders intriguing against each other and against any recruit of ability who threatens their pre-eminence. In a work far superior in point of art, Mr Gissing gives us a subtle and interesting analysis of the vulgar and selfish side of British socialism. The defect of MM. Rosny's figures is that they are symbols, and, at times, merely speeches with a name; they represent ideas more than individuals. Mr Gissing, without the eloquent fervour and enthusiastic faith of the authors of 'L'Impérieuse Bonté,' is a better novelist. His characters are, first of all, portraits of living beings, and only in a secondary way types; and this only because they have been selected as embodying typical qualities. For instance, Richard Mutimer, in 'Demos,' is mainly interesting because of his energy and ambition, although, as a socialistic agitator, personifying some of the best attributes of the working classes, he has also a representative value. P

a force of will that Mr Gissing's heroes often lack, he is analysed very clearly, and not always unsympathetically; and the manner in which his characterisation justifies his actions is a skilful piece of work. Our only regret is that Mr Gissing did not make the novel an equally convincing sociological study. He might have shown how a sincere and upright working-man, who held extremely one-sided ideas of socialism, was forced by his experiences as an employer of labour to see the other side of the question and relinquish the childish theory of the equality of men. Richard Mutimer is not sincere and upright. He is an ambitious egotist, wholly without natural refinement, who subtly changes his political creed when, by the death of a relative, he becomes himself an employer of labour. He is not a type of the man who rises by his own ability: he never would have risen; and the position of wealth and power which he by chance inherits is designed by Mr Gissing to show on a larger scale the essential vulgarity and selfishness of the agitator's nature.

All the characters of the novel are well realised, and one of them, Emma Vine, is a nobly-pathetic figure. In Mr Gissing's portraits of humble and patient sufferers there is never any excess of sensibility; in fact, he often seems to describe, in comparison with Coppée and Daudet, more the squalor than the pathos of their lot. In this instance, however, his restraint is more affecting than the tearfulness of the French writers. Emma Vine was a working-girl, whom Mutimer had engaged to marry, but whom, when he became rich, he cast off, leaving her not only in extreme anguish of mind, but in circumstances of increasing poverty and with increasing responsibilities towards the children of her drunken sister. Through all her troubles the girl remains silent, forbearing, and—this is art—natural. The reader of her story experiences that cleansing and ennobling emotion which is the effect of real tragedy. When Mutimer dies, his widow, who is also a woman of fine nature, visits Emma, and, more by sympathy than by converse, divines the greatness of the little dressmaker.

Adela went away with a heart not altogether sad; it was rather as though she had been hearing solemn music, which stirred her soul even while it touched upon the source of tears.' ('Demos,' iii, 206.)

Mr Gissing, since his knowledge of life has increased, since his art has grown more objective, has written better novels than the earlier works which we have mentioned. He is the representative in English fiction of the development of the novel into a kind of criticism of some social movement, and he excels most of the living continental writers of this school by the greater complexity and individuality of his characterisation; but he has never described a more noble creature than Emma Vine.

It is one of the paradoxes of art that the sufferings of those born into misery are the least fit matter of a tragedy. It is easy to make them melodramatic, either in the sentimental or in the realistic manner; the reality of Mr Gissing's genius is shown by the fact that even in his earlier tales he did not often resort for effect to what R. L. Stevenson, in his essay on Victor Hugo, calls

'that sort of brutality, that useless insufferable violence to the feelings which is the last distinction between melodrama and tragedy.'

To make a tired and ailing beggar, lost upon a wild heath on a stormy night, as tragic a figure as King Lear, would require a force of sublimity greater than that which Shakespeare exhibited. But it would, of course, be easy for any writer with the talent of a descriptive reporter to make the beggar a more horrible figure. Describe him, with repulsive detail, as eaten away by disease, fainting with hunger, and revealing in delirium the utmost degradation of the human soul, and you will produce an overpowering impression upon the mind of any one foolish enough to read you. But all this would have no more relation to art than the physical shock which a man might experience in witnessing a frightful street accident. This 'physiological effect,' as Tolstoy calls it in a criticism of the realistic novel, is generally employed by a man who wishes to write something effective but is powerless to obtain this end by means of art; or by a man who, as Ruskin puts it, delights in convulsion and disease for their own sake, and who finds his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the sufferings of humanity.

Zola, Huysmans, and Mr Kipling! Tolstoy places them together. It must, indeed, be admitted that Mr Kipling has in some of his tales written as pitilessly, as brutally,

or the mere sake of effect, as either Zola or Huysmans. In one of these stories, 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot,' he uses the 'glorious effects of filth and outrage,' which Mr Gissing discussed, but hesitated to employ. As Mr Kipling had, for the purpose of the novelist, rediscovered India, so he further quickened the art of fiction in England by showing the material that lay unused in the foulest slums of London. The story of Badalia Herodsfoot and her husband, Tom, who, when they had been married two years, 'took to himself another woman and passed out of Badalia's life, over Badalia's senseless body,' who robbed, ruined, and deserted the other woman, and who then returned to his wife, knocked her down, and kicked away at her head so that she died of the injuries, might, perhaps, have been intended as an essay on social reform, and not as a work of art. In the same way Mr Kipling's tales of Mrs Hawksbee's adventures were, perhaps, written, not with the gust of immorality with which Flaubert wrote similar stories, but as awful examples of vicious conduct adduced by way of edification. We cannot, however, regret that Mr Kipling has not returned to the brutal surroundings of Badalia Herodsfoot. They offer too strong a temptation to the lower side of his forceful personality.

Mr Arthur Morrison, one of the first to follow in Mr Kipling's footsteps through the slums, did so with the most humanitarian purpose.

It is the artist's privilege,' he says, 'to seek his material where he thinks well, and it is no man's privilege to say him nay. If the community have left horrible places and horrible lives before his eyes, then the fault is that of the community; and to picture these places and these lives becomes not merely his privilege, but his duty.' ('New Review,' xvi, 318.)

Consequently, either our poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, and our novelists, from Richardson to Meredith, are not artists, or else they have sadly neglected their duty. Perhaps, however, misery did not exist in their day; or it may be that, owing to some erroneous theory of æsthetics, they considered art to be something entirely different from the sensational description of the disgusting, the vicious, the bestial degradation of mankind.

Although Mr Morrison imitated Mr Kipling, it must

be allowed, if effectiveness be the measure of artistic worth, that he possessed greater genius, for his characters represent lower depths of degradation. Tom Herodsfoot, for instance, is a poor hero compared with Billy Chope. Billy Chope, while living on the earnings of his mother, saw how profitable it would be to have two women to labour for him instead of one. He married, therefore, a factory girl, and obtained a considerable increase of income until his wife became a mother and was no longer able to work, when he sent her out in the streets to get him money. Another tale in the interest of social reform, entitled 'A Poor Stick,' relates how a husband became half-witted in consequence of his wife's infidelity; another, 'Without Visible Means,' how working-men rob their fellows, not only of their money, but of their tools, and leave them to die.

These essays in philanthropy appear to have been so successful that Mr Morrison wrote a novel in the same spirit.

'It was my fate,' he says, 'to encounter a place in Shoreditch where children were born and reared in circumstances that gave these children no reasonable chance of living decent lives: where they were born foredoomed to a criminal or semi-criminal career; . . . I endeavoured to do my duty by writing a tale wherein I hoped to bring the condition of this place within the comprehension of others.'

The tale was 'A Child of the Jago.' We think Mr Morrison must have found his duty a very pleasant one. As the intention of his book was not that of a work of art, he was able to cover its lack of construction and characterisation by describing things so horrible in themselves that they would lend an air of brutal strength to any book in which they were narrated. In point of construction, the novel, as a story of the career of a child of the slums, does not give enough space to the principal figure; on the other hand, as a description of a square of two hundred and fifty yards in which 'the human population swarmed in thousands,' it wants that stir of multitudinous life, that movement of the crowd which is necessary to such a picture. There is no sensation of reality in this respect, even in the accounts of the street-fights. Moreover that verisimilitude of presenta-

which should be the note of a novel pretending to it only facts, is destroyed by violent coincidences in lot. That Perrot, for example, should have been y enough to break into the house of the captain- l of London burglars—the one crime the conse- s of which he could not hope to escape—is as violent idence as any that occurs among all the imita- f 'Sherlock Holmes.' 'A Child of the Jago' also le s such later works of Mr Morrison as 'Martin the Investigator,' in that the figures are distin- i more by their crimes or criminal tendencies than attempt at characterisation. Weech, the villain P piece, seems to have been drawn with the greatest bu but he is merely an amalgamation of two well- characters of Dickens—a Uriah Heep carrying on siness of Fagin.

spite, however, of these defects, it is indisputable a 'Lizerunt' and 'A Child of the Jago,' Mr Morrison ssed, in point of effectiveness, the author of 'The d of Badalia Herodsfoot.' In fact, as soon as Mr ng had shown the way to the slums, he was surpassed l that he had aimed at by many writers who, like Morrison, have displayed but little talent in other ctions. But Mr Morrison has been, in his turn, outdone a later writer, Mr W. S. Maugham, the author of 'Liza Lambeth,' who, apart from his greater realistic effect, ote with a frankness of intention which gives him an vantage over the author of 'A Child of the Jago.' The al humanitarian motive he did not feign; and finding pleasant and easy to describe the animal side of the er classes, he related his story more effectively than other writer of his school, because he made less pre- e of being either an artist or even a social reformer, more openly enjoyed the scenes of filth and outrage h he depicted. The story itself, a miserable tale of education of a factory girl, does not call for remark. nality was another quality that Mr Maugham did pretend to have. His novel stands out from the s, partly because it is written as photographically e criminal law of England in its present state allows; especially because of its absolute vulgarity, it having the author to exhibit, in the passages of conversa- ed ich occupy most of the book, the vernacular idiom

at its worst; imbecile grossness having been his only idea of wit and humour, and inexpressive and irritating barbarisms his only means of forcible statement.

About the date of the appearance of 'Liza of Lambeth' the English writers of the same kind of novel were sufficiently numerous to constitute a school of fiction feebly imitating the French naturalistic movement in the eighties, described in 'Le Termite' of MM. Rosny. The English authors, however, did not combine under the influence of any theory of philosophy or æsthetics. Their movement was purely commercial in its origin. Save in regard to the works of a few authors of genius too inimitable to be counterfeited, every novelty in English fiction—such as 'The Prisoner of Zenda' or 'A Window in Thrums'—that meets with success is at once imitated by a class of writers whose special office it is to convert into a trade each happy inspiration which at first was not without art. The fact that the works now in question had not from the beginning any pretension to art, made them easier to manufacture. M. Le Goffic, in his book 'Romanciers d'Aujourd'hui,' gave a list of over forty French novelists who wrote after the manner of MM. Zola, De Goncourt, and Huysmans. Our list of their echoes, in which, unfortunately, Mr Thomas Hardy, as the author of 'Jude the Obscure,' stooped to take a place, would consist only of twelve names; and we do not think that from a literary point of view the list would possess the slightest interest. Even an examination of the general character of the tales would merely serve to show how very scanty, after all, was the new material for fiction which Mr Kipling found in the slums, and how seldom it was handled with any originality of method. We need not refer to the grosser subjects. But how many descriptions, almost identical in treatment, are there of a fight between two men about a girl? J.-H. Rosny, by a happy simile, likens the struggle to a combat between two knights for the favour of a noble dame. It strikes Mr Morrison as a battle for Helen of Troy, whilst Mr A. St John Adcock calls his story, in which the lady herself enters the lists, 'Helen of Bow.' In another tale—we have already forgotten the name of the writer—the prize of beauty is described after the fray by both her champions. Another topic, the desire of the very poorest people to give their dead respectable

is a common theme for humorous sketches; and, M. Rosny, Mr Morrison, Mr Maugham, and Mr are perhaps at their wittiest in dealing with this weakness of human nature. As we have mentioned Mr St John Adcock, it is only fair to say that in his stories in 'East-End Idylls' and 'In the Image' he described with sympathy and restraint the and patient sufferings of the weak and outcast. His talent for characterisation and his gift of kindly he might have lightened more than he did the gloomy cast of his work. Mr Pugh's 'Tony' is another exception from the school of crude and effects; and this tale of an imaginative little of the slums only required some art in the telling

in order to survive all the other books by the author. It is possible that Mr Pugh's failure to treat the subject with adequate charm and delicacy is due to the fact that he had blunted his artistic perception by relying on the most horrible and outrageous naturalism, by describing such a scene as that in which his heroes strangles a woman of the streets, and, when she is dead, bites off her fingers and commits other atrocities.

In the vogue of the slum novel in England, there is a similar vogue in the fiction of the United States. The movements were, we think, independent of each other, their resemblance being perhaps due to the common sources of the two nations, and to their common derivation from the novels of the realistic school in France. In fact, Mr Kipling's tale, 'The Record of a Herodsfoot,' had but little priority in date of appearance to 'Maggie: a Child of the Street,' a finer work of the same class by a young American writer, the late Mr Stephen Crane, who republished it in

In this first work of the author of 'The Red of Courage,' one can easily see from whom he drew his art. Mr Stephen Crane would not have appeared so surprisingly original if he had written in England. As the passages relating to railway engines and heatfields in 'The Octopus,' by a recent American writer, seem to have been paraphrased from 'La Bête à l'âne' and 'La Terre,' so the style of Mr Stephen Crane's work appears to have been modelled

upon *l'écriture artiste* of the De Goncourt. This impressionistic manner of writing, with its repetition of unnecessary details for the sake of the strange effect obtained by repeating them, its omission of the essential features for the sake of the strange effects obtained by omitting them, its staccato sentences and its other mannerisms, strikes one, at its worst, as the symptom of a nervous disorder more than an innovation in style, and, at its best, as a diction with pictorial qualities that redeem its artificiality. It is undoubtedly curious as an experiment, but one soon wearies of it.

'Maggie' is the New York version of 'Nell Horn' and 'Liza of Lambeth.' She was a rare and wonderful production of a tenement district, a pretty girl. Her father and mother drank and quarrelled, and, by reason of the horror and misery of her home, she drifted into evil ways. The remainder of the story relates her degradation and death. It is told with effect and restraint, in a series of snap-shots, vivid with detail and yet not disgustingly explicit. Its main fault, we think, is a want of logic in the characterisation. The figures are mechanical in their conduct; they seem like curious pieces of machinery in spasmodic action. Yet, for all this, 'Maggie' is the best of all the recent novels of misery; and, together with 'George's Mother,' it represents the talent of the late Mr Stephen Crane employed in its immaturity and upon difficult subjects, but employed with the instincts of art.

If we were considering, generally, the novel of the slums, we should have to mention another class of writers who can scarcely be said to have described only the misery of the poor. But, as in the case of 'De Profundis: a Tale of the Social Deposits,' by Mr William Gilbert, published about 1864, many of these writers, while continuing the traditions founded by Dickens, exhibit in their works all the great defects in construction which only the genius of a master could force us to overlook. Mr Pett Ridge, however, as an exception, deserves notice. For, although he takes a wholesome view of human life, yet we hardly think it can be denied that he describes one side of the existence of the lower classes with as much reality as any of the realists. His novels of 'social deposits' have many of the faults of 'De Prof' and we consider them inferior to his shorter f

sketches, for in the latter he happily relies almost entirely on the gift which makes his books worth reading. His real merit consists in the liveliness and vigour with which he describes the rough humour of the London crowd; and in this he claims kinship with Dickens himself. The fact that he has not attempted to create any memorable figure, such as Sam Weller, is owing quite as much to the difference of his method as to his want of power to conceive such a character. In the 'Sketches by Boz,' the merest caricature of a human being is singularly drawn; but in Mr Pett Ridge's work the boisterous manners and rude incisive banter of his personages are the mark not so much of the individuals themselves as of the class to which they belong. Moreover, while these studies are generally so true to a type as to appear to have been rapidly sketched from life, Dickens' idiosyncratic creatures seem to have been evolved out of their author's own abundant vivacity of spirit. To say that Mr Pett Ridge seldom paints the very darkest side of life is but to define and commend his talent. He is a man of humour who prefers to smile where others groan; and we may well be grateful, for humour is as rare as genius.

Another American writer who describes the 'tenement' life of the great American cities truthfully and not realistically is Mr Jacob A. Riis. Mr Riis's sketches are as effective as those of the school of filth and outrage; but as he writes in a spirit of charity and pity he has succeeded in strongly influencing public opinion, while the realists have only impressed a little circle of readers with a sense of their descriptive power, which was often only a power to disgust. The other American writers who, for a time, found their material in the slums of New York and Chicago are scarcely known in England; and even the most promising of them, Mr George Ade and Mr J. K. Friedman, must, in our judgment, produce finer work before their English rights become very valuable. Mr Ade is certainly not without talent, but some of his books strike us rather as ingenious journalism than as literature; and he has still to discover that the slang of the Chicago streets is not, as an instrument of expression, equal to the English language. Mr Friedman's last novel would have been a very interesting study of the dark side of the great industrial undertakings of the

United States if he had connected his scenes by means of a representative incident instead of by a love affair between two young people of the better classes. This defect notwithstanding, it is a meritorious piece of work, which proves that a novelist of ability finds better subjects in the world of work and business and social movement than in dreary and monotonous slums. Even Ibsen has hardly succeeded in investing the business of a sanitary inspector with any tragic significance.

There remains, of course, the philanthropic motive. Our design, however, has been merely to deal with the novel of misery as a form of art, and therefore we have not referred to those writers of fiction who only pretend to ventilate the difficult problems which Mr B. S. Rowntree has properly discussed in his recent work, 'Poverty: a Study of Town Life.' A novel, as Goethe said, proves nothing. The novel of the imperfections of the social scheme is, even at its best, as in 'Les Misérables,' a singularly unconvincing form in which to write a treatise on the condition of the lowest classes; and when it is written after the manner of Mr Richard Whiteing's 'No. 5, John Street,' it can only influence the opinions of that body of readers who appear to exist for the mere purpose of making poor novels popular. Yet readers of this class have certain negative virtues for which they deserve credit. They require, as the price of their patronage, that the novelist shall adopt their standpoint in art and morals. Now in art their standpoint is very low, but in morals it is not altogether despicable. Consequently they have neglected the novels of the writers who relied upon 'the glorious effects of filth and outrage,' in spite of the fact that the artistic qualities of these works were, generally speaking, exactly consonant with their taste. This lack of popular encouragement would not have put an end to a real movement in literature. Of all the school there would have survived some artists who would have held to their conceptions from the love of their art. But, as we pointed out, the recent vogue of the novel of misery was purely commercial in its origin, and, like most commercial undertakings, it was discontinued so soon as it was discovered that it did not pay.

Art. III.—THE GAME-LAWS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

1. *Oke's Game-Laws*. Fourth edition. Edited by J. W. Willis Bund. London: Butterworth, 1897.
2. *Sport in Europe*. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. London: Sands, 1901.
3. *Notes for Travellers and Sportsmen in the Sudan*. Cairo, 1901.
4. *Game-Laws in brief*. New York: 'Forest and Stream' Publishing Company, 1901.
5. *Codes-Manuels du Chasseur et du Pêcheur*. By Gaston Lecouffe. Paris: Girard, 1900.
6. *Sammlung der deutschen Jagdgesetze*. By Josef Bauer. Neudamm: Neumann, 1891.
7. *Législation de la Confédération et des Cantons*. Bern: Michel, 1895.

SPORT with rod and gun has been so long regarded as the inalienable prerogative of the Anglo-Saxon all the world over, that we are apt to make light of the sporting customs and game-laws of other nations. Here and there, as in Scandinavia, it is true that the Briton was the pioneer of sport, and found his recreation in their lakes and forests before the natives themselves awoke to the sporting possibilities of their otherwise not over-productive country. In the vast majority of cases, however, though the sport of angling may have lacked recognition among the upper classes, the *chasse*, in some form or other, has long been established, formerly as the privilege of Court and clergy, latterly as the right of all who choose to pay the necessary taxes and obey such other regulations as are framed for the protection of the game. These laws, as drafted and administered in the different countries, have an increasing interest in these days of easy travel; and it is the object of the present article to examine a few of the first principles on which they are based in the chief Latin and Germanic communities.

We do not preface this enquiry with any preliminary remarks on the definitions of game and trespass, property and poaching, vermin and shooting rights; for such matters belong rather to the legal specialist, and it is from another point of view that foreign game-laws are to be briefly reviewed in these pages. Nor have we

regarded it as essential to a proper understanding of the subject once more to go over the somewhat hackneyed ground of the ethics of game-laws generally. There is a curious style of argument that professes to blame the law for the very crimes that it aims at suppressing. If there were no game-laws, we are told, there would be no poaching. This is undeniably true, because if there were no game-laws there would soon be no game. The lesson taught and learnt in every land with indigenous or acclimatised game worth the name, is that game-laws are an absolute necessity; and some of the most democratic communities in both America and Australasia have uncomplainingly submitted to sporting-laws more rigorous than those which survive in some of the oldest monarchies of Europe.

In the majority of cases Englishmen will have no difficulty in understanding those broad principles which have inspired the framing of foreign game-laws, though local requirements have often modified the application of these principles. Thus, the question, comparatively unimportant in this country, of indemnifying the agriculturist for damage done by game, whether bird or beast, assumes quite different proportions in Belgium and Germany, where wild-boars thrive in the neighbourhood of cultivated land, and are not merely destructive to the crops, but even dangerous to man. In most European countries, therefore, not only may the boar be hunted at all seasons and without licence (Sardinia alone protects the animal between March 1 and November 15), but those who rent sporting-forests are compelled by law to keep the number of boars reasonably low, even if they have to go to the trouble and expense of organising grand battues for the purpose.

One or two aspects of sporting-laws in other countries find, it is true, no counterpart in these islands. We have not, for instance, the passion for acclimatising new game-birds which seems to possess our neighbours. The Scotch grouse, as a case in point, latterly turned down in western Germany, near Malmedy, or the Brazilian *tinamu*, acclimatised in almost every country in Europe, must soon be provided with special close-times in accordance with seasons of reproduction where these differ from the indigenous game-birds provided for in

Again, the suppression of vermin other than boars is another serious consideration in some continental countries, of which we have no conception at home. In each of the two dual kingdoms, for instance, Austria-Hungary and Scandinavia, the Government offers large rewards every year for the destruction of birds and beasts of prey; while in Portugal the private 'Associação dos Caçadores Portuguezes' holds out a similar encouragement.

The difficulties arising out of a complicated code of conflicting laws in the various states, counties, departments, or provinces of a country are also almost unintelligible to ourselves, so long have we been accustomed to a practically uniform sporting-code for the United Kingdom. It is true that the hare is protected in Ireland, and not in England or Scotland; but such slight local variations do not affect the general uniformity of our sporting-laws. A disorder yet more incomprehensible to English sportsmen may arise on frontiers between countries or divisions of countries. Thus, the close-times in force for wild-fowl in the estuary of the Scheldt are so various that wild-duck may be shot a fortnight earlier on the Zeeland shore than on that of North Brabant. On Lake Champlain, again, which lies between New York and Vermont States, the Vermont laws are more lax than those of the other State, with the result that New York anglers are seriously handicapped in their black-bass fishing.

Among the cosmopolitan principles which inspire the legislators on game in many lands, mention may be made of the prohibition of night-shooting, of shooting in the snow, and of fishing through the ice. Sunday shooting is only discountenanced by ourselves and in some parts of the United States. In continental countries, however, as well as in other parts of the States, not only is Sunday shooting widely practised, but Sunday is a favourite opening day, and, in some cases, cheaper permits are issued for Sunday sportsmen. As regards the illegality of night-shooting, it may be borne in mind that, whereas it does not in this country cover wild-fowling, flighting or otherwise, this is not the case in America, where such sport is unconditionally forbidden. In some countries the meaning of 'night' is very strictly defined, embracing the period between one hour after

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sunset and one hour before sunrise; but in others the meaning is extremely vague. Similar ambiguity rests upon the condition that can be defined as 'snow sufficient for tracking purposes'; while the conditional illegality of fishing when ice covers all or only part of a lake has also in great measure to be determined by the eloquence of the advocates or the humour of the law-courts.

The subject of big-game extermination was discussed in these pages* at the time when a convention was signed at the Foreign Office by representatives of the Powers concerned in African development; and it seems desirable, by way of bringing our account of the question down to date, and also as a general introduction to the more characteristic Anglo-Saxon methods of protection, to touch briefly on the new Sudan regulations promulgated in the latter part of 1901. They are in every way admirable. Not only does the combined system of heavy licences and limited bags promise efficient protection of the threatened species, but the authorities have guarded most effectually against any contemplated evasion of this bag-limit by the payment of licence fees in more than one *mudirieh* (i.e. divisional district). This means that the tusk-hunter will not be able to shoot his two elephants in the *mudirieh* of Kassala, and then proceed to bag other two in the *mudirieh* of Sennaar. In all the five game districts into which, for convenience of administration, the Sudan has been parcelled out, we find unconditional protection extended to the zebra, wild-ass, eland, giraffe, rhinoceros, chimpanzee, secretary-bird, shoe-bill, and ground-hornbill. The hippopotamus, on the other hand, which is absolutely protected around Kassala and in the northern province, may, on payment of somewhat heavy fees, be shot elsewhere; and similar conditions apply to the elephant, buffalo, ostrich, and various kinds of antelope. The authorities at Khartum, not satisfied with these already effective measures, have further imposed export-fees on living or dead specimens of almost every animal likely to attract the sportsman or collector, and have set aside a large game-reserve for the exclusive use of officials.

Another regulation, which we have not yet mentioned, suggests a digression upon a subject which must be near

* Quarterly Review, April 1900.

the heart of every sportsman. We should welcome the promulgation of an analogous rule by the County Council which controls the district of the Broads, for it inflicts a penalty of 5*l.* on any one shooting from the Nile river-steamers, either in motion or at rest, except at crocodiles; and even this practice, as the wording quaintly has it, 'is to be deprecated as being more dangerous to the riverain population than to the crocodile.' In very few countries is sufficient attention paid to the careless handling of firearms. With ourselves, there is no sign of any endeavour to prevent shooting accidents, except perhaps in the intention, as suggested above, of the Acts prohibiting shooting at night. In America, indeed, the frequent casualties and fatalities in the deer-forests have caused a general outcry; and the game-laws of the State of Maine go so far as to fix a maximum penalty of ten years' imprisonment, or a fine of a thousand dollars, for any one who, 'while on a hunting trip, or in the pursuit of wild game or game-birds, negligently or carelessly shoots and wounds, or kills, any human being.' Those who condemn the low value put upon human life in the United States should bear in mind this unusual legal recognition of responsibility. Where, as now and then happens, an Indian is the victim of a sportsman's carelessness, political considerations complicate the case, for the Indians, who do not perpetrate such criminal blunders themselves, are not unnaturally loud in their reproaches.

It is proposed to make it compulsory in American forests to wear distinctive red caps and jerseys. This attire would inevitably lessen the chances of a good bag, since every experienced deer-stalker knows he must adapt his costume as closely as possible to the background and environment in which he shoots. Nevertheless, the added security may well be worth the price. It must be admitted that shooting fatalities are less common in this country; yet it is not long since a wild-fowler was accidentally shot in the eastern counties, being taken, as he stood up in his punt by moonlight, for a rising bird, and, as such, at once bagged by another gunner concealed among the reeds.

Let us now take notice of some of the more remarkable regulations fect fishing and shooting in other

countries. We cannot, of course, include every country in this enquiry. We must pass over Russia, which in Europe alone embraces some seven hundred and fifty million acres of sporting territory, and which for all time protects its Lithuanian bison, but, on the other hand, cancels all close-times for the benefit of Siberian exiles who may depend for their bare living on the spoils of the chase. We must spend no time in Turkey, with its loosely framed, and yet more loosely interpreted, 'Règlement de Police,' with its vague March to August close-time for all game, its protection from trap and call of every small bird, with a single exception in the quail, the one bird of passage that most needs protection, and its arbitrary fixing of close-seasons for the fishes and crustaceans. This last example of legislation is most remarkable and almost without parallel, for the *merdjian*, a favourite sea-fish, was protected from March to August in 1899; red mullet were protected during April and May, 1900; then both prohibitions were cancelled, and lobsters in their turn were given a period of immunity. Of the *laissez-faire* noticeable in Japan since the decline of the feudal régime, of the comparatively ineffectual *ley de caza* in Spain, of the mild and inadequate penalties prescribed in Denmark, our tour of enquiry can take no notice; but even with these omissions it may perhaps afford material for a comparative study of the world's game-laws.

The game-laws of France are not, as has already been indicated, a credit to the legislature of that country. As France so long and so strenuously upheld feudal rights, in sport as in other aspects of the national life, it was only to be expected that she would, in the Revolution, witness the most complete *volte-face* in her game-laws. That such was the case, the records of that terrible time abundantly show; but reaction followed reaction, and the excessive liberty allowed to every patriot who had converted into some sort of a fowling-piece the gun which had been given for sterner work, soon attracted the opposition of the agricultural element, so that some semblance of a game-law was hurriedly formulated to meet the new requirements. Ever since that time it may be said that the French Government has incessantly tinkered at its new code, here introducing some strange anachronism from the old, there devising an altogether novel and

amazing expedient to check some real or fancied evil, until there is more law and less repression in France than in any other country in the world. No one perusing the highly complex sporting-laws of modern France would anticipate such widespread complaints of unchecked poaching, on the part of magistrates and deputies in close sympathy with the offenders, and of sportsmen at their wits' ends to preserve the last remnants of a once unrivalled game-list.

Indeed, the French associations and leagues of sportsmen and game-preservers have long despaired of the magistrates, and are now accustomed to take their complaints direct to the Minister of Agriculture or to the Minister of the Interior, according to the jurisdiction within which the particular offence falls. Having owned to sore confusion in our own laws, it will perhaps not be blamed as a throwing of stones at other glass-houses if we pause to notice one or two still more remarkable contradictions in those of our neighbours, who profess to have retained in its severe purity all that was worth preserving of the old Roman law. Now there is a rule in France touching that vexed question, the reduction-to-possession of game—that a peasant who finds dead or wounded game may retain it, if the sportsman who killed it has given up the search. Yet who shall say when such a search is 'given up'? Surely we can all recall occasions when, almost at the end of the walk back to the dog-carts, our eyes always on the ground, our dogs ranging to right and left and sniffing the failing scent at the close of a cold day, we have picked up grouse or pheasants that must have flown or run an amazing distance after receiving their death-wound. Can we be said to have 'given up' the search merely because we perhaps deferred the recovery of one or two birds that we were confident of having mortally hit?

In their definition of 'vermin,' too, our neighbours lack the clearness that shows itself in the lists of some other lands. Thus their *bêtes fauves*, which (if they threaten damage to the crops or live-stock) may be destroyed by landowners at all seasons and without licence, include the boar, fox, roe, otter, weasel and polecat, but neither the rabbit nor the hare, though these also may be treated in the summary fashion. In

England we compel landowners, like any one else, to take out a game-licence and to respect the established close-seasons. In France, on the other hand, the anti-socialist principles that characterised the Government of the 'bourgeois' king carried, in 1844, a law (still valid) which allows the owner of a walled or fenced estate to shoot on that estate at all times of the year, day and night, and without any licence whatever. With ourselves, again, gun and game licences taken out in the mother-country are valid only within its limits; but the French *permis de chasse* covers both France and Algeria, and may be taken out in either country.

French anglers have even less reason to congratulate themselves on the laws enacted for their benefit than their brethren of the gun; and a more singular admixture of petty control on the one hand and lax indifference on the other it would be difficult to find. The 'after dark' clause in the French fishery-laws, for instance, which bears but one interpretation, and is free from the ambiguity already noticed in sundry shooting restrictions to the same effect, deprives the angler of those two most precious hours of his summer fishing, the hour after sunset and the hour preceding sunrise. Why fishing should be prohibited during these two periods it is hard to say. There can be no question of the concealment of illegal engines—nets, traps, and the rest of the poacher's paraphernalia—for daylight in June and July lasts more than an hour after sunset and begins more than an hour before sunrise. Side by side with this inexplicable prohibition, M. Dupuy, full of zeal in the interests of the working-man angler, introduces his cheap permits for Sunday fishing throughout the close-season—a suicidal measure that France has lately borrowed from Belgium, where the Sunday permit during the fence-months has long been popular. Such friction with riparian owners as from time to time attracts general notice on the Thames and other of our sporting rivers, could never arise in France, for, instead of enjoying exclusive fishing-rights from his own bank, the French riparian owner on all navigable waters enjoys no rights whatever, the right of fishing being vested in the State, and therefore in the people at large. Each system has its advantages and its drawbacks. In England, riparian owners, secure in their

rights, are encouraged to interest themselves in the maintenance of the stock of fish and to spend large sums in introducing new kinds. In France, angling is thrown open, at a small charge, to the mass of the people. It thus becomes a valuable source of revenue to the State; and, though the sport is naturally indifferent, the mass of the people is content.

Yet the French are ruining their streams with a continual extension of privileges. Until recently we always confessed that their laws had the advantage of our own in restricting the meaning of legitimate angling in State waters to the use of one rod or other tackle held in the hand. Those who are familiar with the banks of our lower Thames on Sundays during the open-season need no reminding of the pot-hunters who fish with two rods. The second rod is, in our opinion, to be condemned, less by reason of the number of fish that it takes, than because of the many which, not being struck and played at the right moment, merely regain their liberty with torn jaws. Until recently such a result was not possible on French streams; but the latest modification of the French law legalises fishing with tackle not actually held in the hand, but placed within reach of the hand—a method answering to the Thames practice that we have deprecated.

Let us, however, be just, and own frankly where we opine that our neighbours have still the better of us. It appears to us that if Mr Mundella's Act fixing the fence-months for coarse fish be satisfactory in years of early summers, it cannot also answer the requirements of the case in years when summer is late and the rigours of winter retain their dominion over the waters until far into the spring. The only possible expedient, then, would seem to be a shifting close-time according to the climatic conditions of each year. This is the French practice, and here it is that the French have the advantage of us. Each year the fence-months for fishes and the close-times for other animals are published, at a sufficiently early date, in the official gazettes. A similar system obtains generally on the Continent and in most parts of America. We alone retain our stationary close-times, fixed and immovable; and in this rigid conservatism our insularity is not seen at its best.

It is necessary, in comparing the laws of another
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country with those of our own, to make the proper allowance for different conditions, for without such breadth of view the value of the comparison is slight. We have, for instance, from time to time heard complaints on the part of Englishmen residing in France—and consequently considering themselves entitled to all manner of privileges withheld from French subjects—of the somewhat complicated procedure incident to taking out a game-licence, or *permis de chasse*, in that country. These exiles contrast, with home-sick regrets, our own simple purchase of the game-licence—and no questions asked—at the nearest post-office, with the French routine of application to the local mayor, who in turn procures the *permis* from the Minister of Agriculture. Yet there is good reason for the distinction, as these critics might easily perceive for themselves. Whereas in England the game-licence is a purely revenue-making device, without any protective object, and whereas, furthermore, it carries with it little right to shoot, save on private lands efficiently patrolled by keepers, the French *permis* bestows considerable sporting rights over and above the mere right to kill game. Large tracts of open shooting exist in France such as are not to be found in England, our free shooting being for the most part confined to shore shooting of doubtful quality; and the French authorities have consequently to take precautions that would be quite outside the province of our Excise. No *permis*, for instance, is issued to applicants under sixteen years of age; and even those of less than twenty-one years require written leave from a parent or guardian. Applicants are also debarred whose parents are not on the list of ratepayers, a disqualification which almost places them on a footing with persons convicted of vagrancy, beggary, or theft.

We have already said that French anglers have little reason to rest satisfied with the existing laws; and, in fact, they have lately petitioned the Minister of Agriculture to apply to fishing a law analogous to that which has operated so successfully in the repression of poaching elsewhere, chiefly by means of handsome rewards voted by the authorities to keepers who bring delinquents to justice. This system of rewarding the informant, the reward being often in a fixed ratio to the fine, is very common in continental states, particularly in Italy, where, as we shall presently have occasion to show, the old codes of

each province are still in force, in spite of nearly half a century of attempts to pass a uniform law.* That French rivers are in sore need of further protection is apparent from the increasing number of poaching cases reported; and one of these, from a western department, shows that the poachers have taken to ply their trade in open day throughout the close-season, merely concealing their features in linen masks with pierced eyeholes, not unlike the disguise formerly made famous by the Australian bushranger.

Such, then, is the unsatisfactory state of the sporting-laws in France. It might, perhaps, have been thought that in a land in which the shooting of game has been made the right of the many instead of the privilege of the few, the preservation of the game would in turn appeal to wider sympathies. This, however, is far from being the case; and the small and intelligent minority of Frenchmen who sigh for the reform of their game-laws finds itself as far as ever from the goal of its desires. The attitude of the authorities is not always easy to understand, but it would seem to waver between an increasing desire to conciliate the masses and an anxiety to foster the State revenues, amounting, approximately, to fifty millions of francs, which arise from the powder-tax, the game-licence, and the renting of sporting territories from the State. As a result, the game of France has dwindled seriously; and the French are as completely dependent all the year on supplies of foreign game as we are at Christmastide on the supplies of foreign geese and turkeys. We, it is true, import our quail—of which more hereafter—from the Mediterranean countries; but Paris alone appears to import from neighbouring countries something like two thousand tons of game every year.

This suggests a tempting digression, which, however, we must sternly curtail, on the laws affecting game-dealers, and the radical alteration that the popular estimate of that industry has undergone since the attempts made by Henry VIII, and, later, by James I, William III, and Anne, to put a stop to the traffic. The chief difficulty arises in the case of foreign game sold during the close-time. The burden of proof falls in these cases on the dealer; and

* See also Carcani, 'M.

Cacciatori.' Livorno: Giusti, 1901.

the honesty of the dealer is not always proof against temptation. Black grouse, for instance, are constantly sold in Paris in the French close-time as Scotch birds; and if we seek an example of dishonest commerce from across the Channel, it is not because abundant evidence of similar roguery is wanting in our own country. In America, too, there is constant trouble from the same cause, and it is aggravated where certain animals are unconditionally protected over a term of years. Thus, the State of Missouri has now prohibited the sale of deer, quail, prairie-chicken, and pinnated grouse, killed within the territories of the State, for five years from 1901; but such game may be imported for sale from neighbouring States in which no such prohibition is in force. The difficulty of distinguishing legal from illicit supplies is obvious in such a case. As with ourselves, a certain number of 'days of grace' are allowed in which game-dealers must dispose of their surplus stock after the close-season has begun; and some excitement was caused in New York City, in the autumn of 1901, by the seizure of forty thousand head of game, including quail, duck, and snipe, all of which were found in the store-rooms of a well-known freezing company during the close-time. Even during the open-season most of the American States—Maine is a marked exception—impose exceedingly strict limits on the game that may be taken out of the State by sportsmen who have killed it by legitimate methods; and a case was lately reported* from Michigan, in which sportsmen, debarred from taking the game home to their friends, threw it to the hogs!

The game-laws of Germany and of Austria need not long detain us. Something has incidentally been said of both, and little more need be added. The confusion inseparable from want of unification in the sporting-laws will at once be evident by a cursory comparison of the close-times for Prussia and Württemberg, as for instance:—

Species.	Prussia.	Württemberg.
Red-deer . .	December 11 to August 31	October 16 to June 30
Fallow-deer .	March 1 to June 30	November 16 to June 30
Badger . . .	December 1 to September 30	February 1 to August 31
Capercaillie .	June 1 to August 31	May 16 to August 31
Duck	April 1 to June 30	April 1 to July 15
Woodcock, .	May 1 to June 30	April 16 to August 31

* 'Forest and Stream,' December 14, 1901.

Although Prussia extends some six degrees of latitude farther north than the little kingdom controlled from Stuttgart, it would be difficult to show that climatic differences warrant so considerable a discrepancy between the opening or closing dates in the two cases.

On the whole, it must be admitted that in both Germany and Austria the game-laws represent the best traditions of the Germanic race and of Courts that have been firm supporters and keen followers of the chase. The love of sport is implanted in all the upper classes of both countries to a degree equalled only among our own; and it would be difficult to assign the palm of enthusiasm between such men as the veteran Emperor of Austria (when in his prime), the German Emperor, and the aged but unconquerable Prince Regent of Bavaria, who, having long since passed his allotted threescore-and-ten years, still hunts the savage boar on foot or waits at his post in the cold dawn for the love-spell of the capercaillie.

German fishing-laws are somewhat complicated, the guiding principle being apparently to reserve as much right as possible to the professional netmen, and to make the sportsman pay the highest possible sum for strictly limited privileges. Attention has already been drawn to the proposal for a close-time for grouse, the latest addition to the German game-list; and, pending the passing of such an Act, all good sportsmen have resolved to limit each gun to a daily bag of one brace, which is moderate in the extreme. Another somewhat less distinguished game-bird has of late years been brought from over-sea, distributed from the game-farm belonging to M. Galichet, a very successful French breeder of acclimatised species, and introduced into German coverts by Lieutenant Neyman of Plohmühle, Herr Cronau, and other enthusiasts. This is the *tinamu*, a native of the Pampas. Whether the cat-fishes, which have been successfully introduced into many streams in both France and Belgium, will also receive a close-time of their own has yet to be seen.

The position of the gamekeeper in different countries is among those many interesting aspects of the subject under notice of which considerations of space compel the briefest of surveys. We have already had occasion to mention the admirable working of the French arrangement by which the keeper receives a substantial reward

on bringing delinquents to justice. The same principle is carried much further in Germany, where the 'Jagdschützverein' makes it its business not merely to pay handsome rewards in cases of conspicuous bravery or coolness, but also to pension the widows and families of keepers killed in the performance of their duty. The German gamekeeper appears to have very full powers, and he is invariably acquitted if he kills a poacher, provided that he shoots him in front, the inference being that the poacher was threatening violence. In Belgium, on the other hand, the gamekeeper seems to be handicapped in doing his allotted work by all manner of vexatious restrictions, for he may only confiscate a poacher's gun in three cases: at night; when the poacher is violent; or when he is masked or otherwise disguised.* Another curious enactment in the Belgian code is that which permits owners of enclosed forests to snare woodcock on their own property for a quarter of an hour after sunset every evening from March 10 to April 15 inclusive. The British game-laws, as the reader is no doubt aware, regard the woodcock as game only for the gun, no licence being requisite to snare the bird; but this remarkable exception to the usual Belgian prohibition of killing game after sunset is a different matter.

It cannot be supposed that the game-laws of modern Greece will have for English readers the same interest as so much else relating to that classic land, yet we may devote a few lines to the two police regulations framed during the last decade of the nineteenth century by the Director of Police for Athens and the Piræus, and apparently taking effect only within his jurisdiction, which is limited to Attica. It is the first of these which chiefly concerns us, for the significance of the second is, as will presently be seen, rather political than sporting. The regulation dated February 16, 1894, is based on information that the practice of the peasants in setting traps for hares all over the country is not only dangerous to both man and beast, but also spoils the trapped hares for food; and further, that the unrestrained shooting of partridges and removal of their eggs must be regarded

* See Clerfayt, 'Guide du Garde-Chasse et Forestier,' Brussels: Van-
buggenhoudt, 1901.

as menacing the survival of the species. It therefore enacts that—

- a. The shooting * of partridges is forbidden between February 16 and July 20 inclusive, and all other beasts and birds, except such as are recognised as vermin, are protected between March 15 and July 20.
- β. The trapping * of hares, as well as exposing trapped hares for sale, is prohibited at all seasons.
- γ. It is also illegal to seek, use, or offer for sale the eggs of the partridge or any other game-bird.

It is unnecessary to give the various pains and penalties to be enforced for contravention of these clauses, but in the original these follow in some detail.

The second regulation alluded to, which bears date November 5, 1898, aims chiefly at the suppression of armed riots, for it orders that, 'considering that certain persons carry arms unlawfully, and that others, sportsmen, shoot in the vicinity of inhabited places and public roads,'

- a. No arms are to be carried in towns or villages.
- β. No arms are to be carried even outside a town or village, save by sportsmen, travellers, shepherds, or gamekeepers, and then only by the bearers of a duly stamped permit.
- γ. There must be no firing of guns within any town or village.
- δ. There must be no firing for sport or other practice near towns, villages, or high roads.†

As might be expected in so poor a country, Greece enjoys the cheapest licences to be found in Europe, for the sum of twenty drachmæ (a drachma being worth a trifle less than a franc) fixed by the stamp-law of 1887 has, since 1892, been reduced to five.

Italy and Portugal, though both Latin countries, contrast in a marked degree in respect of their game-laws.

* ἡ θήρα τῶν περδίκων · ἡ θήρα τῶν λαγῶν. . . . The same word does duty for both trapping and shooting, and has been differently rendered to suit the requirements of the case.

† The definition of 'near' seems vague, but the original gives no clue to any estimate. Possibly 'within gunshot' is meant to be understood.

The former country appears, like France, to have become hopelessly democratised to the point of an extreme toleration of poaching in every form. Those who have rambled amid the beautiful Apennine scenery, or on the slopes of Vesuvius overlooking the Bay of Naples, or on the less ambitious heights of Monte Nero, which overshadows Livorno, must have noticed a singular lack of bird-life; and the Italians, not content with having practically exterminated their resident birds, have latterly turned their attention to the extinction of such visitors as the quail. The case of the quail is a very serious problem of modern game-legislators in continental countries, and is one which should have a special interest for Englishmen, since, justly or otherwise, their partiality for this excellent bird is, by common accord on the Continent, regarded as the chief incentive to its excessive destruction. A prominent Parisian sportsman, M. Jean Robert, has succeeded in obtaining a Franco-German convention to prohibit the passage of crates of quail over the railways during the close-season. Whether M. Robert and his friends are correct or not in their conviction that all these quails find their way to the London market, they are well advised in seeking to force on their respective Governments prompt measures for the protection of that ill-treated bird. It is probably, however, from Egypt, from Tunis, and from Tripoli that the check must come, for it is on the southern shores of the Mediterranean that the heaviest toll is taken of the passing flocks. Yet opinions are divided; and the Italian Government recently rejected a proposition to shorten the open-time for quail to a single fortnight in September. The season, which formerly lasted from August 1 to September 15, had already been curtailed of its first fortnight; and the authorities declined to put the opening day later than August 15.

Reference has already been made to the pressing need of a uniform sporting-law for all Italy, and some idea of the prevailing confusion may be formed when it is stated that whereas the mean close-time for Tuscany lasts about one hundred and twenty-seven days, that of the province of Aquila lasts only eighty-seven days. In Palermo, again, the close-time covers only the first fortnight of August; but even this disgracefully inadequate abstinence

is better than the licence accorded at Pollenza, where some methods of killing partridges are legal all the year round. This is the more strange, seeing that Victor Emmanuel II and his son Humbert I were enthusiastic sportsmen, and that the present queen follows in their steps. It looks, indeed, as if, even more than in France, the deputies were in some cases voted into the Chamber by poaching constituents, and kept there under pledge of jealously guarding the poaching interest. In this view we are merely repeating the opinions of Italian sportsmen themselves. In comparing the close-times enacted for Prussia and Würtemberg, we took occasion to doubt whether climatic differences warranted such discrepancies; and it may be mentioned that it is precisely on the ground of these climatic differences, prevailing, for instance, between Lombardy and Naples, that Italian parliamentary lawyers justify the survival of so many provincial statutes. A quaint evidence of official distrust of the police, or *guardia civile*, is seen in the provision in Tuscany that those functionaries may carry a gun in close-times, but that the gun must be loaded with ball, not with shot! Local methods of trapping, too, unfortunately in such wide vogue throughout the Italian peninsula, necessitate in the provinces of Parma, Lombardy, Venetia, and Naples the legal recognition of a complex system of minimum distances, within which no trapper may approach others similarly engaged.

On the other hand, in Portugal, whose king is one of the keenest sportsmen in Europe, the discrepancies between the close-times of the different provinces are far less serious than in Italy; and the Lisbon district regulations simplify matters by imposing a general close-time for all game, lasting from March 1 until August 15, or, in the case of land under cultivation, until the crops are gathered—a very sensible reservation, which we do not remember noticing in the game-code of any other country. The cost of a game-licence is not heavy; and no distinction whatever is made in this respect between the native and the foreigner. Poaching offences, which seem to come comparatively seldom before the Courts, are not, we believe, legally distinct from common theft—a levelling of imaginary distinctions which we could wish to see in more general favour. An unusual but excellent rule

enacts that all game confiscated on public lands during the close-season shall be sent to hospitals and similar institutions. We have already mentioned the existence of a fishery convention between Portugal and her neighbour, Spain; but it cannot be contended that Portuguese fisheries are very prosperous, for neither salmon nor trout is legally protected, nor indeed does the former occur in sufficient quantity to induce the authorities to make special provision for its benefit.

Norway, a first-rate sporting country in a very different part of Europe, has always had a powerful attraction for British lovers of sport. We have already had occasion to refer to the active measures taken by the Government of that country to suppress vermin of all kinds; and to these, as well as, no doubt, to the climatic rigours of the *fjeld* during the greater part of the year, with snow falling early in September, Norway owes the wonderful survival of big game that to-day distinguishes it from the more accessible and more congenial regions of Europe. Yet it is questionable whether, if the Storting continues much further on its present course of making the laws increasingly severe upon foreign sportsmen and increasingly generous towards native gunners, the attractions of the reindeer and elk and rype can long endure. It is not against either the cost of his licence—a matter of rather more than five guineas—or the length of the close-times that the British sportsman would protest, if only Norwegian subjects were made amenable to somewhat similar restrictions. But he finds on reaching the country that, whereas he is restricted and controlled at every step, the native may go anywhere, and shoot at any time. It is virtually the foreigner alone who has to respect the close-times and to confine himself to a brief open-season of a fortnight for reindeer, twenty days for elk, and six weeks for red-deer. It would seem, indeed, as if the authorities, having suddenly awakened to the disastrous outcome of generations of waste—in 1894 alone upwards of twelve hundred elk and over seven hundred reindeer of both sexes were shot—had determined to fleece the foreigner by way of compensation. Nor is it fair to blame the sporting 'Jæger og Fisker Forening,' which has brought so much influence to bear on the codifying of the law, for this monstrous handicapping of the forei-

to whose purse that impoverished peasantry has owed so much relief during the last quarter of a century: the fault lies rather with the grasping 'patriotic' majority in the legislature. Whether, in the end, this partial policy will justify its inception and the uncommon vigour with which it has been pushed of late years, may well be doubted.

Even the notorious poaching of wild reindeer by wandering Lapps fails to turn the attention of the law-makers of Scandinavia to the mote in their own eye. In this indifference, however, it must be admitted that they are encouraged by the extreme difficulty of interfering in the operations of men who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The circumstances of the case, which may be somewhat new to English readers unfamiliar with that country, are briefly these. A Lapp, with a single dog, will wander over vast tracts of country, as pasture gives out, in charge of an immense herd of perhaps a thousand or more tame reindeer. Every now and again one of his beasts will quietly secede in the darkness and revert to the wild state. *En revanche* a wild reindeer not infrequently attaches itself to the tame beasts, whereupon, before it has time to repent of its sociability, the Lapp promptly shoots the new-comer, in or out of close-time, and lives sumptuously upon the meat.

One important sporting country of continental Europe, Switzerland, we have left for brief notice to the last, in order that its game-laws and those of the greater republic of the New World may to some extent be viewed side by side. In truth, with the vastness of the one and the variety of the other, something of the same confusion rules in both. The mountains and valleys of Switzerland are supervised by a composite but not too efficient force of private and cantonal keepers, foresters, and police, while those of the United States come under the control of game-wardens, whose functions and powers vary considerably in the different territories. The greater confusion reigns in the European republic, owing to the fact that both federal and cantonal open and close seasons are in force. The federal open-time for nearly all game lasts from September 1 to December 15, but is restricted to September for the chamois and marmot, and, in some Alpine regions, for red and roe deer as well; the cantonal

dates, on the other hand, vary to an extent that amazes even the Swiss themselves, and is completely beyond the comprehension of the foreigner. The chamois is the most esteemed beast of the chase, and in some localities—Fribourg, for instance—it may be shot only one week in all the year. According to special requirements, based on the reports of the gamekeepers, cantons are in the habit of proclaiming, on the shortest notice, long periods of immunity for the chamois, marmot, red and roe deer, or any other animal calling for special protection. The only point worthy of remark in connexion with Swiss shooting-licences, which vary in every canton and may cover either mountain or other game, is that the amount charged for the licence is proportionate to the number of dogs used.

We come, last of all, to the United States. The sporting legislation in that vast and heterogeneous league of self-governing communities is so interesting an example of all that is characteristic, for good and evil, of local government pushed to its extreme limits, that we regret having to restrict ourselves, at the conclusion of an already lengthy article, to the briefest account of a few of its more prominent features. As in other things American, there has been, and still is, a good deal of the experimental in the game-laws of the States. This is, in a measure, inevitable; and the net outcome of such experiments in legislation has sometimes been more salutary, let us frankly admit, than the anachronisms favoured by an older and more conservative constitution. The notion, that what was good enough for one's grandfather is good enough for oneself, is a notion that the citizen of the United States will not tolerate at any price; and this striving after improvement is conspicuous in his efforts at game-legislation. The only game-law of importance emanating from Washington is that which controls the transfer of living or dead game from one State to another; and that is not the happiest of laws, for it not only prevents the stocking of depleted States with, say, the supersabundant quail of Indian territory, but it may even induce sportsmen to throw to the hogs, as we have already mentioned, game which they are unable to take away for their friends.

Another principle of general application throughout

the States, but separately adapted to local needs by each Government, is that which we have observed in the new Sudan regulations, of limiting the bag of big game. The Americans even extend this so as to include the rarer birds, though how the law is enforced in the case of booty so easy to conceal it would be interesting to learn. Thus, to give an illustration, the laws of Nevada allow each licensed sportsman only two male deer and two male antelopes in the year. In Nebraska the daily limit is ten wild-geese, twenty-five game-birds of other kinds, and twenty-five fishes; but the sportsman may shoot only one deer and one antelope, or two of either kind, in the year. In New Hampshire the angler is restricted to a daily bag of 10 lb. of brook-trout (*S. fontinalis*). Where, as in the case of fish, the alternative of weight or numbers is not clearly set forth in the code, difficulties are likely to arise. Thus, in Wisconsin, the angler may take away with him either two Muskallonge, a gigantic pike of that region, or 20 lb. of the fish. It happened that, towards the close of 1901, a successful angler caught a single fish far exceeding that weight. The game-warden is alleged to have made an attempt to prevent its removal, and to have given way only upon strong representation being made that, by the alternative, the angler was clearly at liberty to take home a single fish.

Both the woodcock and the rabbit enjoy special protection in some of the States. The woodcock is unconditionally protected in parts of New York State, such as Rensselaer County, until the year 1903; and nowhere in the State may the bag of woodcock exceed thirty-six head. The rabbit—it should here be explained that American ‘jack-rabbits,’ so-called, are in reality hares—is held in various esteem in different States. A large measure of protection is extended to the animal in Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Long Island, and other districts. In West Virginia there is no close-time for rabbits, but the prohibition of ferreting ensures to them a measure of security. In New Jersey, on the other hand, farmers are specially permitted, under a kind of Ground-Game Act, to trap rabbits all the year.

That preference given to native subjects which, in its most exaggerated form, we have had occasion to condemn in the case of Norway, also finds expression in many

parts of the States, where the payment of game-licences, as also the employment of local guides, is exacted only from non-residents. Another principle, which will be new to European sportsmen, but which has been found generally necessary and salutary in the West, is the official limitation of the gun-bore. Only shoulder-guns are, as a rule, allowed, and the largest calibre permitted in most of the States is the 10-bore.

The close-times established in the various States for such sporting-fish as the black-bass are no less divergent than those which apply to shooting. It is not unusual, indeed, to find different close-times for the same fish in two counties of a State. While Maine protects the black-bass from April 1 to July 1, Delaware protects it from November 1 to June 1. In Connecticut its close-time covers the months of May and June; in Pennsylvania, it extends from January 1 to May 30. Even if we make all possible allowance for differences in the spawning season, due to climatic or other influences, and remember that the ice may lie thick on the waters of one State for weeks after those of another are open, these close-seasons cover an extraordinary range, the true explanation of which must perhaps be sought in the afore-mentioned proclivity to experiment. One other law particularly applying to anglers is, we think, most salutary, and might with advantage be introduced in some European countries where sportsmen and naturalists show an unrestrained passion for introducing all manner of fishes, suitable or otherwise; we allude to the law which, in some States, forbids the introduction of any carnivorous fish without previous permission from the Government fish-culturist.

We have now glanced at the leading game-laws of many lands. Here and there a European country has been passed over as affording no evidence of sufficient importance; nor has account been taken of big-game protection in the East, or of the increasing importance of New Zealand as a country for sportsmen, the deer and trout of which, both introduced from Europe, are strictly protected by the Government. Yet our survey of other sporting-laws will perhaps have sufficed to confirm a preference for our own. Here and there perhaps, as in the afore-mentioned case of the shifting close-seasons

in vogue elsewhere, we have frankly owned ourselves at a disadvantage, but in the vast majority of cases the British game-laws of to-day may without fear stand the test of comparison. As a mean between the extreme feudal rigour still enforced in some Germanic states and the democratic licence of most Latin communities, our game-laws are preferable. With those who would abolish them unconditionally we have no parley. Game, whether feathered, furred or finned, should, in these days, be counted private property as much as dogs or horses; ; it costs its proprietor, as a rule, far more than its sale could produce. From the point of view of proprietary rights, it would be hard to distinguish the pheasants that haunt the coverts from the trees in which they shelter, or the minerals that lie beneath. To abolish the laws which protect game would not only destroy those rights, but would speedily wipe the game itself out of existence. Gun-licences are an incidental part of the system of protection, and, without inflicting an exorbitant tax on those who are otherwise qualified to use them, contribute an appreciable sum to the resources of the State. Yet it is important to differentiate the two principles involved—the making of revenue and the protection of the game. In continental countries, and in America, where the payment of the one licence entitles the holder not merely to kill game, but to kill it on vast territories open to the public, these objects are apt to be confused. In these islands, however, where even the higher game-licence is worthless unless held in conjunction with the right or the permission to shoot in preserved grounds, the principles are distinct. The only case in which British authorities impose a game-licence with the object of protecting game rather than for revenue purposes is that of the above-mentioned Sudan territories.

Art. IV.—THE ELIZABETHAN LYRIC.

1. *An English Garner*. Edited by E. Arber, 1877-1883. New edition. London: Constable, 1896.
2. *England's Helicon*. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: Nimmo, 1887.
3. *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*. Two vols. Edited by the same. London: Bell, 1890-1891.
4. *Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age; More Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age; and Poems from Romances and Prose Tracts of the Elizabethan Age*. Edited by the same. London: Nimmo, 1887-1890.
5. *Lyrics from the Dramatists*. Edited by the same. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1891.
6. *The Works of Dr Thomas Campion*. Edited by the same. Privately printed. London: Chiswick Press, 1889.
7. *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. Edited by F. T. Palgrave. New edition. London: Macmillan, 1891.
8. *A Paradise of English Poetry*. Arranged by H. C. Beeching. London: Rivingtons, 1893.
9. *The Golden Pomp, a Procession of English Lyrics*. Arranged by A. T. Quiller-Couch. London: Methuen, 1895.
10. *The Muses' Garden for Delights*. Edited by W. B. Squire. Oxford: Blackwell, 1901.

IN the year 1600 there issued from the press an anthology called 'England's Helicon,' which may be taken as inaugurating, not only a new century, but also a new epoch in English literature. It was put together by a certain A. B., who is not identified, but must have been a person of remarkable taste in letters; and it was dedicated to a certain John Bodenham, of whom all that is known is that he was the projector of various volumes of elegant extracts. Tottel's Miscellany, published in 1557, the book of 'Songs and Sonnets,' by Sir Thomas Wyatt and Lord Surrey—which, as we learn from the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' still represented poetry to the country gentleman at the end of the sixteenth century—had been followed after two decades of silence by a cluster of anthologies: 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices' (1576); 'A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions' (1578); 'A Handful of Pleasant Delights' (1584); 'The Phoenix Nest' (1

though each of these contained some singable songs and readable verse, and the last of them, 'The Phoenix Nest,' displayed a few symptoms of the new era that was approaching, on the whole their names were the best thing about them. 'England's Helicon' marks a complete change of style. To open 'England's Helicon' is to pass for the first time into the Arcadia of pastoral poetry.

How had this remarkable change come about? It was due, not to any general renaissance of taste or learning, but to the initiative and genius of two men, Sir Philip Sidney and Edmund Spenser. This becomes clear if we recollect that the Italian models, upon which this new literature was, to a certain extent, based, had been as accessible to Englishmen in the period of Wyatt and Surrey, who wrote while Henry VIII was on the throne, as in that of Spenser and Sidney. Petrarch wrote Latin eulogues as well as Italian sonnets. He was followed by Baptista of Mantua—the Mantuan whose praises are chanted by Shakespeare's pedant Holofernes. Then Poliziano wrote pastorals in Italian, and was followed by a crowd of poets; and in 1504 Sanazzaro, following a model set by Boccaccio in his 'Ameto,' published an 'Arcadia' in mixed prose and verse, which, together with its imitation, the 'Diana' of the Portuguese George de Montemayor, formed the prototype of Sidney's romance three-quarters of a century later (1580). Moreover, a very industrious verse-writer, George Gascoigne, who dominates the dreary interval between Tottel's Miscellany and 'England's Helicon,' was as 'Italianate' as Sidney. Gascoigne describes himself as 'Chaucer's boy and Petrarch's journeyman,' a style better fitted for Surrey, and entitles one of his books 'A hundred sundry flowers bound up in one small posy, gathered partly by translation in the fine outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others, and partly by invention out of our own fruitful orchards in England.' It is all very well therefore to ascribe the credit for the rise of pastoral poetry in England to the 'hotter spirits' of the South, and the direct inspiration of Sanazzaro; but the reason why that particular outlandish importation had not come earlier lay in differ-

ences of temperament and circumstance between the two
 of genius respects so much akin and alike
 their fate, to whom it fell to

mediate the Italian influence. The Earl of Surrey followed Wyatt in his preference for the sonnet; that was the direction in which he Petrarchised. Sir Philip Sidney also wrote sonnets; but the greater facility possible to him in this measure, on account of the pioneer's work already accomplished by Surrey, left him at liberty to subdue new provinces to the kingdom of English letters; while the closing to him, by the circumstances of his life as an Elizabethan courtier, of an active and adventurous career in the New World, gave him leisure and awakened a strong desire to find a braver world elsewhere.

It is interesting to remark that there is one pastoral song even in Tottel's Miscellany; and this is reprinted in 'England's Helicon,' and attributed there to Lord T. Howard, Earl of Surrey. Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, was the son of the poet, and, if the song be by him, it is his only known achievement in poetry. It is more likely that the T. in the ascription is a misprint. The poem is in many ways remarkable. It is written in the common ballad metre—a metre not known to have been used elsewhere by Surrey; but it is written with grace and skill, and with both odd and even lines rhymed. The pastoral names, too, are interesting. The nymph bears, probably for the first time in pastoral poetry, the name, afterwards so popular, of Phyllida; the lover's name, Harpalus, also an invention of the poet's, does not seem to have been borrowed by later writers, except by Sir David Murray in his 'Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus' (1611), and by Anthony Munday, who wrote a reply to Surrey's piece, which stands next after it in 'England's Helicon.' The poem opens as follows:—

'Phyllida was a fair maid,
As fresh as any flower,
Whom Harpalus the herdsman pray'd
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdsmen both yfere;
And Phyllida could twist and spin
And thereto sing full clear.
But Phyllida was all too coy
For Harpalus to win;
For Corin was her only joy,
Who forced her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
 How often garlands make
 Of cowslips and of columbine,
 And all for Corin's sake!

It is obvious that we have here the work of a practised hand; but whence is the inspiration? Surrey was an excellent artist, but he is not likely to have chosen this new form for English pastoral without some more direct model before him than the popular ballad. The inspiration plainly is not Italian; what English fruit came from the study of Petrarch's and Sanazzaro's *canzoni* we shall see in a moment. What we have here seems to be a last inspiration from an old French pastoral tradition, distinct from the classical bucolics, perhaps through the medium of the Scots poet Henryson. Henryson writes in an eight-line stanza, which comes closer to the ordinary French form than the ballad metre; but it is not a far cry to 'Phyllida and Harpalus' from 'Robin and Makin.'

'Robene sat on gud grene hill
 Kepand a flock of fe;
 Mirry Makyne said him till:
 "Robene, thou rew on me;
 I have thee luvit loud and still
 Thir yeiris two or three;
 My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
 Doubtless but dreid I de."

It is not possible to determine whether Sidney or Spenser was the earlier in the field with pastoral poems, because, although the 'Arcadia' was written during Sidney's retirement from court in 1580, and 'The Shepheardes Calender' appeared in 1579, it is probable that some of the 'Arcadia' lyrics, and perhaps some also of the 'Astrophel' poems, had already been written. Spenser is represented in 'England's Helicon' by two poems from 'The Shepheardes Calender'—'Hobbinol's Ditty in praise of Eliza, Queen of the Shepherds,' and 'Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay'—an excellent choice, because in these poems we have the real Spenser. In 'The Shepheardes Calender' we find occasionally quite another Spenser, a strong Puritan and anti-Bishop-of-London man, who elects to follow Petrarch and Mantuanus and Marot, as he himself was followed later by Milton, in confusing pastoral poetry

with pastoral theology, and who, in consequence, at any rate to a later age, is somewhat dull company. But nothing could be sweeter and fresher and more musical than these two ditties. In one important respect Spenser has harked back behind Tottel's Miscellany, and that is in his use of a tumbling measure. He may have affected this as a rusticity, or he may have deemed it Chaucerian, being a diligent student of Chaucer; for unhappily the secret of Chaucer's rhythm was lost when the inflections which are necessary to the scansion became mute in ordinary speech. Spenser never repeated these tumbling effects; perhaps his later study of Tasso and Ariosto converted him; perhaps Sidney argued him out of them; but he also never quite succeeded in repeating the music of some of these stanzas, which have all the first freshness of an April voice.

'Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,
 Like Phœbe fair?
 Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace
 Can you well compare?
 The red rose medled with the white yfere
 In either cheek depeincten lively cheer.
 Her modest eye,
 Her majesty,
 Where have you seen the like but there?

I see Calliope speed her to the place
 Where my goddess shines;
 And after her the other Muses trace
 With their violines.
 Bin they not bay-branches, which they do bear,
 All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heaven is to hear.'

'The Shepheardes Calender' was 'entitled to the noble and vertuous gentleman most worthy of all titles both of learning and chevalrie M. Philip Sidney'; and just as Wyatt and Surrey stand together as the great twin brethren of the dawn of modern poetry, each having some necessary gift that the other lacked, so Sidney stands by Spenser. Sidney's poems fall into two classes—those that he wrote in the 'Arcadia,' and those that

he wrote as interspersed songs in 'Astrophel and Stella.' At a point of time the two sets cannot be far distant from each other, but as poetry they are poles apart. Whether the explanation be that the latter were written with the heart as well as with the head it is hard to determine, or the question whether the love-making with Lady Penelope Devereux, who became Lady Rich, was matter of serious earnest or troubadour-like make-believe is one that divides the critics. Mr Alfred Pollard has no doubt that the love was genuine, Mr Courthope is as sure that it was literary. The strongest argument against the genuineness of the passion lies in the fact that in the poems the lady repels her lover and virtue triumphs; whereas Lady Rich did, some dozen years later, run away from her husband. The strongest argument on the other side lies in a comparison between the Stella series of poems and the tame and affected stuff reeled off in Italian metres throughout the 'Arcadia.' The following is a very favourable specimen of the 'Arcadia' lyric:—

'My sheep are thoughts which I both guide and serve;
 Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love;
 On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterve;
 I wail their lot but will not other prove.
 My sheep-hook is Wan-hope which all upholds;
 My weeds Desire cut out in endless folds.
 What wool my sheep shall bear, whiles thus they live,
 In you it is, you must the judgment give.'

Such writing reminds one of the charades that gentlemen used to write in ladies' albums in Miss Austen's days; and Sidney was capable of writing page after page of this aspid verse under the idea that he was writing poetry; whereas it can boast neither passion, nor imagination, nor distinction of phrase, nothing but facility in versification and in hunting a metaphor to death. But the reader has but to turn to 'Astrophel and Stella' to find songs with a note of passion as sincere and unforced, a style as fresh and buoyant, and as golden a cadence as any love-songs in English. 'England's Helicon' makes as usual a good choice among them, though it omits what is perhaps the most striking of all, viz. the eleventh song, a serenade in dialogue full of dignity and restrained passion. The first verse of the song contains what it would not be

extreme to call the finest use of an interjection in English poetry.

“Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?”

“It is one, who from thy sight
Being, ah! exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.”

“Why, alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?”

“Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.”

But the serenade does not keep up its vigour to the close, and most of the songs err in being too long drawn out. ‘England’s Helicon’ chooses the fourth, with its admirable refrain,

“Take me to thee, and thee to me:”

“No, no, no, no, my dear, let be”;

and the eighth, in which the lover is similarly repelled:

‘Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framèd,
I should blush when thou art namèd.’

It includes also a song from the 1598 folio, ‘The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth,’ familiar to all readers from its inclusion in the last edition of Mr Palgrave’s ‘Golden Treasury’; another, also in the ‘Golden Treasury,’ which opens, ‘My true love hath my heart and I have his’; and a third, supposed, by those who hold Sidney’s passion to have been real, to express his first anguish at hearing of Stella’s intended marriage with Lord Rich.

‘Ring out your bells, let mourning shews be spread,

For Love is dead!

All Love is dead, infected

With plague of deep disdain,

Worth, as nought worth, rejected,

And Faith fair scorn doth gain,

From so ungrateful fancy,

From such a female frenzy,

From them that use men thus,

Good Lord, deliver us.’

After these great masters come lesser people. We have first a band of gentlemen, scholars, and play-wrights, born about the opening of Elizabeth's reign, and so, about 1580, of an age to feel the new influences that were being reflected between the court and the universities. Thomas Lodge and George Peele were at Oxford a little later than Sidney, and Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe were at Cambridge a little later than Spenser. But it is not the direct influence of Spenser or of Sidney that they exhibit so much as a foreign influence at first hand, making for smoothness and grace. Spenser's pastoral style was antiquated from its birth, and it had no posterity, though its occasional snatches of music must have laid a spell upon whoever had ears to hear them. Similarly Sidney's passionate sincerity and freedom from affectation were qualities too individual to found a school, though they also were not without their influence. Of the four lyrists above mentioned, Lodge and Greene were the more prolific, Peele and Marlowe the more inspired. Peele will come under notice when we pass to consider the songs of the dramatists; but mention must be made here of that beautiful 'sonet,' written to be sung before the Queen in a 'triumph at tilt,' 'His golden locks Time hath to silver turned,' familiar in this generation to every reader of 'The Newcomes.' Marlowe's contribution to the pastoral vogue consisted of one piece only, but that is likely to outlive its compeers. Every lover of English poetry has felt the charm of 'that smooth song made by Kit Marlowe; old-fashioned poetry but choicely good,' as Izaak Walton called it, which the milkmaid sung to him on Amwell Hill; even if his practical English mind has recompensed itself for its satisfaction by listening to the milkmaid's mother singing the answer to it 'made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.'

'Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.
And we will sit upon the rocks
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.'
('England's Helicon.')

The lines are Marlowe's or nobody's. No one but Marlowe in that age had the mouth of gold. But Raleigh's reply in its more sober vein is not unworthy of its original.

'If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of care to come.'

Lodge and Greene have not a little in common; but, while Greene's poems are all distinguished by the clever management of their rhythm, carefully studied after Italian models, and also by an indefinable sweetness and grace, Lodge never quite ceases to be the clever amateur. His poems have fine occasional lines and stanzas, and, as a rule, they begin well. One of his openings,

'A turtle sat upon a leafless tree
Mourning her absent fere,'

is interesting as probably the suggestion of some exquisite lines by Shelley, formerly in the 'Golden Treasury,' but excluded for some inscrutable reason from the last edition. What Lodge's verses lack may be felt more easily than described by putting Shelley's version of his couplet beside the original.

'A widow bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough.'

A song translated from Desportes has an often-quoted stanza which shows Lodge at his best.

'The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices.
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms are wringing.'

This is tuneful and buoyant enough; so is another well-known stanza.

'With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue,
 Her body everyway is fed,
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
 Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Nature herself her shape admires ;
 The gods are wounded in her sight ;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :
 Heigh-ho, would she were mine !'

Lodge had an ear that could tolerate a line like 'd from their orbs shoot shafts divine.' And even in the lines run smoothly their substance is generally and uninteresting. Greene is represented in the second edition of the 'Golden Treasury' by Sephestia's song to her child, 'Weep not, my wanton.' A better poem is 'Shepherd's Wife's Song.'

'Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king ;
 And sweeter too :
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?
 His flocks are folded, he comes home at night
 As merry as a king in his delight,
 And merrier too :
 For kings bethink them what the state require,
 Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?'

This poem has four more stanzas all built on the same pattern and running smoothly off.

There are other pastoral poets in 'England's Helicon' who deserve recognition. There is Henry Constable, whose song, 'Diaphenia like the Daffadowndilly,' has a place for itself, by virtue of its happy first line, a place in anthologies. There is that strenuous poet Michael Drayton, who wrote so much and every now and then well. Drayton's early pastorals are rather clumsy

imitations of 'The Shepheardes Calender,' but they contain one fresh song added later, 'The Shepherd's Daffodil,' in the metre of 'Harpalus and Phyllida.' Nearly forty years later Drayton returned to the old theme, and in 'The Muses' Elysium' struck out a novel vein in pastoral, novel, at least, since Theocritus, by writing idylls of country life as it was actually lived in England. Then there are Richard Barnfield and Nicholas Breton, who excelled in the octosyllabic couplet, and prepared the way for the choruses in Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess,' which are the crown and flower of pastoral poetry in England.

Barnfield was an Oxford scholar and country gentleman, some of whose poems were long attributed to Shakespeare, owing to their inclusion in a small miscellany piratically issued in 1599, called 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' which bore Shakespeare's name on the title-page. From time to time still the effort is made to claim for Shakespeare the piece that begins, 'As it fell upon a day'; but the evidence for Barnfield's authorship is conclusive, and a comparison with Shakespeare's one poem in this metre reveals decided differences in style. There are, indeed, charming lines in Barnfield's poem, notably those about 'King Pandion,' but there are *longueurs*; and the editor of 'England's Helicon' has shown his good taste by cutting it in two and printing only the first half, with a new concluding couplet. Breton, in his 'Passionate Shepherd,' writes these catalectic octosyllables with Barnfield's ease but without his sweetness, for which he sometimes substitutes a very gratifying dash of humour. Moreover, as Mr Bullen points out, he loved the country and kept an observant eye. In Fletcher's writing there is an airy lightness that we do not quite find in Breton or Barnfield, while there is no less clearness and limpidity; and there is also a definite subject-matter which prevents the lines from becoming too diffuse. Along with Fletcher must be remembered George Wither, and his friend, William Browne of Tavistock. Wither at his best, as in the lines on the Muse in 'The Shepherd's Hunting,' is almost as good as Fletcher; but neither he nor Browne could learn the lesson that 'half is more than the whole,' and consequently to-day they lack readers. Still, the 'Mistresse of Philarete' will pleasantly wile away a long summer afternoon. Browne's book also, 'Bri
ia's

Pastorals,' is delightful reading under the same drowsy conditions, for Browne has that wonderful limpidity which is a lost art in England since Shelley died, and also he is entirely un-selfconscious. Unkind critics have called him garrulous; but he is not garrulous. He has that taking quality, the naïve talkativeness of a well-bred and intelligent schoolboy, heightened, of course, and touched to genius. But at present he can only be said to survive in one or two perfect lyrics: 'The Siren's Song,' 'Shall I tell you whom I love,' 'Glide soft ye silver floods,' 'Welcome, welcome, do I sing,' and the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, 'Underneath this sable hearse,' long attributed to Ben Jonson.

It remains to consider such lyrical writing in the Elizabethan age as fell outside the pastoral tradition, that is to say, the songs, which fall roughly, as songs do still, into two classes; songs written by poets, and songs written for music. Obviously the two classes are not mutually exclusive, but roughly, the distinction holds of Elizabethan songs as it holds to-day; and the two classes of Elizabethan song have come down to us in different ways, the one in the music-books, the other in the works of the dramatists. Speaking again quite roughly, we may remark in the two classes a difference in style. The songs written for music display an Italian influence; they are thin in substance and are apt to be thin in sound, being in intention little more than a hollow form for the music to fill. Their characteristic is that they are smoothly written and exact in metre. The songs of the dramatists, on the other hand, follow the native English tradition, and inherit much of the character and feeling of the folk-song. They have commonly more substance than the other sort of song, as they arise out of the circumstances of the play; and being for the most part written by men of genius, they have generally a grace and music that leaves far behind the more formal work of the lutanist. The Elizabethan song-books were first brought within the view of this generation by the enthusiasm of Professor Arber, who reprinted in his 'English Garner' those of Dowland and Campion; and the fine taste of Mr Bullen has since collected into his various anthologies all that these and other song-books contain of poetical value. One book by the composer

Robert Jones, which eluded the search of Mr Bullen, has since been discovered and reprinted by Mr W. Barclay Squire. Some of the pieces in these collections are slight enough, mere words capable of dancing to music, but they are gracefully and lightly built. Here are two specimens:—

1.

'April is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place;
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.'

2.

'Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part;
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.'

The peculiar quality of such songs as these is their tuneful grace and their free-flowing rhythm; what they lack for the most part is magic, inspiration, the breath of genius, the unexpected and inexplicable element that distinguishes the songs of the poets.

And yet there is one of these song-writers who had this quality of genius, and who deserves more recognition than he has yet received—Thomas Campion, a doctor of medicine. He was also an accomplished musician, and wrote words to his own airs. Mr Bullen reprinted all his literary remains in 1889; and in the following year Mr Palgrave introduced a selection of his lyrics into the final edition of the 'Golden Treasury'; only, with the curious perversity which of late years came over that accomplished critic, he chose to represent Campion, as he represented Blake, by some of his worst and dullest pieces; so that lovers of poetry, who know Campion only by the figure he makes in that popular anthology, are justified in thinking that his late intrusion was unwarranted. But Campion at

his best is a consummate artist. He is, after Sidney, the best exponent in Elizabethan poetry of the Italian tradition; and though he falls below Sidney in several respects, notably in passion, and in that supreme Sidneian accent of sincerity, yet he has more variety; he experiments, and with success, in more keys. Further, he has what Sidney has, and what is so rare in songs of this type, a note and accent of his own, which we learn to recognise for Campion's, just as we learn to recognise the peculiar accent of Sidney himself. He is master, again, like Sidney, of the rare art of making his words suggest an accompaniment of music. The first song in 'Astrophel and Stella' is a fine example of this power; especially happy is the cadence supplied by the eleventh syllable in the line, which suggests the stroke of a lute.

'Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you all song of praise is due;
Only in you my song begins and endeth.'

Something of the same sort of effect is gained in such a piece as the following of Campion's, in which there is an unmistakable undertone of music.

'Kind are her answers
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words
Wing my hopes in vain.
O, did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain?'

Other examples of this musical writing are the songs which begin: 'When to her lute Corinna sings'; 'Kind in unkindness, when will you relent?' and 'Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet.'

One great charm of Campion, it has been already said, is his variety. He can be passionate or satirical, merry or sentimental, by turns; now he is for a drinking-song, and now for a song of good life. On opposite pages in Mr Bullen's edition we have 'Seek the Lord, and in his ways perséver,' and 'Jack and Joan they think no ill, But loving live and merry still.' To give an idea of

Campion's variety it will be interesting to write down the first stanzas of several of his more excellent poems in different modes and metres, though each must necessarily suffer in being divorced from its context.

'Give beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight
Where her perfections 'bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.'

'Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft, "she will, or she will not."'

'Silly boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines clearly;
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not love so
dearly.

Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures are bereaved;
Little knows he how to love that never was deceived.'

'What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
Kiss, then, my Harvest Queen,
Full garners heaping!
Kisses, ripest when th' are green,
Want only reaping.'

'To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the spheres;
The wondrous order of the stars, whose course divides the
years;

And all the mysteries above:
But none of this could Midas move;
Which purchased him his ass's ears.'

'Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled
breast:

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.'

There are besides these, which are all excel-

three poems of Campion's to which particular attention is due. Mr Bullen is full of admiration for one which, to quote his words, 'for strange richness of romantic beauty could hardly be matched outside the sonnets of Shakespeare.' The praise is high, perhaps a little too high, for a poem which has a dangerous note of falsetto in its classical reference; but that the poem is a considerable achievement every one will agree.

'When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move.

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!'

Of really higher quality than this is a love lyric, which it is hard to believe has not strayed out of a manuscript book of Shelley's.

'Come, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine:
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light.'

The rhythmical irregularities here, which snatch a grace beyond the mere metrist's art, are exactly in Shelley's manner. One other poem of Campion's, in its way a literary curiosity, must be quoted before we pass from this charming song-writer. Its merit was discovered so long ago as 1868 by Archbishop Trench, who came upon it in

Guest's 'History of English Rhythms,' and printed it with a commendation in his 'Household Book of English Poetry,' at a time when Campion's name was quite unknown. It is an unrhymed Horatian ode, introduced among others in Campion's 'Observations in the Art of English Poesy' as a proof that rhyme was an unnecessary adjunct to poetry. Campion was an accomplished Latin scholar and published two books of epigrams, besides other Latin verses. Still it is almost inconceivable how so delicate a lyrist could have written so inconsequently about his own art. His treatise was answered by Samuel Daniel, who pointed out that Campion's own 'commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth.'

'Rose-cheeked Laura, come ;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed ;
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for help to grace them,
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal.'

There is a song in John Dowland's 'Second Book of Aires' which is worthy of a place beside the best of Campion's; and it is so much finer than any other writing in the song-books but Campion's, that we wonder Mr Bullen should not have claimed it for his hero. Campion did not print a volume of his own until the year following this book of Dowland's; and, as in his volume some of the tunes are by Rosseter, there is no reason why he should not have previously written a song to be set by the more famous Dowland, whose 'heavenly touch upon the lute' is celebrated in Barnfield's well-known sonnet.

If Campion be not the author, then Elizabethan literature possessed a lyric poet of surpassing skill, who has left no other record of himself.

'I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow, proud to be advancèd so,
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare,
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels;
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.'

If the reader is not convinced that this is the work of Campion, let him put the poem by the side of any of the better lyrics not by Campion in the song-books or in Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody,' the last of the Elizabethan anthologies, published two years after 'England's Helicon,' lyrics which are as good as mere rhetorical and musical skill could make them, but which lack the transforming touch of poetry. Many of these lyrics collected by Davison are attributed, in a manuscript list in his own handwriting, to 'A. W.,' and Mr Bullen is inclined to believe that this A. W., who is thus made responsible for over a hundred pieces, was a single person. More probably A. W. is only our old friend Anon., the 'anonymous writer'; for the similarity of style is accounted for by the absence, and not by the presence, of any marked characteristics. The same uniformity of style is found in a later age among the pieces in Dodsley's *Miscellany*. How clever the minor poet could be in that age, as in this, will be seen from the following lines by A. W. (in Mr Quiller-Couch's *lection*), which might have come from the pen of Robert Bridges in his less inspired moments.

' Sweet Love, mine only treasure,
 For service long unfeignèd
 Wherein I nought have gainèd,
 Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
 To tell me in what part
 My Lady keeps my heart.

If in her hair so slender,
 Like golden nets entwined
 Which fire and art have finèd,
 Her thrall my heart I render,
 For ever to abide
 With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,
 Wherein that fire was framèd
 By which it is inflamèd,
 I dare not look to find it:
 I only wish it sight
 To see that pleasant light.

But if her breast have deignèd
 With kindness to receive it,
 I am content to leave it,
 Though death thereby were gainèd :
 Then, Lady, take your own
 That lives for you alone.'

In passing from the songs of the musicians to the songs of the dramatists, we have to recollect that these latter were popular songs, and at the same time that the populace had more or less of a musical education, servants making it a recommendation for service that they could take their part in singing. So that although the songs of the dramatists were as much for the general as for the gentry, the influence of the music to which they were sung conspired with the good taste of the dramatists, who were generally men of education and refinement, to save the popular song from anything like its present vulgarity. Shakespeare, who is as easily first in the lyrical as in the dramatic part of play-writing, has written songs which cannot fail to delight the ordinary reader, while at every reading they leave the student and the critic more impressed with the perfection of their beauty. The nearest of his songs to the old popular type with a refrain is that of the clown in 'Twelfth-Night,' 'When that I was and a

little tiny boy.' The refrain, 'Hey, ho, the wind and the rain,' has that vague quality which we find in so many of the popular songs of old England. Another song with a refrain is the spring and winter song in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' with its double burden of the cuckoo and the owl. But what strikes us here is the extraordinary realism of the thing, so unusual in the old English song. The details are admirably chosen and, as befits a popular song, chosen with some humour, and they make a sharp impression. On the other hand, the spring song in 'As You Like It' is almost pure effect. If a logician analysed it he might say it contained no statements that seemed worth saying or even singing. A lover and his lass walked through a corn-field, sat down, and sang a song. But the student of poetry would reply that the gaiety of young hearts in spring-time has never been more perfectly rendered. How perfect also, in the same way, as an expression of joy in spring on the open road, are Autolycus's songs in 'The Winter's Tale':

'When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale';

and

'Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.'

To discover how excellent these are as works of art, although so light of hand, we have only to put them by the side of songs of the same stamp by contemporary dramatists, whom, since Charles Lamb, though certainly without his consent, it has been the fashion to rank with Shakespeare. Nash's spring song, for example, is spoken of by Mr Bullen as 'delicious'; but it has a touch of affectation, of the *simplesse* which is not simplicity, and this banishes it from England to Arcady. There is indeed only one dramatist who, in the freshness of his wild wood-notes, approaches Shakespeare, and that is Peele; but even from him the best we have are but snatches of song.

'All ye that lovely lovers be
Pray you for me:

Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chop-cherry, chop-cherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;
Then O, then O, then O my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.'

Of the more obviously artistic songs the first of Shakespeare's in order of time is 'Who is Silvia?' in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' a very subtle piece of metrical writing, the lines being alternately trochaic and iambic.

'Whó is Sílvia? whát is shé
That áll our swáins comménd her?'

In the 'Merchant of Venice' this same fundamental contrast is used in an equally brilliant way, the question, 'Tell me where is fancy bred,' being in rising rhythm, and the reply, 'It is engender'd in the eyes,' in falling rhythm, a perfectly natural as well as artistic arrangement. Both the songs in 'Twelfth-Night' are interesting metrically as well as in other ways. In 'O mistress mine' it is curious to note the subtlety with which the poet gives entire newness to a very familiar measure by the introductory interjection, just as he does to 'Full fathom five' by the extra syllable at the beginning; and to the dirge in 'Cymbeline,' 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun,' by the substitution of a dactylic for a trochaic foot in the third place of the opening line, making, as it were, a descant upon the plain-song.

The other song in 'Twelfth-Night' deserves even more patient study for its rhythmical perfection. The opening line, sometimes carelessly read as dactylic, contains what metricians call a sectional pause, the scansion being 'Come away, come away | death,' as the other stanza shows; and the second quatrain, forsaking the anapaestic movement of the first, diversifies its iambs with trochees, but variously in the two stanzas. This song has the unusual interest of being discussed in the play itself. Orsino characterises it as 'old and plain,' and as 'dallying with the innocence of love, like the old age.' The Cam-

bridge editor is of opinion that this description must refer to some other song for which 'Come away, death' has been substituted, but there seems no need of such an extreme conjecture. The song we have is in keeping with Orsino's melancholy, and it is its downright talk about 'black coffins' that takes his fancy. By the 'innocence of love' he means the simple-heartedness of a lover like himself, who is killed at once by his mistress's unkindness, as in the old age of chivalry. There is no doubt some irony intended by the dramatist in making the Duke at the same time point out that the song is a favourite with people whose hearts are quite fancy-free. But this is by the way. Shakespeare set out to write a sentimental ditty, and he has written a masterpiece.

One characteristic of all Shakespeare's songs is that they are made for their place. If 'Come away, death' chimes with Orsino's sentimental melancholy, 'Under the greenwood tree' is as plainly in the cheerful and resigned mood of the exiles in the forest of Arden. The two songs could not be interchanged. This canon enables us to determine, on other than purely æsthetic grounds, the authorship of the song, 'Take, O take those lips away,' which is found, not only in 'Measure for Measure,' but in Fletcher's 'Rollo Duke of Normandy,' where it has a second verse. In 'Rollo' the song has no relevancy to its context, whereas in Shakespeare's play it exactly hits the mood of poor deserted Mariana in her moated grange. It is further obvious that the second verse could not have been written at the same time as the first, as it is in an entirely different key.

Of the other song-writers among the dramatists, Fletcher, as we should expect, takes the next highest place after Shakespeare. Without reckoning 'Roses, their sharp spines being gone,' and 'Orpheus with his lute,' which some critics attribute, on insufficient grounds, to the master himself, Fletcher has written not a few songs, chiefly in a sad vein, that charm us by their musical cadence. The simplest and most beautiful is the song in 'The Queen of Corinth':

'Weep no more nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;

Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as wingéd dreams fly fast;
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.'

'Hence all you vain delights,' to which, as Mr Bullen points out, 'Il Penseroso' is under obligations, and 'Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,' are other examples of the same exquisite and melancholy music. It is indeed for the most part in dirges and epitaphs that his fellow-dramatists come nearest to Shakespeare's perfection. Charles Lamb compared the dirge for Marcello in Webster's 'White Devil' with 'Full fathom five,' saying that, 'as that is of the water watery, so this is of the earth earthy'; and Webster has another dirge in 'The Devil's Law-case' which, if a little too sententious for a song, contains some memorable lines on the vanity of ambition. That indeed is a theme that we meet in many of these dramatic songs. We have it in Beaumont's fine lines on Westminster Abbey, and in Shirley's 'The glories of our blood and state'; and wherever it comes it avails to lift the verse above its author's wonted level. In a sweeter form we have it in Dekker's praise of content, 'Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers,' one of the lyrics which, coming straight from the experience of that poor but contented singer, has reached the common heart in every succeeding generation.

Of Ben Jonson and of Donne it may seem unpardonable not to have spoken earlier in any account of the Elizabethan lyrical poets, but the fact is that both Donne and Jonson fall outside the true Elizabethan tradition. Both were rebels as much against the pastoral vogue, with its smooth, long-winded Italian stanzas, as against the supposed artlessness of the Shakespearian song; and they sought their effects, the one by a Horatian brevity and choiceness of phrase, the other in the utmost realism of poetic imagery. What vexed Ben Jonson in the writing of the earlier Elizabethans was its apparent amateurishness, its preference of ornament to proportion, its sins against the canons of antiquity. And like other adherents of a school, Jonson had the defects of his quality, and could not see that the instinct of Shake-

speare was surer than his own trained judgment, so that he committed himself on more than one occasion to the dictum that 'Shakespeare wanted art. We, with less prejudiced judgments, can see that, well written as Jonson's lyrics are, and not only well written, but spirited and gay and expressive, they yet do not bear comparison with Shakespeare's, or even with Fletcher's, because of their lack of that 'wood-note wild,' to use Milton's admirable phrase, which was the especial grace of the Elizabethan song. The best of Jonson's pieces is one of his earliest, 'Queen and huntress, chaste and fair'; and the making of the poem is the slight irregularity in the extra metrical syllable which his instinct and not his canon allowed him in the final stanza. Donne is represented in Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody' by a single poem, that by which he has at last taken his place in the 'Golden Treasury'; and it is a characteristic poem, being an address to 'Absence.' Donne's best lyrics are about his absences and partings from his wife; and the startling directness of his style gives them a poignancy of pathos above all other poems on the same theme in the language. The famous comparison of the souls of the two lovers to the limbs of a compass, at once joined and divided, in itself grotesque enough, takes under his handling a sincerity that brings tears to the eyes:

'If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.'

In such writing as this we are far enough from the pastoral Arcadia, far enough also from such romantic songs as 'Who is Silvia?' or 'Come away, death,' or 'It was a lover and his lass.' Donne is, in fact, a changeling among Elizabethans.

Art. V.—THE EVOLUTION OF HARLEQUIN.

1. *The Theatre, its Development in France and England.* By Charles Hastings. Translated from the French by F. A. Welby. London: Duckworth & Co., 1901.
 2. *Geschichte des Dramas.* By J. L. Klein. Thirteen vols. Leipzig: Weigel, 1865–1886.
 3. *Histoire du Théâtre François.* By C. and F. Parfaict. Fifteen vols. Amsterdam and Paris, 1735–1749.
 4. *Masques et Bouffons.* By Maurice Sand (Dudevant). Two vols. Paris: Lèvy Frères, 1860.
- And other works.

THERE are not many more fascinating occupations than the hunting and tracking down of some elusive word which for any reason has challenged our attention, through its manifold windings, doublings, and mazes, till we run it triumphantly to earth in some distant land in the remote or even prehistoric past. Some practical philosophers, indeed, like the poet, confess to having but an imperfect sympathy with the enthusiasm of

‘Learn’d philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah’s ark.’

And yet nothing is more conducive to sound reasoning than an accurate use of words, and an intelligent appreciation of their *provenance* and significance. Even our lightest and most trivial words have a history stretching back into the most distant past. Who, for instance, without the help of the etymologist, could have suspected that a term so essentially modern as our ‘gas’ was suggested by the primeval ‘chaos’ of the old Greek cosmography? In the present article we invite the reader to accompany us over a stretch of country not less wide than that indicated by Cowper, with what he no doubt considered humorous exaggeration, while we engage in the etymological pursuit of one particular vocable, and endeavour to trace it back to its ultimate lair, beyond the ken, it may be, of even such redoubtable *chasseurs* as Professor Skeat and Dr Murray. In our research we may perhaps gain some curious information by the way about the

growth of the idea which it connotes, and at the same time get side-glances into strange regions of legendary lore and primitive superstition.

The word which we propose to 'uncape' (as the Elizabethans would have said), or turn out for our diversion, is the name of the pantomime hero, 'harlequin.' We shall inquire how and when the word and the thing came to England, and then investigate the evolution of the character, its original significance, history, and development. We are all familiar with the sinuous litherness of the slim pirouetting figure, the glittering embodiment of graceful motion and preternatural agility which dazzled and delighted our childhood. The very name 'harlequinade' given to the entertainment into which he entered shows that his was the dominant and essential rôle of the piece. With a wave of his flexible sword, as of a magic wand, he controls the action of the other characters, changes a pumpkin into a coach-and-six, and causes the commonplace exterior of a London shop to dissolve away into a resplendent vista of fairyland. For more than two centuries at least the 'get-up' of harlequin has undergone but little alteration. In the frontispiece of a curious little volume which lies before us, entitled 'Arlequiniana, ou les Bons Mots, les Histoires Plaisantes et Agréables, Recueillies des Conversations d'Arlequin' (Paris, 1694), we have a representation of a dancing harlequin as he appeared on the French stage at that date. He wears the same close-fitting suit of triangular patchwork which he still affects, and wields a flat *bâton* instead of a sword. A black mask conceals his face, and this is surmounted by a soft black hat with its brim tilted up in front in the manner of a visor.* To these accessories we shall have occasion to draw attention presently, as significant survivals of his earlier characteristics. Old prints of the theatrical booths at Bartholomew Fair show that the English harlequin preserved a costume almost identical in the early part of the eighteenth century, wearing the sable mask and carrying his hat in his hand.

The earliest performance mentioned by Genest in which the name appears in the title is 'Harlequin Dr. Faustus,'

* Similar particulars as to the dress of the *centunculus*, or harlequin of the ancients, are given in L. Riccoboni, 'Histoire du Théâtre Italien' (1731), vol. i, pp. 4, 5; vol. ii, pp. 307, 308.

brought out at Drury Lane by John Thurmond in 1723-4;* but there is evidence that Rich produced his 'Harlequin Executed' seven years earlier than this. The character seems to have found its way to us from the Italian comedy by way of France. The first recorded instance of the word in English literature is in 1590, when Thomas Nashe introduces it in the dedication of his 'Almond for a Parrat,' in the form of 'harlicken,' a personage whom, he says, he had met at Bergamo in Italy. This incidental allusion quite tallies with what we learn about his origin from other sources. Marmontel states that the comic characters of the Italian comedy were designed in the first instance to ridicule the peculiarities of the natives of different towns of Italy; and that harlequin in particular was modelled on the Bergamasque serving-man, while the pantaloon represented the Venetian merchant or the Bolognese doctor, and Scapin the hare-brained Neapolitan. These local and typical characteristics of manner and dialect are said to have been grafted on the monotonous buffoons of the older comedy by Angelo Beolco, better known by his sobriquet of Ruzzante, 'the Jester,' a playwright born at Padua in 1502, who made the portrayal of clowns and peasants the speciality of his masked comedies.† Accordingly, the Italian Arlecchino enacted the rôle of the valet of Bergamo, a mixture of *naïveté* and stupidity, shrewdness and mother-wit, always in love and always in trouble on his master's account or his own—something like the Davus and Syrus of the Latin comedy, or the Leporello of modern opera. One of the first to make the part famous was Simone di Bologna, who acted in a troupe at Florence organised by Flaminio Scala in 1578.‡

It would be a violation of all the proprieties of English pantomime if harlequin were permitted to open his lips; but he was not always condemned to this perpetual silence. On the contrary, his Italian original, so far from being a mute, was famous for his quips and jests and repartees. 'Bergamo sent out many Harlequins,' says Hallam, 'and Venice many Pantaloon. They were respected as brilliant

* 'Some Account of the English Stage,' by J. Genest (Bath, 1832), III, 153.

† J. L. Klein, 'Geschichte des Dramas,' iv, 904-906; M. Sand, ii, 77.

‡ M. Sand, 'Masques et Bouffons,' I, 46. For the dress of a 'harlequin' in 1570, see *id.* I, 67. 'Harlequinus' occurs in a letter of Raulin, 1521 (*id.* I, 74). Cf. 'a Bergomask dance' ('Mid. Night's Dream,' V, I, 360).

wits ought to be. The Emperor Mathias ennobled Cecchini, a famous harlequin, who was, however, a man of letters.' Another celebrated representative of the part, Dominique Biancollelli, the hero of the 'Arlequiniana' to which reference has been made, was admitted as a guest to the table of Louis XIV. Samuel Rogers, even in his time, could still describe the Italian mome as one

'Who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.'

The tradition of the English stage, however, appears always to have been different, as Rich, who, acting under the *nom de théâtre* of Lun, became the most famous representative of the part in the early years of the eighteenth century, trusted for his success solely to pantomimic gesture. Garrick, himself a master in the art, thus extols the eloquence of his antic motions:—

'Tis wrong,
The wits will say, to give the fool a tongue.
When Lun appear'd, with matchless art and whim,
He gave the pow'r of speech to every limb;
Tho' mask'd and mute, convey'd his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures all he meant.'

But on the French stage in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he retained his original character as a wit and jester. We find that Arlecchino had already gained a footing there as harlequin in 1585. Indeed, the name appears as one of a strolling company of players, 'I Gelosi,' who visited Paris in 1576, under the patronage of Catherine de Medicis; and two years earlier an Italian Arlequin was to be seen at Madrid. He still maintains his reputation as a satirist in the 'Arlequiniana' referred to above, in which his picture bears the motto, 'castigat mores ridendo'; and it is in this character, as a popular humorist of keen mother-wit, that he is alluded to on the second occasion when he is introduced in an English writer. In John Webster's play of 'The Malcontent,' published in 1604, Bianca taunts the choleric Bilioso with the remark, 'The French Herlakeene will instruct you' (Act iii, Sc. 1). About the same time 'a Harlakene in an Italian comedy' is mentioned in Day's 'He of Gals,' 1606

(Act ii, Sc. 3), the orthography of the foreign word still causing no small difficulty to these early writers.

We are justified in concluding that 'Italy is the mother and nurse of the whole harlequin race,'* and that from his native name, Arlecchino, his designation in other lands has been borrowed. That word itself, however, has much the appearance of being only a reshaping of the older Italian 'alichino,'† which occurs as the name of one of the ten demons in the *bolgia* of Dante's 'Inferno' (xxi, 118), and is probably akin to the Old French 'halequin,' an evil spirit.‡ The devil or demon of popular burlesque or folk-tale has often degenerated by an easy transition into a comic character; it did so, we know, in our own early drama.

If we are correct in our assumption that the older idea attached to the word was that of a sprite or evil spirit, we obtain a valuable clue to the origin of the name, which has been much disputed. In old French writers it is found running almost through the gamut of letter changes, as 'herlequin,' 'herlekin,' 'hierlekin,' 'hellequin,' and 'hellekin,' being used as the name of one of those numerous hobgoblins which tormented the peasantry of medieval Europe with nameless fears. In the 'Miracle de St Eloi' (p. 110) it seems to be employed as a synonym for Satan himself in the phrase, 'par le conseil de Herlaken'; and it is said to survive still in the folk-lore of provincial France as a name for the *feu follet* or will-o'-the-wisp. Indeed, our own Dorset folk use 'harlican' as an abusive term for a troublesome imp or youngster.§

But the word in question was used in a more precise and definite signification than this. In Old French poems and legends it is appropriated to a grisly being who was

* I. D'Israeli, 'Curiosities of Literature,' p. 214, ed. 1839.

† Perhaps under the reflex influence of 'alleccare,' to lick up (O. Fr. 'lecheor,' a glutton). The French character, at all events, sometimes degenerated into a glutton. Compare 'Un certain Arlequin qui passe pour le plus gourmand du Canton.' ('Arlequin toujours Arlequin' (1750), p. 5.)

‡ 'Chevalier au Cygne,' 6247 (in Godefroy). Scartazzini very improbably thinks 'alichino' may be from *chinar le ali*, as if it meant 'wing-plier.'

§ 'You idle young harlican,' T. Hardy, 'Jude,' part I, i (1896). Curiously similar is the use of 'harlaque' or 'arlaque,' in the Wallon dialect of Belgium, for a naughty child, a little pickle, 'C'est un vrai harlaque,' he is a regular pickle, which M. Sigart suggests may be from 'arlequin,' not, however, the stage character, as he thinks ('Dictionnaire du Wallon de Mons,' 207), but the older name of an evil spirit.

regarded as the personified leader of the phantoms of the dead. 'La maisnie Hierlekin,' or 'la maisnie Helequin,' is a phrase frequently used by French writers of the thirteenth century to denote a troop of ghosts or evil spirits which were believed to ride abroad at night, like the Wild Huntsman and his cavalcade, and were sometimes seen to engage as combatants in the air. This ghostly 'family of Hierlekin,' or household of Pluto, were often seen over cemeteries or other resting-places of the dead which they loved to haunt. William of Paris—sometimes called William of Auvergne—who died in 1249, refers to 'the nocturnal horsemen who, in the French vernacular, are called "Hellequin," and in the Spanish "the ancient army" (*exercito antiguo*, sc. of the dead).' These spectral warriors, he says, were seen to disport themselves and contend with arms in the air. Another old French author, Pierre de Blois, asserts that this aerial host, which he calls 'the soldiers of Herlikin' ('*milites Herlikini*'), as they passed across the nightly sky, could be discerned by their shouts and the hurtling of their arms, which were believed to be ominous of some bloody battle then being toward.

But the oldest and certainly the most curious and circumstantial account of this venerable superstition is that given by Ordericus Vitalis in his '*Historia Ecclesiastica*,'* where he records with great precision that, in the beginning of January 1091, a certain priest named Gualchelmus, of the village of Bonavallis in the diocese of Lisieux, went forth one night to visit a sick parishioner who lived at the farthest end of his parish. As the good *curé* was returning, and was still remote from human habitation, he heard the noise as of a great army approaching. In his terror he thought of hiding himself behind some trees until the menacing danger had passed by; but just then the moon shining out revealed to him a gigantic personage bearing a huge club (*maucam*), which he raised over his head, bidding the priest to halt and not stir a step farther. Thereupon an immense retinue of wailing phantoms passed before him, consisting of women and soldiers and ecclesiastics, amongst

* Lib. viii, cap. 17; in Migne, '*Patrologia*,' tom. 188, pp. 607, 608. Cf. Forester's translation, ii, 515, *note*.

whom he recognised many of his own neighbours recently deceased. When they had gone by the astonished priest said to himself,

"It is, no doubt, Herlechin's troop" (*"familia Herlechini"*). "I have heard say that several have seen it formerly; but I rejected the report with incredulity and ridiculed it. . . . But now I have really seen the shades of the dead." This account,' adds Ordericus, 'I heard from the mouth of the priest himself.'

According to a local tradition, this manifestation took place at the cross-roads of Fosses-Malades, where many who had died of some kind of plague were buried. Here, quite obviously, Herlechin, armed with his club, is the king of the dead, who follow him in long array beneath the glimpses of the moon, and identical with the Dutch 'Hellekin,' who is also a ghostly wild hunter.* Indeed, the 'Hellequins' or 'Herlequins' of French folk-lore still disturb the forests of Jura and Franche-Comté with their fantastic hunting as they ride upon the winds. M. Le Prévost notes that the host seen by the priest must have been 'the Hunt of Hennequin' (otherwise 'la mesnie Hellequin'), who is still known in country parts as a great hunter, who, having sold himself to the devil, is compelled to return to earth during the storms of night which occur in Advent, attended by his huntsmen and dogs.

In some districts of France and Germany folk-etymology has played around 'hellequin' and transformed the word into 'allequinti' and 'Caroloquinti' (in Hesse, 'Karlequinte'), and then invented an ætiological legend that the spectral horsemen which form his troop are the ghosts of the army of 'Charle-quint' or 'le quint Charlez.† Thus the old French 'Chronique des Ducs de Normandie' (twelfth century) asserts that 'la mesnie Hennequin,' which on one occasion appeared to Duke Richard the Fearless, accompanied by strange noises, was nothing else but 'la mesnie Charles-Quint,' 'who was formerly

* See Chéruef, 'Dictionnaire Historique des Institutions,' 772; Grimm, 'Teut. Mythology,' 941; Henderson, 'Folk-lore of N. Countries,' 101-106; Keary, 'Dawn of History,' 226, 271; Crook, 'Folk-lore of N. India,' i, 268; Baring-Gould, 'Iceland,' 202; Hampson, 'Med. Aevi Kalendarium,' i, 314-317; M. D. Conway, 'Demonology and Devil-lore,' ii, ch. xxvi.

† Godefroy, s.v. Hellequin; Grimm, 'T. Myth.,' 941, 942.

King of France'; and a passage in the 'MS. du Roi,' quoted by Le Roux de Lincy, similarly identifies 'Helquin' with 'Charlequin,' and his retinue with 'la gent au Charlequint.'

Whatever be the ultimate origin of the name, Herlekin, when he first emerges in European folk-lore at the close of the eleventh century, was evidently a personification of Death, or the world of the dead, whose shadowy crew he headed in their flight. M. Collin du Plancy, for instance, recognises in 'la famille d'Hellequin,' doomed for their impiety to hunt continually till the day of judgment, an offshoot of H  la, who is the Teutonic Hel and a personification of the region of the dead. Grimm is substantially of the same opinion, holding that 'hellequin' may be very probably an idealisation of 'hellekin,' a diminutival form of the German 'Helle,' the under-world. Professor Skeat has come to a similar conclusion, and suggests that the word may represent the old Friesic 'helle-kin,' 'the tribe of hell.' But there is no need to go so far abroad for the original, as we actually find an Anglo-Saxon 'helle-cynn,' i.e. 'hell-kin,' occurring in the 'Book of Exeter' as a word for an infernal race or tribe, and in the same work a synonymous 'heoloth-cynn,' which seems to mean 'the people of the unseen world' (Hades), either the spirits of the dead or the demons in hell.

We may perhaps recognise a survival, in a perverted form, of the word last cited in an otherwise enigmatical name, the old English superstition of Herlething, 'Herle's company,' if it stands for Heleth-kin. This was a phantom host, which was occasionally seen by affrighted peasants in medieval England passing through the air with the noise of horns and hounds and outcries. We are indebted for our knowledge of it to Walter Mapes, who became Archdeacon of Oxford in 1197, and who thus tells the story:

'The night-wandering troops which were called Herlething's appeared down to the time of our Sovereign lord Henry II, a host which, strangely silent, circled round madly and wandered endlessly, among which were observed many who were known to be dead.'

This host of Herlething was last seen, he adds, on the orders of Wales and Hereford in the first year of

Henry II, when the tumultuous cavalcade was seen at midday to rise into the air and suddenly disappear.* No one can fail to see the identity of this with Herlekin's meinie.

As one mistake ever leads to another, the corrupted form 'herlething' seems to have been resolved into 'herle-thing,' and understood to mean the 'thing' (gathering or assemblage) of Herla. The result was that a mythical king of that name was evolved, but one quite unknown to Professor Rhys and other Celtic scholars,† just as, by an opposite error, French folk found Charles the Fifth in their Hellequin. As Mapes, in the work referred to, has a chapter, 'De Herla Rege,' we may fairly infer that 'Herla-king' was the true and proper name of this 'very ancient king of the Britons.' Mapes tells us that

'he and his army pursue their mad career with infinite wanderings and without repose. Many, they say, have frequently seen that army. It ceased, however, to visit our realm as before, in the first year of the crowning of our king Henry, when it was seen by many Welsh people to plunge into the Wye, a river of Herefordshire.'

This very shadowy king Herla, according to another tradition, had been drawn by enchantments into a mountain cavern at the wedding of the king of the pygmies, and, after remaining a long time unconscious, had returned only to find that the Saxon invaders had taken possession of his kingdom during his absence; so that ever afterwards he wandered at large, a discrowned monarch and homeless vagrant.‡ We would suggest that in this mythical wanderer Herla we may probably see the prototype and original of another kindred being, not less mysterious, who has proved a complete puzzle to folk-lorists—Shakespeare's Herne the hunter, who is introduced in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' (Act iv, Sc. 4) as well known in ancient tradition.

* Gualteri Mapes, 'De Nugis Curialium,' ed. T. Wright, I, xi, p. 14; IV, xiii, p. 180.

† A fairy tale, entitled 'The Reign of King Herla,' by W. Canton, was published in 1900 (Dent), but it knows nothing of this mythic personage beyond Mapes's mention of him. Can the Scottish 'herle,' a mischievous dwarf or imp (Jamieson), be connected?

‡ Hartland, 'Science of Fairy Tales,' 180, 234; Wagner, 'Asazari as the Gods,' 77.

* There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
 Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
 Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
 Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
 And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
 You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know
 The superstitious idle-headed eld
 Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
 This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.'

This hunter of the night, who is also a malicious spirit, cannot be separated from the 'Grand Veneur de Fontaine-leau,' and is of the same lineage as the Hel-huntsman who led on the chase of the 'mesnie Hellequin.'

It has, no doubt, already occurred to the reader that the phantom host of Hellekin (or Herlekin), which we have met under various forms, is only another phase of that weird superstition of the wild hunt, the rout of restless wandering spirits, which was so widely diffused all over Europe.* In Germany, where it was known as *das Wütende Heer*—'the Furious Host'—it was believed to be led on by the storm-god himself, Wodan or Wuotan, i.e. 'the Raging One' (Old Eng. 'wood,' i.e. mad); and in some districts the country people still say 'Wode is out hunting' when they hear the wind blowing loud through the forest. It is the wind-god audibly carrying away through the troubled air souls which are of the same serial nature as himself, recently breathed forth by the dead; and so with the Norsemen, 'to fare to Odin' (Wodan) or 'to go with Odin' were synonymous expressions for dying or yielding up the ghost. It was a natural, realistic conception that the spirit or breath of man should be transported by the wind to its future bode, or, as a punishment, be

'Blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world.' †

* Can a reminiscence of the stormy Herlekin have contributed to Raleigh's spelling of 'hurricane' as 'hurlecan'? ('Second Voyage to Guiana' (1617), p. 187.) The Quiche 'Hu-rakan,' the name of the storm-god, which gave us our 'hurricane,' meant 'great giant,' and in the West Indies it was used for 'devil.' (D. G. Brinton, 'Essays of an Americanist,' pp. 121-123.)

† 'Measure for Measure,' III, i, 126. Compare the similar Hebrew conception of wind carrying away the soul in Job xxvii, 21.

In the Bernese Oberland and other parts of Switzerland the ghostly procession of the night-folk is conducted by the skeleton Death himself, who marches at their head and, with his weird music, draws after him those who are next to die.*

The 'maisnie Herlekin' of the Continent in due time passed over into England, where it appears in the fourteenth century in the curiously disguised form of 'Hurlewaynes meyne,' i.e. Hurlewayn's household, and is used in the sense of a rout of disorderly vagrants. In the 'Tale of Beryn' the Canterbury pilgrims are said to have disported themselves

'As Hurlewaynes meyne in every hegg [hedge] that capes.†

The word occurs again in 'Richard the Redeles' (Pass. i, 90, ed. Skeat), where one reproach directed against that unhappy king for his evil choice of counsellors is,

'Other hobbis [clowns] ye hadden of Hurlewaynis kynne.'

It is the same word, to all appearance, distorted somewhat by a popular misunderstanding, which, in the form of 'hellwain,' is found as the name of a goblin or evil spirit in Reginald Scott's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' 1584. While giving a portentous list of the various 'bugs' with which, in his time, hapless infants used to be 'frayed' or scared by servants, he enumerates 'the Hellwain, the Fire-drake, the Puckle,' and many more. The nursery-maid surely, in all ages, has had much to answer for. The name of this goblin was long kept in remembrance in the conservatism of children's games, though it underwent a natural transformation due to the ambiguity of its termination. Ray, writing in 1742, gives the following childish folk-saw among his 'Proverbs':

'Give a thing and take again
And you shall ride in *hell's wain*.'

* W. K. Kelly, 'Indo-European Tradition,' 274. The medieval Dance of Death evidently belongs here.

† Al. 'rapes'; 'Prologue,' l. 8, Chaucer Soc. ed. One is tempted to see a kinsman of this Hurlewayn in the S. Herlewin, whose life is given in John of Tynemouth's 'Historia Aurea,' cap. 93. (Horstmann, 'Nova Legenda Anglie,' I, lix.)

‡ Ed. 1855, p. 97. German mythology has a 'Hellwagen,' i.e. a waggon in which the death-goddess, Hell, makes her journeys (Grimm, 'Teut. Myth.' 314, 802); but we doubt if this was known in England.

The original version, we conjecture, was 'with hellwain.' At all events, Cotgrave, a century earlier, associated this particular delinquency with the evil spirit, quoting as 'a triviall proverb' then current,

'To give a thing and take a thing,
To weare the devil's gold ring.'

Gathering up these diverging and yet interwoven threads, which cross one another with curious complexity, it will be seen that we have a sufficiently tangled skein to unravel. We find a Low Latin 'harlequinus,' an Old French 'herlekin,' 'hierlekin,' 'hellekin,' or 'halequin,' an Italian 'alichino,' and an early English 'herlething,' to say nothing of 'hurlewayn' and 'hellwain'—all apparently related and used in much the same sense of a medieval devil or demonic horseman who rides by night at the head of a shadowy company of spectres. Along with these, and more ancient seemingly than any of these competing forms, we have to take account of the Anglo-Saxon 'helle-cynn'—the Frisian 'helle-kin'—as the primitive factor which underlies several of the later forms. The Italian demon 'Alichino,' metamorphosed into the knavish 'Arlecchino,' returned at a later date to the French stage in the garb of 'halequin,' who in turn is the direct parent of our own 'harlequin.' Such, so far as we can judge, seems to be the evolution of the word and the pedigree of the character which it serves to nominate.

At this point we might fairly be content to abandon our chase and sound a 'recheat,' were it not that a fresh scent crosses the trail and makes the pursuit run counter. The new element to which we refer comes into the field comparatively late, and serves to make confusion worse confounded. In many of the forms just cited it will have been noticed that the letter 'r' is present; this demands some explanation, and certainly it should not be ignored as unmeaning. We are inclined to think that it is organic and an essential part of the word. Forms like 'herlekin' and 'arlecchino' might readily enough, by assimilation of the adjacent consonants, change into 'hellekin' and 'allechino,' just as in Latin 'perlucidus' became 'pellucidus'; but the reverse could not

happen.* Now the disturbing factor which we are about to consider is one that accounts for this essential 'r,' through its reflex influence, while at the same time curiously coinciding both in form and meaning with the words we have hitherto been discussing. This is the name of the death-spectre of Northern Europe, the 'Erl-king,' which Herder, in his 'Stimmen der Völker,' introduced into German literature from the Scandinavian in 1778, and which was afterwards made classical by Goethe in his weird ballad, so powerful in its eerie suggestiveness,

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
 "Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht,
 Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?"

Herder is believed to have borrowed the conception from the Danish, when translating the ballad of 'King Olaf and the Erl-king's Daughter.' In that language 'ellerkonge' was popularly understood as 'elver-konge,' king of the 'elle-folk' or fairies; though another folk-etymology connected it with 'elle,' the alder, because in some instances fays and sprites were commonly associated with trees.† We cannot but speculate what grounds the learned Goethe, in adopting the word, had for spelling it 'erlkönig,' as he did? Did he of set purpose assimilate the Scandinavian form to a more primitive name of the death-monarch with which he had become acquainted in another quarter? This is a question of considerable interest, to which it is not easy to give a definite answer. The word is certainly foreign; and it is significant that such indefatigable collectors of Teutonic folk-lore and mythology as Kemble, Thorpe, Grimm, and Rydberg have nothing to tell us as to the source and habitat of the mysterious 'Erlkönig.' Moreover, an older word, such as we have postulated, is actually known to have existed. A grim king of the Shades and the under-world, corre-

* That the syllable *er* has a natural tendency to pass into *ar* (*herlekin* into *harlekin*) is well known. Compare the Old English 'derling,' 'ferrier,' 'mercat,' 'persley,' 'person,' with our modern 'darling,' 'farrier,' 'market,' 'parsley,' 'parson.'

† A Danish folk-tale makes the 'Eller-konge' take up his abode among the alder-trees (*elle-træ*). D. S. Krist, 'Danske Sagn,' II, 32-35; Craigie, 'Scand. Folk-lore,' 177. Clarence Mangan actually rendered Goethe's ballad as 'The Alder-king' ('Poems,' 194).

sponding closely to the 'Erlkönig' in name and character held a prominent position in the religion of the peoples of Central and Northern Asia, whence it may easily have been introduced among the Scandinavians by the mediation of the Finns, Lapps, or other Ugro-Finnic tribes.

This being is the 'Erlík-khan,' or 'Aerlík-khan,' who is feared by the Mongols and Tibetans as the judge of the dead and ruler of the abode of the departed.* One of the traditional tales of the Kalmuks, collected by Jülg, relates how the faithful wife of a young Khan went to seek him out after his death, in the gloomy realm of Erlík-khan. After many difficulties this female Orpheus penetrated into his black fortress, which was encircled with a moat of human blood and surmounted with a banner made of human skin—a description which recalls the forbidding aspect of Hel's stronghold in the Edda. The two guards of this ghastly building are the 'Erlíks,' or servants of the Erlík-khan, whose name is said to mean the 'prince of servants.'† Having propitiated these fearsome janitors—who seem to fulfil the functions of cherubim—by means of offerings of blood, she passes through and rescues the heart of her husband; then, returning safely to the palace, she finds him already restored to life and radiant in beauty.

This Kalmuk Pluto, Erlík-khan, as king of the lower regions, wears a terrific appearance, his head being crowned with dead men's skulls and surrounded with flames. His infernal palace is divided into eighteen halls, and here he judges and weighs the souls which are brought before him immediately after death, and treads the wicked under his feet. According to some accounts he has a long nose with which he scents out the dying; and he is attended by a retinue of followers who are

* Dr Edkins also, in his 'Early Spread of Religious Ideas' (p. 82), identifies the 'Erlkönig' with the Mongolian 'Erlig han' (as he spells it), and adduces this as an instance of the Teutonic mythology being affected by the Tatars. For the influence of the Tatars on the Finns, see Hon. J. Abercromby, 'The Pre- and Proto-historic Finns' (1898), i, 260 *seq.* We fail, however, to find any mention of the 'Erlkönig' or 'Erlík-khan' in this work, or in D. Compagetti's 'Traditional Poetry of the Finns,' 1898.

† Busk, 'Sagas from the Far East,' 354. Altaic, *erlík* (Vámbéry, 'Ety-mologisches Wörterbuch der Turko-Tatarischen Sprachen,' p. 34), which seems to be connected with *erlík*, strength, virility, and *er*, man, in another Tatar dialect (*id.* p. 33).]

armed with weapons, slings, and instruments of torture.* Now Kalmuk literature has been shown by Jülg to have been derived from the Tibetan, and that in turn from the ancient Indian. The work from which the story given above is quoted, the 'Siddhi-kür,' is known to be based upon the Sanskrit 'Vetāla Panchaviṅcati.' We are not surprised then to find, as Köppen and Jülg have pointed out, that the Mongolian Erlik-khan is only a disguised and naturalised form of the old Indian god of the dead, Yama. Grünwedel, who also accepts this identification, gives various representations of the gruesome Aerlik-khan, as he prefers to spell it, from Mongolian art, in which he is depicted with many of the attributes of Yama, as a masked figure with lofty horns, brandishing a club or mace carved into a skeleton at the top, while he tramples and exults over the corpse of a prostrate victim. The central figure of a hideous troop, which personates him in the Tsam-dance, wears a blue mask, a chaplet of skulls, and robes of blue, striped with white, yellow, and rose, tricked out with disks of metal.† When Professor Tylor says 'Tatars tell of the nine Irle-chans who, in their gloomy subterranean kingdom, not only rule over souls of the dead but have at their command a multitude of ministering spirits, visible and invisible,'‡ he must be referring to the 'Erliks,' or servants, whose office it was to fetch the souls of the departed and bring them before their lord to be judged; for among the Tibetans and Mongolians there is only one supreme sovereign of the under-world and king of the dead, Aerlik- or Erlik-khan, the chief deity of the Shaman superstition. What these ministers of the grim god of Death denoted we are able to discover by reference to his original. The materials of the stories told by the Mongols were mostly borrowed from India, as De la Saussaye and others have

* Larousse, 'Dictionnaire Universelle de XIX Siècle,' s.v.; De la Saussaye, 'Science of Religion,' 299; M. Conway, 'Demonologia,' i, 197; C. F. Köppen, 'Religion des Buddha,' ii, 296, 297.

† 'Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet' (Leipzig, 1900), p. 168 (fig. 142), p. 62 (fig. 48); cf. p. 166 (fig. 140), and p. 169; 'Encyc. Brit.,' s.v. 'Mongols.'

‡ 'Primitive Culture,' ii, 310 (3rd ed.). The following passage, which occurred in the first edition, was afterwards omitted: 'Their chief, the great Irle-chan, has now his place and name in European poetry as the grisly death-spectre, the Erl-könig' (ii, 282). We venture to think this omission is to be regretted.

noted.* Thence it was that they borrowed the word 'shaman' (Sanskrit 'sramana') as a name for their medicine-man or soothsayer; and thence also they imported their Erlik-khan, who, as we have seen, is only a naturalised form of the Indian Yama (from *yam*, to control).†

As sovereign of the *manes* and ruler of the world of Shades, Yama was one of the most conspicuous deities in the Vedic Pantheon. Some have thought him to be a personification of the setting sun, which each evening descends into the dark under-world and visits the dead—the pioneer in this respect of all mortal men. Goldstücker, however, has conclusively shown that he was originally the prince of the power of the air, identical with Vāyu, the wind, and having the intermediate space between heaven and earth assigned to him as his abode. Sometimes, like that other wind-god, Wodan, he fetches the dead in person, but more often he sends out his messengers daily to seek out the 'fey,' or death-doomed, and to summon them into his presence in the death-realm (Yama-pura). These messengers wear the aspect of spotted four-eyed dogs, two in number, which are called 'Sâramêya' (apparently meaning 'the spotted' or 'dappled'), a name connected with 'Saramâ,' the storm ('the Ganger'—Kuhn).‡ They have been interpreted as meaning the morning and evening breezes, which carry away the souls of the dying, there being a natural association between the moving air and the departing spirit.§ Thus the Rig-Veda says that 'Yama's two messengers wander about among men, taking away their lives.' Quite in accordance with this is the now generally accepted identification of Sâramêya with Hermes, the Hellenic messenger of the gods, who was also a personification of the wind, and the 'psychopompos' or conductor of souls to the nether-world. A relationship between the breath or spirit of the dying

* 'Science of Religion,' 297; M. Müller, 'Selected Essays,' ii, 236.

† Grünwedel equates Erlik-khan with the Sanskrit 'Dharma-râja,' 'king of justice' (*op. cit.* p. 62). Cf. Goldstücker, 'Literary Remains,' i, 319. Köppen identifies him also with the cognate Siamese 'Phaja-jam,' and the Chinese 'Jan-ma-lo' ('Religion des Buddha,' i, 245, *note* 1)—all variants of Yama.

‡ Our 'storm' is really the same word; Sansk. *sârma*, 'a going' (Greek *σπμή*). M. Müller, 'Science of Mythology,' i, 369; C. F. Keary, 'Dawn of History,' 244 *seq.*

§ This interpretation explains why Yama as a wind-god both gives and takes life, which puzzled M. Müller ('Science of Language,' ii, 561).

man and the air which bears it away is recognised in most mythologies.* And as Yama, the king of the dead, became ultimately the grim ruler of hell and torturer of the wicked, in which capacity he carries a club to punish them, his Tibetan and Mongolian counterpart, Aerlikhan, assumed the same character, and his wind-messengers became the 'Erliks.'

We thus arrive at the certainly strange and unexpected conclusion that the whirling harlequin of our Christmas pantomimes, no less than the wind-riding Erlking of German ballad-lore, may be a remote descendant of Aerlikhan, the Mongolian Yama, as lord of the circling winds which carry away men's souls. The two ideas may seem to stand *toto cælo* apart, but the following considerations may help to bridge over the gulf between them. It is an acknowledged fact that 'Buddhism, such as we find it in Russia and Sweden, on the very threshold of European civilisation, in the north of Asia, in Mongolia, Tartary, China, and Tibet, had its origin in India.' Marks of its influence among the Finns and Lapps survive in the Indian name borne by their priests and sorcerers, the Shamans; and their religious ideas may be traced from India to Siberia by way of Tibet, China, and Mongolia. Many mythological beliefs from this source, by virtue of community in the Buddhistic faith, made their way to the Mongols, and, through their domination in Europe for two centuries, to countries so close to us as Germany.† When the flood of this Tatar invasion ebbed, it must have left some linguistic and notional waifs behind among the Aryan peoples whom it had submerged.

Such a relic is the 'Hüne' (i.e. Hun) or giant of popular German tradition, and the Taterman or goblin, originally a Tatar, which in an old glossary is given as the equivalent of *alpinus*, an obscure word, which is itself a latinised form of the Mongolian 'albin,' a goblin or fairy.‡ Another such survival we may suspect in Old French 'halequin,' the name of a demon which is mentioned in connexion

* So in an old Gaelic poem an aged bard invokes a soft breeze to bear his spirit on the wind of its swiftness to the Isle of Heroes (J. C. Shairp, 'Aspects of Poetry,' 291).

† Scherer, 'Jacob Grimm,' 111 *seq.*; De la Saussaye, 297; Gompertz, 'Greek Thinkers,' i, 541; Tylor, 'Anthropology,' 161, 162.

‡ Grimm, 502; J. Edkins, 'Early Spread of Religious Ideas,' 82.

with certain barbarians called Taffurs [? Tatars], in the 'Chevalier au Cygne' (l. 6247), otherwise 'herlequin' or 'herlekin,' if, as we suppose, it was adopted by the conquered peoples from the grim Erlik-khan of the Tatar hordes. Each people may have assimilated its own native 'hellekin,' 'alichino,' 'elle-kong,' etc., to the name of the Tatars' death-king, which sounded much alike, as we know they assimilated the name of that hated race to their own Tartarus, or hell. The curious variations of form in different countries might thus be explained, and also the fact that no European country is able to claim the word as indigenous. 'Ce qui souvent rend les étymologies difficiles,' says M. Littré, 'c'est le croisement de mots qui, partis de points très-différents, viennent pourtant aboutir à une seule et même forme.'* It would certainly be a marvellous coincidence if words so homophonous as the medieval 'harlequinus' and the Mongol 'erlik-khan,' both appropriated to the king of the Shades, had no real connexion with one another or with the synonymous 'erl-king'; whereas a 'contamination,' as philologists call the process by which a new form arises from the elements of one expression mingling with the elements of another, would solve all the difficulties of the problem.

But we may go farther. We can still distinguish a certain similarity between the characteristic features of the stage harlequin and those of the ancestors which we claim for him. These are: (1) the hat or cap formerly worn by the antic, which was supposed to make him invisible when he put it on,† superseded now by (2) the movable black mask which, in the convention of pantomime, is feigned to render him unseen by the other actors when pulled over his face; (3) the magic sword with which he can make things disappear at will and work all kinds of marvels; and (4) the parti-coloured dress. All these insignia are found to belong to wind-gods, which are also death-gods, from Odin back to Yama. Thus, the distinctive marks of Odin are a broad hat with a turned-up brim, a dark mask, a wonder-working spear or staff, and a blue mantle (*heklu*, probably meaning the atmosphere), described as being spotted or dappled (*flek-kötta*), which he

* 'Histoire de la Langue Française' (1873), II, 129.

† Dr Clarke, 'Travels,' viii, 104-107; in Brand, 'Pop. Antiq.,' II, 471.

wears as he rides the blast at the head of the wild host.* Wearing this pied garment, he is called 'Hakol-berand' ('cloak-wearer'), and corresponds closely, as Kuhn and Grimm have shown, to the spotted Saraméyas and to Hermes, who are also wind-deities, and, as soul-conductors, waft away the spirits of the dead. The Scandinavian god is attended by two hunting-dogs, which are messengers of death, like the dogs of Yama, and the 'Erliks.'† The dark hat in which Odin moves unseen has congeners everywhere. It is the *tarn-kappe* ('concealing cap,' i.e. the cloud or darkness), well known in Teutonic folk-lore; the Anglo-Saxon *heoloth-helm*, which renders the wearer invisible. It is identical with the *petasos* worn by Hermes, for the same reason, by Charon as the ferryman of the dead, by Hades as lord of the unseen world, and by Aita, the Etruscan Pluto or Hermes.‡ In addition to the magic cap, Hermes also bears the caduceus, the equivalent of Odin's staff or wishing-rod, with which he controls the airy souls on their way to Hades. He also wears a chequered garment, and, as was natural for a wind-deity, was the first to draw Æolian music from the lyre. In this respect, too, he agrees with the Herlekin, and the aerial Erlking, who originally carried music with him wherever he went, and came with a rushing sound.§

"Hörest du nicht

Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"

"In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

An apt comparison has been instituted here with the old legend of the Pied Piper who, with the magic music of his pipe, drew away the children of Hameln into the spirit-land in an irresistible dance,|| he being, in truth,

* Odin's characteristic epithets are: *sidh-hottr*, slouch-hatted; *grimarr*, mask-wearer; *svipall*, swift and shifty; his steed 'sleipnir' is the wind (E. Magnusson, 'Odin's Horse Yggdrasil,' 61).

† Grimm, 'Teut. Myth.,' 146, 147, 840; Keary, 'Dawn of History,' 2nd ed., 268-271.

‡ F. v. Duhn, 'Charon-darstellungen,' 'Archäolog. Zeitung,' 1885; Homer, 'Il.,' v, 845; Grimm, 463; Dennis, 'Cemeteries of Etruria,' i, 350; J. E. Harrison, 'Myths of the Odyssey,' 105 *seq.*

§ Craigie, 'Scand. Folk-lore,' 177. Sir G. Cox has already identified Erlking with Hermes, the psychopompic breeze ('Comp. Mythology and Folk-lore,' 189).

|| Verstegan, 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence' (1634), 85. O. Meiland says he was the devil ('Jocorum atque Seriorum Centuriæ' (1643), § 365). See also Baring-Gould, 'Myths of the Mid. Ages,' 417 *seq.*

nothing else but the 'gale' (i.e. 'the singer,' as in 'nightingale'), the piping wind, which sets all things dancing, and wafts away on its wings the souls of the little ones. His pied or variegated garment, like Odin's 'flecked coat,' may image the interchange of cloud and light, or the dappled appearance of a windy sky, just as in Sanskrit, *kitrá*, many-coloured—which gives us our word 'chintz'—is applied to the clouds. The same in essential characteristics is the Erlik-khan, who wears a dark mask and a gaily chequered robe, who wields a death-dealing sceptre, the surrogate of the golden wand of Yama his prototype, and causes men to vanish out of the land of the living. We might also note the analogies presented by the Maruts, the personified storm-gods of the Vedas, who, equipped with spears (thunderbolts) and glittering ornaments (lightnings), drive along their horses (the clouds), which are spotted or piebald (*prishati*). As pipers and dancers they make the music of the storm, and they hurry away the souls of the dying.*

Finally, it may be noted that, all the world over, the whirling wind, especially when it renders itself manifest by the cloud of dust or sand or straws which it raises in its rapid course, has been mythologised into a demon or evil spirit. Thus, in Akkadian, 'lil,' the ghost, with its shadowy substance, is given as a name to the dust-cloud; and it was in such a dust-whirl that the soul of Eabani, in the epic of Gilgamesh, mounted up to heaven.† Sir Richard Burton speaks of pillars of dust and 'devils' of sand sweeping like giants over the desert. These 'phantoms of the plain,' as the traveller, Bruce, calls them, are found as Shaitan (Satan) in the Soudan; to the Arabs they are evil Jinns, to the Hindus they are Bhûts or malicious spirits careering at large.‡ 'Whirlwinds,' says Burton, the anatomist of melancholy, 'are caused by aerial devils'; and he quotes an old writer, Cicogna, as saying that they manifest themselves in these revolving

* M. Müller, 'Rig-Veda,' i, 59, 76; 'Physical Religion,' 318; 'Contributions to Mythology,' pp. 604, 605. Compare, 'One man asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-craws who had gone down were out in the storm' (Dickens, 'David Copperfield,' ch. 55).

† Sayce, 'Hibbert Lectures,' 145, 365; Maspero, 'Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria,' 250; Boscawen, 'The Bible and the Monuments,' 151.

‡ Lane, 'Modern Egyptians,' ii, 37; Hughes, 'Dict. of Islam,' 134; H. Spencer, 'Principles of Sociology,' i, 784.

winds when they raise the dust like a column. This belief is shared by the Danakil savages, the Afars, and Russian peasants, who pursue the eddies of dust and stab at them with their swords or attack them with hatchets. The moujiks believe that the dust-storms are moved and inhabited by vampires or witches. The modern Greeks hold that the actuating power of the whirlwind is the Nereid; the Chinese say it is a dragon, Tin-mi-lung; the Russians, a demon, Vikhar; the Germans, the old heathen god, Zio, or the dancing Herodias; the Lower Saxons, the devil, Stepke. The Poles believe the dusty whirl to be a dance of fairies, which agrees with the Irish name, 'shee-gaoithe' (sidheann-gaoithe), 'the fairy wind.' 'God speed you, gentlemen,' an Irishman will say to the 'good people' (sheeogues) as they ride by in a cloud of dust. And so in English fairy-lore Puck says:

'We own ourselves a pinch of lively dust
To frisk upon a wind.'

In the wind-god, shrouded in his mask of invisibility, wearing sometimes 'a blue mantle with golden spangles,' as was the case with Wodan, wielding a rod of magic potency that causes things to vanish away and transports the souls of mortals to the under-world; in Yama and Aerlik-khan, in Hellekin and Herlikin, in the Pied Piper and the Erlking, which share in all these characteristic features to a greater or less degree; and in the eddying whirlwind, which is so widely held to be an 'afrit,' demon, or tricky spirit gliding across the plain—in all these we recognise the elements out of which our dancing harlequin, with his black visor, his motley coat, his thaumaturgic sword and graceful circumvolutions, has been evolved in the lapse of time after many strange transformations. It is indeed a far cry from Aerlik-khan, the grim Pluto of Tibetan superstition, and Yama, the dread impersonation of death in ancient India, to the lively *figurant* of our Christmas pantomime; and yet the two long-divorced ideas were once before brought together again by an obscure French dramatist, Thomas S. Gueulette, who, probably wiser than he himself knew, entitled a comedy which he produced at Paris in 1719, 'Arlequin-Pluto.'

Art. VI.—GIORDANO BRUNO IN ENGLAND.

1. *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante, or The Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast.* Translated from the Italian of Jordano Bruno Nolano. London, 1713.
2. *Le opere italiane di Giordano Bruno.* Ristampate da Paolo de Lagarde. Göttingen, 1888.
3. *Life of Giordano Bruno the Nolan.* By I. Frith. Revised by Prof. Moriz Carriere. London: Trübner, 1887.
4. *Le opere latine di Giordano Bruno esposte e confrontate con le italiane,* da Felice Tocco. Firenze, 1889.
5. *Giordano Bruno und Shakespeare.* Von Dr Robert Beyersdorff. Oldenburg, 1889.
6. *The Poems and Masque of Thomas Carew.* Edited by J. W. Ebsworth. London: Reeves and Turner, 1893.
7. *The Italian Renaissance in England.* By Lewis Einstein. New York: Macmillan Company, 1902.

'THE prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come'—these words, in Shakespeare's occultest sonnet, have been read sometimes as a stray from the theories of Giordano Bruno. At least they might serve to denote Bruno himself, with his poetical presentiment of modern pantheism and of a modern ethical temper. One of the divining and expressive minds of the Renaissance, full of its clashing elements of ideal aspiration and animal will, he remains, with his vision on distant things, rather solitary in its midst. The Italian books, which are his main bequest, were written, and probably printed, in England. But much as Bruno has been studied, especially since his monument rose on the place of his burning in Rome, the chapter of his visit to England and his dealings with the English world of his own day claim fresh attention, as well as the strange silence of our own records concerning him, the possible traces of his presence in Spenser and Shakespeare, and the fitful appearances of his name or influence in our literature during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

Bruno was in England about two years and a half, like a man waiting in harbour amidst a series of violent voyages, enjoying a peace which to him could only be comparative. He came, not more than thirty-five years

old, with a passionate intellectual experience already behind him. In the shade of the Dominican life at Naples he had read freely, and the irritant, original quality of his thought had soon brought adventures. He had clashed with the Church, had been threatened, and had put off the religious habit and fled. Thus he started on his long unquiet pilgrimage as a propagandist, joining the assailants of Aristotle and those of the old astronomy, and adding theological heresies of his own. He could not rest in the city of Calvin, which would only harbour a convert, though, luckily for Bruno, Calvin was dead. Then he lectured boldly in Toulouse, one of the homes of the Inquisition, and next, to the credit of Henry III, found shelter and a reader's rostrum in Paris. Here he spoke and wrote much, in the sense of the neo-Platonists, on the 'Shadows of Ideas,' or the deceiving shows of sense. These, to him, were faint copies of the eternal realities or Ideas, which in turn emanated from the supreme Idea of all. In the spring, probably, of 1583, he quitted Paris 'because of the disturbances,' bringing letters from Henry to his ambassador in London.

Michel de Castelnau de Mauvissière, a diplomatist of honour and address, had held his post, and the favour of Elizabeth, for nine years, despite his devotion to Mary Stuart. His memoirs, written in London, but ending with the year 1570, show glimpses of philosophic thought which have been held to recall that of Bruno. He was indeed an appointed guardian for such a visitor. Old cuts are to be seen of the low-hung and narrow-windowed mansion in Butcher Row, leading from Wych Street to the Strand, with the fleur-de-lis on its outer walls, and then or later called Beaumont House. The region is now cleared to purge the thoroughfares of London. Here probably were written four or five of the most explosive books of the sixteenth century. Bruno lived as the 'ambassador's gentleman,' under the roof of a staunch Roman Catholic, and safe by privilege from the arm of any Church. His inconvenient estate as an unfrocked priest was made easy by a special exemption from mass. During his whole stay he 'did not go to mass when it was said indoors, or out of doors, nor yet to any sermon.'

Bruno lived on close and happy terms with his host,

who 'welcomed him with such largesse to a notable position in his household,' and who earns all the more credit if he can scarcely have known that he entertained the chief thinker that had come to England since Erasmus. For Bruno such generosity 'turned England into Italy, and London into Nola.' One of his recondite works, called the 'Exposition of the Thirty Seals'—which is not a commentary on the Apocalypse—Bruno seems to have had printed in London soon after his arrival, and to have prefaced with a dedication to Castelnau by way of grateful afterthought. To the same protector he inscribed three of his far more notable Italian books written in London, using terms of a passionate gratitude which rings true through the pile of superlatives. Hatred and calumny are the lot of ruthless reforming philosophers; and Bruno abounds with complaints against the ignorant tale-bearers and caitiffs who assailed him. From all such Castelnau, who heaped one good office on another, was his only rock of defence. Elsewhere Bruno sounds the note of that superlative pride which saves his excessive arrogance from our ridicule and carried his unpacified spirit through to martyrdom. He caught the higher style of that age in his words to the ambassador:—

'In having near you one who is truly worthy of your protection and aid you show yourself, as ever, conformable to princes great of soul, and to the gods and heroes who have appointed you and those like you to be guardians of their friends. . . . For while your betters in fortune can do nothing for you, who exceed them in virtue, you can do for others something which shall straightway be written in the book of eternity, whether that which is seen upon earth or that which is supposed in heaven.'

Another passage begins by loading the female sex, in Bruno's way, with thirty-nine distinct epithets of abuse, the lightest of which are 'frailty' and 'imperfection,' and which are also quaintly contrived to fit his other aversion, the 'first matter' of Aristotle; but he ends, by way of exception, with a compliment—so sudden and vehement are the turns of his tongue!—to the wife and child of Castelnau. His hostess is endowed, he says carefully, with 'no mediocre bodily beauty,' and with courtesy and discretion. Maria, though only six, might, for her speech,

be either Italian, French, or English, and can so 'handle musical instruments that you cannot tell if she is of bodily or incorporeal substance'; while her 'ripe and goodly bearing makes a doubt whether she has come down from heaven or is merely born of earth.' This tone is in the English as well as the Italian taste of the time, and might remind us of some passionate praise of a child in a play of Shakespeare, or of Fletcher afterwards.

Soon after his arrival, Bruno made what seems to have been his one excursion to an English seat of learning. Before the 'Thirty Seals' he had set, not only his dedication, but a Latin letter, conceived in the phrase, an enemy might say, of a cheap-jack, and addressed to the University of Oxford. Its excess of self-praise and reviling is a pitch even above Bruno's ordinary shout of exaltation or disdain. He has not a quiet style. The dust of his advance and the flaming and creaking of the axles of his chariot are something incredible. He accumulates epithet and synonym as though something were to be gained by them, until we hardly know what he is saying. At his best he is variously noble, sometimes full and ample, after the bent of Rabelais, turning his thought over and over, as though loath to let it fall till we have seen its last facet, while at moments he is inspired by Plato, and recalls him. His own ideal of writing he discloses in a sentence: 'Let me not deal in petty, delicate, curt, cramped, and concise epigram, but in a broad and affluent vein of prose, which is large and long, firm and flowing.' But at other times he writes thus:—

'To the most excellent Vice-Chancellor of the Academy of Oxford; to its illustrious Doctors and famous Masters: greeting from Philotheus J(ordanus) B(runus) of Nola, doctor of a more careful divinity, professor of a purer and harmless wisdom; known in the chief academies of Europe; a philosopher approved and honorifically welcomed; a stranger only amongst churls and savages; the awakener of nodding spirits, the queller of insolent and kicking ignorance, in all his actions betokening a general love of mankind; affecting Briton as much as Italian, woman as much as man, and alike the wearer of crown and mitre, and of gown and sword, the cowed and the uncowed; but most affecting him whose converse is peaceful, humane, loyal, and profitable, who looks not to the appointed hour, the crossed forehead, the washed hands, and

the circumcision, but to the spirit and the cultivation of the wit, whenever he is suffered to look on the face of a true man; hated by spreaders of folly and petty humbugs (*hypocritunculi*), but loved by men of proof and zeal and applauded by the nobler spirits. All greeting to the illustrious and excellent Vice-Chancellor, and to the chief men of his University.'

After all, this was true in substance; and Bruno was only carrying somewhat far the principle of Flaubert's high counsel, 'Soyons plus fiers!' He goes on, however, to advertise his philosophic wares with a sort of ferocious politeness, which is always breaking down, and intimates his readiness to dispute with any one whom he can answer without disgracing himself.

Bruno thus invited himself to lecture at Oxford and argue against all worthy opponents. Naturally no reply of the Vice-Chancellor, Thornton, is on record. There is no trace of any permit being granted, nor is Bruno named among the foreigners who were incorporated in the University. This silence of all the English chronicles contrasts with the loud volubility of his own. Fond as he was, both in dialogue and farce, of pillorying pomposity, he might himself have posed as another stock personage of contemporary farce. The 'Miles Gloriosus' of the anti-church-militant seems to cry aloud in every allusion that he makes to his Oxford visit. By some means he got his wish. He had already made acquaintance with Philip Sidney, and probably of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, who fill so large a place in his later accounts of his English visit. Perhaps it was from them that he took introductions to their own House, Christ Church, of whose Dean, the elder Sir Toby Matthew, as well as of Dr Martin Culpeper, Warden of New College, he speaks with enthusiasm as exceptions to the ruck of Oxford doctors. In any case he says that he lectured; and he chose the two subjects which then filled his mind and were certain to exasperate discussion. He attacked Aristotle's view of the immortality of the soul, and also, in discourses 'De Quintuplici Sphæra,' the still received astronomy. It was probably on the first of these themes that he spoke on the public occasion which is also recorded, though still without any mention of Bruno's name, by Anthony à Wood. So Nietzsche, three centuries later, might have left little impression after haranguing a company of Oxford dons.

On June 10th, 1583, a visitor, Albert Lasco, or Alaski, prince of Poland, a soldier, scholar, and mathematician, 'his personage proper, utterance sweet, nature facile, and wit excellent,' was received by a pomp of scarlet doctors and bailies, entertained with orations and fireworks, and lodged in Christ Church. Among his hosts were Matthew and Culpeper; and he passed three days in a whirl of banquets, speeches, and other demonstrations, 'hearing exercises in the Bible Schools to his great content'; and on the evening of June 11th 'several of that House disputed before him in their common hall.' It may be conjectured that Bruno had the *entrée* of the House, and was allowed speech by Matthew; or he may have spoken at St Mary's, where the customary fencing-match on divinity and on natural and moral philosophy was held; or again, on the morrow, in the schools. For on the latter occasion his friend, Matthew Gwynne, of St John's, not long since Master of Arts, a doctor, musician, and linguist, who recurs later in Bruno's chronicle, contested, on that ancient and husk-laden threshing-floor, the questions 'whether males live longer than females,' and 'whether divination is possible through the stars.' Leyson, the senior proctor, presided; and it is often doubtfully assumed that he was the actual disputant whom Bruno says that he perplexed. There is, again, no evidence, and Wood describes more of such spectacles on the next and last day of Alaski's visit. The whole scene, with its endless gowned formality and loquacity, bursts into froth; the doctors go back to cloister, and the celebrated person departs from Oxford amid more compliments, but from England in a cloud of debts, and is last seen by an English gentleman in Cracow, 'very poor and bare.'

Meantime, the obscure Italian, who remains unnoticed, was to his own sense the centre of all beholders in one or other of these exhibitions. We have his words:—

'Go there and let them tell you of what befell the Nolan, when he publicly disputed on theology with those doctors, before Prince Alacco the Polack, and others, noblemen of England. Hear how they could answer his reasonings, and how that unhappy doctor stuck fifteen times like a chicken in the stubble, amidst the fifteen syllogisms he propounded to us as Corypheus of the University on that momentous occasion! Hear how rudely and discourteously that swine went on, and

how humanely and patiently spoke that other, showing he was indeed Neapolitan born and reared under a kinder sky.'

If the Church had taught Bruno language, the profit of it was that he knew how to curse. Farther on he pictures the sixteenth century doctors.

'They were clad in velvet, and one of them had two chains of shining gold on his neck, and the other twelve rings on two fingers of his precious hand, like a jeweller . . . and they showed acquaintance with beer as well as with Greek.'

Two of them will re-appear in 'The Ash Wednesday Supper,' where this sharp retrospect of Oxford occurs. But Bruno felt he had gone too far, and in his next work, 'On the Cause,' there is a long recantation. He was able to disown the slur of being 'an odd, impatient, and fantastic featherhead,' who has insulted a whole city and kingdom. For Oxford nursed Greville and Sidney and many keen and gentle spirits; and its well-ordered studies and solemn ceremonies make it, we now hear, one of the first academies in the world. Thus, in one of his quick revulsions, Bruno furls a little sail.

He had, however, retreated, we know not when, from Oxford to the embassy, and doubtless had due occasion to thank Castelnau for saving him 'from these doctors and from hunger.' For seven months no more is heard; but on Ash Wednesday, February 15th, 1584, occurred the scenes described in his book, 'La Cena de le Ceneri,' published in that year, and yielding a unique picture of English life. The astronomical discussion, in which Bruno defended the motion of the earth, is of less note than the framework of half-intended comedy. The heresy put forth forty years before by Copernicus, not as physical truth, but as the best mathematical explanation of the phenomena, was the subject of endless controversy, and could still serve for an evening's baiting. There is some gap at the beginning of the tale. Bruno receives two messengers from a 'royal esquire' saying that his conversation is desired. Then suddenly he is found conversing with Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, now a close acquaintance, who asks him the grounds of his belief.

'To which he [Bruno] replied, that he could not have given him any reason without knowing his capacity; and not know-

ing how far he might make himself understood, he feared to do like those who reason with statues and go on parleying with the dead; . . . but he was ever ready to answer worthy questioners.'

Bruno often violently contrasts the incivility of the English lower orders with the courtesy of the upper. Greville earned the praise by his reception of such a reply; for it

'greatly pleased the Signor Fulke; and he said, You do me a most pleasing service. I accept your offer, and would fain settle a day, when you will be opposed by persons who perchance will not fail to give you cause to display your forces. Wednesday week will be Ash Wednesday, and you will be invited with many gentlemen and learned personages, in order that after meat there may be debate on sundry noble matters. I promise you, said the Nolan, that I will not fail to be there at the hour, yea, and whenever a like occasion presents itself. . . . But I pray you not to make me come before persons who are ignoble and miscreate and of little understanding in such speculations. . . . The Signor Fulke replied that he need not doubt, for those that he proposed to have would be men of the best learning and behaviour.'

This was indeed good manners, and the supper is arranged. But Ash Wednesday comes, and sunset; and neither boat nor horse nor equipage is sent by the host to carry Bruno through the lampless mire of London. It is an insult; and he departs to spend his time with some Italian friends. Returning late, he finds two messengers, probably the same as before, awaiting him. One of these, John Florio, already domesticated in England, and afterwards to be the client of Shakespeare's friend, Southampton, and to make Montaigne an English classic, doubtless served for interpreter; for Bruno scorned to learn more than a few words of English. All Englishmen of rank, he says,

'know that their own tongue is only used in their own island, and would think themselves barbarians if they could not speak in Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian.'

The other companion is the Welsh physician, Matthew Gwynne, who had disputed on astrology and lectured on music at Oxford, and was further a maker of Latin plays. They tell Bruno that a company of knights, gentry,

and doctors are waiting supper for him, and will by no means miss him. With a show of bitterness he consents but only in order to give them a lesson in courtesy.

The route then taken by the three can partly be followed. Greville cannot have been at his mansion, Brook House, in Brook Street, Holborn, but was probably lodged in or near Whitehall. Eight years later Bruno, questioned by the Holy Office, said that the debate of 'La Cena' occurred in the French embassy, and was attended by certain physicians. He cannot well have forgotten. Either there was another occasion, or it seemed well to have aired the alleged heresy under the roof of an unimpeachable Catholic. In 'La Cena' a curious journey is described. It was the statelier as well as easier way to go to Westminster by water. But, on quitting Butcher Row, instead of descending from St Clement's to the Temple Stairs, the travellers for some reason turn eastward first, and get to Dorset Stairs, leading down from Dorset House, the abode of Lord Buckhurst, the poet of the 'Induction' and Elizabeth's trusted councillor. Here they hail a boat; and what follows is like a sudden interlude from Chapman's or Porter's comedy, save that instead of the British joy in farce and blows we feel the fierce nerves and quick intolerant senses of Italy.

'There we shouted and called *oares, id est gondolieri*; and stayed a long time, in which we could easily have got to our appointed place by land, and have done some small business withal. At length, from afar off, two boatmen answered, and right slowly they came to shoreward as though to put in; and then, after much question and answer about the where, and the when, and the why, and the how, and the how much, they brought up their bows to the lowest step of the stairs. And lo, there were two, and one of them, who looked like the ancient mariner of the realm of Tartarus, put out a hand to the Nolan; and the other, who I think was his son, though he was a man of some sixty-five years, received the rest of us.'

The boat creaked and leaked, *accepit rimosa paludem*, and might 'safely rival Noah's ark in age, for it seemed a relic of the Flood.' In this rotten craft they go painfully forward, the two Italians singing, and Florio doing it 'as though thinking of his loves.' The boat seems to be made of lead; and at length the boatmen, instead of

hurrying, turn into shore, and this when they have not gone a third of the way, being only just beyond 'the place that is called the Temple.' They will go no farther, for hereabouts they live. After vain entreaties the passengers pay the fare, and land, it would seem somewhere about the Temple Stairs, not in comfort. They plunge, perforce, through a terrible *tenebroso Averno* of low-tide Thames mud,

'one of them hissing with fury, another whispering, another snorting with his lips, or throwing a sigh and stopping a little, or cursing under his breath.'

At last, after reaching shore, they come to a slough with a dry narrow margin or side-lane, and thence somehow make their way up towards the Strand. And behold, they find themselves some twenty steps from Bruno's house, back near Temple Bar. They debate whether to go on; and, though they have been maltreated, they prefer to conquer by courtesy, and not to baulk the hopes of so many knights and noble personages. Moreover, Bruno is ever anxious to 'learn men's natures, to see manners, and, if it might be, to acquaint himself with some novel truth.'

They go forward, and the adventures begin again, though the route becomes less traceable. Near 'the pyramid by the mansion where three roads meet,' perhaps Charing Cross, Bruno is mobbed, and is thankful (answering *Tanchi, maester*—'thank ye, master') because he is merely hustled, and does not receive the sharp-pointed boss of the ruffian's buckler. This gives occasion for a tirade against the manners of the English populace, which is a mere sink in Bruno's eyes, and the most raw and barbarous ever born upon the bosom of the earth. The scene is convincing, and we feel the hot breath and clamour of Elizabethan London at nightfall.

'The artisans and shopfolk, who know you in some fashion to be a foreigner, snicker and laugh and grin and mouth at you, and call you in their own tongue dog, traitor, and stranger, which with them is a most injurious name, qualifying its object to receive every wrong in the world, be he young or old, in civic dress or armed, noble or gentle. And now, if by evil chance you take occasion to touch one of them, or lay hand to your arms, lo, in a moment you will see yourself, for the whole street's length, in the midst of a host that has

sprung up quicker than the men-at-arms, in the fiction of the poets, sprang from the teeth sown by Jason. They seem to come out of the earth, but in truth they issue from the shops, and give you a most lordly and noble view of a forest of sticks, long poles, halberds, partisans, and rusty pitchforks; and these things, though the sovereign has given them for the best of uses, they have ever ready for this and like occasions. So you will see them come upon you with a peasant fury, without looking where, or how, or why, or upon whom, and none of them thinking of any other; every one discharging the natural despite he hath against the foreigner; and, if he is not stayed by the heels of the rest who are carrying out a like intent, you will find him taking the measure of your doublet with his own hand or his own rod, and, if you are not wary, hammering your hat upon your head withal.'

After such adventures they reach Greville's door.

'The various people and servants in the hall, without giving way, or bowing the head, or making any reverence, and showing scorn by their gesture, did us the favour to point us to the right door. We go in and upstairs, and find that, after waiting for us long, they had sat down to table in despair.'

This behaviour of the great man's retinue leads to a curious and acute digression on the various classes of English dependents—gentlemen's needy gentlemen who wear a badge, bankrupt merchants, runaway sailors, and rogues, who all enter service. Then the supper-party is described in the same vivid, excited, rather distorted way. What eyes, what a memory, what a passion of learned hatred are needed for a picture like this of the Oxford doctor! It might be drawn by an exasperated candidate of his examiner in the schools:—

'With an emphatic visage—like that wherewith *Divom pater* is described in the 'Metamorphoses' as sitting in the midst of the council of the gods, to fulminate that harsh judgment against the profane Lycaon—after looking at his golden necklace—*torquem auream, aureum monile*—and then, having glanced at the breast of the Nolan, where he might rather have missed a button, he sat up, took his arms off the table, shook his shoulders a little, snorted somewhat with his mouth, set his velvet cap straight on his head, twirled his moustache, put his perfumed visage into gear, arched his brows, expanded

his nostrils, glanced behind him and adjusted himself, and leaned his left hand on his left side.'

The two doctors, called here Torquato and Nundinio, sat on each side of an unnamed knight who took the head of the table. Florio, after some polite parleying, sat at the foot, with Greville on his right and Bruno on his left. Contemporary portraits help the sharp outline of the scene. Bruno, spare, short, with a wide persistent gaze and endless vitality, probably not yet bearded, careless of dress and copious of words; Greville, with smallish clear-modelled features, high-bred, dignified, and dressed like a courtier, with, as we may imagine, a halting, fastidious utterance; Florio, another dark Italian face, full of cheerful affectations of speech; the cavalier, possibly Sidney, with more distinction than beauty; the excited rampant doctors; the Latin shouting and arguing over diagrams, the philosophers crying out while the gentlemen keep their heads; the ceremony, so disgusting to Bruno, of passing round the loving-cup; the break-up of the party in confusion; the doctors departing without salutation, having been easily silenced and refuted; and all this about the motion of the earth:—surely few scenes of that period in England have been rescued for us so clearly from the darkness of time! The conclusion is in keeping. The entertainers, still unperturbed, beg Bruno not to be vexed with the doctors, but to pity the poverty of the land, which has been 'widowed of all good literature so far as touches philosophy and mathematics.' Then, after courtesies, Bruno returns in the dark 'without coming on any of those butting and kicking beasts which had molested our advance.'

The years 1584 and 1585 were the most fruitful of Bruno's life. In the leisure and shelter of the embassy he wrote the five or six Italian dialogues which show the full compass of his style and the early maturity of his philosophy. Apart from the Latin poems subsequently published, they contain almost every seminal thought which Bruno yielded for posterity. It is wholly certain, too, that they were issued from a British press, though 'La Cena' mentions no place at all, while the others bear the imprint of Venice or Paris. Long after, at his trial, Bruno explained that all the books dated from Venice, and

practically all dated from Paris or elsewhere, were really printed in England, the publisher supposing that a foreign imprint would increase the English sales. It may not have been easy to find a publisher for works which Anglican and Romanist would alike repudiate. A tradition of some age, found in a note of Thomas Baker the antiquary, steadily asserts that Bruno applied to one of the most courageous and lettered printers in London, Thomas Vautrollier, a learned Huguenot, who had already been checked and fined for producing Lutheran pamphlets, and who fled to Scotland (where he introduced a new era in printing) because, according to Baker, he had been printer to Bruno. The whole tradition is doubtful; for the Italian books, though all from the same London press, bear, according to a recent expert opinion, no resemblance in type or decorations to Vautrollier's issues. Who printed them is unknown.

Thus, when England was barren of philosophy, at least ten years before Hooker's treatise and twenty before the 'Advancement of Learning,' the Italian refugee had probably printed in London the dialogues he had written within a bow-shot of Temple Bar. Each of them shows his temperament colouring a different problem. 'De la Causa, Principio et Uno,' seeks the final, single, and divine principle of things, which is infused into all matter. 'De l'Infinito, Universo, e Mondi' refutes the current notion of the physical universe as bounded by fixed walls or 'flaming ramparts.' In the 'Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante,' with its parasitic 'Cabala del Cavallo Pegaseo,' a fresher code of human excellence is propounded, and the current social ethics revised. In 'Degli eroici Furori' the upward quest of the soul for illumination is portrayed. Bruno wove no system, but passed on to further developments in his Latin poems, which expound his view of the monad, or constituent unit of all things and thoughts.

In the Italian books there is endless Vesuvian reek and fulmination. There is little trace of the serenity which crowns the conversation of the Platonic Socrates, though there is some of his subtlety. There is plenty of sardonic declamation and noise; and the speakers who disagree with Bruno are too soon, and with too little slyness, made foolish. But the style, so various, often so high, and always alive and never satisfied, animates the

formal metaphysics, disguising, even, the outline of the new thoughts to which it gives all that impetus. One of Bruno's needs is to seek and absorb as much of the picturesque manifold of life as possible. He will have everything, before he feels ready to seek the unity which binds the pageant together. And his other, his co-equal need, is to seek for that unity in life itself, in spirit, in divinity, whose omnipresence he guesses and vehemently asserts rather than approaches by steps of proof. The dialogues quiver with this play of two intellectual passions—so real can the metaphysical quest of 'finding the one in the many' be when thus taken to heart! To such a quest the widening of knowledge in his own day, and the corresponding liberation of human dreams and aspirations, gave reality.

We now return to the narrative of his life in London, which is often wrongly told.

There is no other record of Bruno visiting Fulke Greville; nor is there anything certainly to show that the 'cavalier' at the supper was Sidney. There is no reason why Sidney should not have been named, if present; but Bruno seldom names him before the later dedications—those of the 'Spaccio' and the 'Furori'—though we then learn that Sidney had been among his first English acquaintances. A passage in the dedication to 'La Cena' may be given in full, as it is the main source of what must be called the Bruno legend:—

'What is the drift of this banquet, this supper? Not merely to muse on the disposition of the noble and well-conditioned Signor Fulke Greville, in whose honoured dwelling we met; nor on the honourable bearing of those most courteous gentlemen who were there present to see and hear. But our desire is to see how far nature can go in compounding two fantastic bugbears, dreams, shadows, and quartan agues [these are the two Oxford doctors]. And while the historic sense of this matter is first sifted and then chewed and digested, there are drawn out aptly by the way certain speculations, some topographical, some geographical, or rational, or moral, or again metaphysical, or mathematical, or natural.'

Thus Bruno merely says in his rapid way that all kinds of digressions may be looked for in his dialogue;

and on this remark appears to rest the time-honoured fiction of a 'club,' or periodical gathering, of which Sidney, Greville, and Bruno were the leaders, and which met to 'discuss,' as it is usually put, 'moral and philosophical speculations.' This notion seems to be traceable to a remark by Warton in a note upon a line of Pope. He says that Sidney was 'in a secret club with' Bruno in 1587 (*sic*). Prosy Zouch, the biographer of Sidney, added the vivid detail that 'philosophical and metaphysical subjects of a nice and delicate nature were there discussed, and the doors of the apartment in which they met kept shut.' Later writers have seized the hook, which is baited by the authentic records of the secret 'atheistical' sittings that were charged first against Marlowe and then against Sir Walter Raleigh. There is no proof of the 'club's' existence, and everything discredits the theory. Sidney was the last man in England to deal in philosophical heresy. There is not a sign of his knowing Bruno's views, or of his having any real interest in high metaphysic or freethinkers' ethics. Nor do the pensive and stoical poems of Greville resemble anything in Bruno.

An allied fiction has it that Bruno was well known in London society, and personally acquainted—so the list usually runs—with Dyer, Spenser, Bacon, Temple (the translator of Ramus), and, as it sometimes added, with Walsingham and Leicester also. Of this there is no evidence at all. To the first four of these he never seems to allude, and to the last two, only as illustrious men. Almost every modern authority, except Mr Symonds in his 'History of the Renaissance,' and Dr Höffding in his 'History of Modern Philosophy' (a work which contains the best short account of Bruno extant, and can be read with pleasure by the man of letters as well as the philosopher), repeats the unfounded tradition. Various forms of it may be found in many excellent books, such as the late Mr Owen's 'Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance,' in Mr Fox Bourne's 'Sir Philip Sidney,' in Miss Frith's work on Bruno, in the standard biography of Berti, and especially in the popular Italian accounts of Bruno, which swarm with mistakes about England. To ascribe any such prominence to Bruno is precisely to conceal the most curious problem of his life in England,

namely, why he was ignored. Before touching on this point we may enquire what more he really tells us, and what may safely be inferred from it.

In the dedication of the 'Spaccio' there is ardent praise of Sidney, of his wit and manners, and of his truly heroic disposition and merits, 'shown to me at my very first arrival in the British isle'; and Bruno adds that he would not turn his back on that fair and fortunate land before saluting Sidney in gratitude, a remark which points to the 'Spaccio' having been issued shortly before his departure. With this greeting he couples another to Greville,

'who resembles you in his many inward and outward perfections, being allied to you in the long and strait friendship wherein you have been reared and grown together; and as to myself, he was the first to proffer me his services after you, who were first; and I should have taken and he accomplished them, if the jealous Erinnys of mean and malignant persons had not sprinkled its arsenic betwixt him and me.'

He adds that some unnamed calumniator had estranged Greville, yet he keeps another book in reserve to inscribe to him. This promise was not kept. We do not know what the calumny was; but Bruno was often both waspish and sensitive, and his prefaces run over with complaints of being misconstrued and defamed. Perhaps, after the exhibition in 'La Cena,' Greville had politely dropped him. In 'De la Causa' he represents himself as a victim of general hatred, envy, and persecution, and Castelnau as his one protector. It might not be unfair to think that he is really angry at not being noticed. He hints also at another side of his experience. Among his troubles, and the last drop in his cup, was a 'mad, malicious, and discourteous feminine scorn.' But the 'Furori,' perhaps a year after, opens with an indifferent sonnet to the 'fair and delectable nymphs of England,' and ends with a long and confused lyrical parable in honour of those ladies, 'the graces of the Thames,' and their queen. Perhaps the nymphs are the same referred to later still in the 'De Immenso,' where Bruno likens himself to the hairy Pan—'*setosum quia me natura creavit*'—well enough, if we think of his large, indiscriminate zest for life, and his fierce buoyancy of temper

His tone is like that of Walt Whitman; he is strenuous, he says, and invincible, and male; and if he is reproached he has his answer ready for all the Narcissi—'peramarunt me quoque nymphæ.' Such an attitude may help to show why his ethics did not appeal to Spenser or Sidney, the sons and singers of chivalry. Of chivalry he had little enough. Crossing his Platonic strain, and at last overpowering it, is the decisive, positive spirit of a Southerner. Sidney may have scrupled to admire a tirade in the 'Furori' which Shakespeare might have been glad to invent for one of his ebullient personages. Taxed long after by the Inquisitors concerning his attitude to women, Bruno gave conventional answers; but the passage in question recalls the tone of his early, rampant comedy, 'The Candle-holder':—

'What? Am I, perchance, a foe of generation? Do I hate the sun? Am I vexed that I and others have been put into the world? Am I the one to bar the holy institute of nature? God forbid. . . . I do not think that I am cold, and doubt if the snows of Caucasus or Riphæus could allay my heat. What then do I conclude? This, O eminent knight, that we should render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. I mean that women should be loved and honoured—as women should be.'

Bruno had also to own to the Inquisition that he had been guilty of praising heretical sovereigns. But he pleaded that he had praised them, not as heretics, but for their moral virtues. He admits his error in applying the classical adjective *diva* to Elizabeth. 'But I was all the readier so to call her, because she knew me, as I went constantly with the ambassador to court.' This is his only reference to his personal knowledge of the queen. But in 'De la Causa' he falls into the strain of high but not absurd fancy familiar in Spenser and Drayton. He does not merely dole out the requisite compliment; he had stayed long enough to catch the rising tone of patriotic hope and triumph.

'With the glory of her eyes, for twenty-five years and more, she has pacified the great ocean, who with perpetual ebb and flow quietly receives into his bosom his beloved Thames; and he without fear and annoy goes on gay and secure, creeping to and fro along the grassy shores.'

The 'rocks unscaleable and roaring waters' of England stayed in Bruno's memory. Part of his Lucretian poem, 'De Immenso,' must have been written here; and we seem to trace him staying on the south coast. He argues that the eye is deceived by the seeming nearness to one another of the fixed stars, as compared with the distance of the planets, 'just as a corner of this house seems, from the height of Calais, to be farther from the other corner than one distant end of Britain from another.' Later in the same work, which was printed in 1591, we catch a far-off echo of the journeys of Drake, and a kind of naturalised pride in the English fleet, which represents so much toil, and so much of 'nimis imperterrita virtus,' triumphant over obstacles, yet bringing sometimes, he adds, the pests and maladies of other lands. It was in the late summer of 1585 that Bruno left England for good. There is no reason to think that the slanders about which he is eloquent shortened his stay. It ended naturally with that of the ambassador, who took him back to the French court. He resumed his wanderings, which ceased fourteen years later, in February 1600, in his martyrdom on the Campo di Flora; not dust unto dust, but flame unto flame—a death of which any thinker might be jealous.

Every mention of Bruno's life in England comes from himself, and no allusion to his name has yet been traced, so far as we know, in the English writings of the sixteenth century. Neither Sidney nor Greville speaks of him. It has been suggested that the phrase 'sweet enemy,' which comes in Bruno's sonnets in the 'Furori,' and in a famous phrase of Sidney, is a recollection; but it is simply one of the paradoxical felicities, like Romeo's 'cold fire, sick health,' which swarm in the verse of the time. Bruno's books were not reprinted for two centuries in the original, and became disregarded rarities. The other great Italians were freely translated; Vautrollier himself issued Fenton's version of Guicciardini. Tasso, as well as Ariosto, Castiglione, and many lesser men, were familiar in English. There are constant allusions to the presence, or signs of the influence, of other visitors from Italy, as Mr Einstein well shows in his recent work on 'The Italian Renaissance in England.' But not a line of Bruno's appears to have

been quoted or even alluded to as his until the days of the 'Spectator' and Toland. All this should serve to banish the fancy that he was a recognised focus of thought and culture in London, or that he left a deep imprint on the English mind. As Dr Höfding puts it,

'There is no ground for supposing that there was any real comprehension of his views, even in small and select circles; at any rate no trace of it can be pointed out. . . . Philosophical interest in England ran in quite another direction from that taken by Bruno, both then and in the following age.'

We may, however, ask more exactly, not only why so keen and rare a spirit was neglected, but whether the neglect was total after all. There was so much 'celestial thieving' among the Elizabethans—Spenser seized whole stanzas of Tasso silently—that it would be rash to deny such a likelihood.

Bruno's system never reached cohesion; his style was foreign to that of all contemporary English prose, the nearest analogue, strange as it sounds, being that of Thomas Nash. His vanity and suspicion were not very endearing, and he may have seemed to the superficial a bundle of pretensions and fantasies. He did not speak English. But the causes of his being generally forgotten lay deeper. On one side he was not very original: much of his Platonism, for instance, was part of the common stock of the Renaissance. On another side he was much too original and prophetic to be understood by any of his hosts. During his actual stay there was little true philosophical life in England; and the rise of Hooker or Bacon could only deepen the oblivion which had overtaken the strange, vehement visitor, so soon become a rumour. If anywhere it is among the poets that we must seek his influence. Had he any upon Shakespeare, or upon Spenser?

In 1585, when Bruno left London, Shakespeare is not known to have reached it. Florio, we saw, had met Bruno; and both he and Shakespeare became clients or friends of Southampton. Florio translated Montaigne, and somehow Shakespeare read Montaigne. This is the sole personal channel through which we know definitely that Shakespeare might have heard of Bruno. The language of the Italian dialogues is much harder than that

of Cinthio or the other tale-tellers whom Shakespeare may have read in the original. Still various scholars have insisted on finding Bruno's thoughts in 'Hamlet' or the Sonnets, though all such attempts have brought misfortune. The philosophical ideas which recur in Shakespeare—not as a doctrine but as an intermittent *motif* (if we seek for more we are led as by Ariel's music into many traps and pools)—are usually incompatible with those of Bruno. Dr Beyersdorff of Oldenburg proved this in detail in 1889; and everything confirms his sceptical treatment of two laborious Germans, Tschischwitz and König, who were not content till they had found many parallels between the two authors. Bruno would have said that even Alexander's dust had its share of the *anima mundi*, despite the 'progress of a king through the guts of a beggar.' Hamlet refers purely to physical change, and no one could see any affinity to Bruno's theory who did not confound his pantheism with atomic materialism. Hamlet, too, could 'count himself a king of infinite space,' without his creator being driven to the 'De l'Infinito' for the idea. Shakespeare, in fact, shows no sign of abjuring the old astronomy, which Bruno helped to subvert. His imagery is firmly tied to the orbs and spheres, even as his sun 'rises on the earth.' It is their music that is heard quiring by Lorenzo, it is their predominance over human fates that is doubted by Edgar. There is no sign of Bruno's daring burglary through the legendary outer sphere, in which the fixed stars are 'pegged, panelled, and plastered' as in a kind of cupola. Bruno's conception, which acts on his fancy like a drug extending the apparent range of vision, is that of endless room for innumerable worlds, in one of which the sun is central; and it was not used by our poets till long afterwards.

It is hardly fantastic to say that we know Shakespeare all the better if we see that he is not, after all, at the centre of the new philosophy, any more than the earth, with all its riches, tempests, and entertainments, of which he is the master and presenter, is at the centre of the new heavens. In that single inspired phrase, 'the prophetic soul of the wide world,' there might seem a glance at Bruno's pantheism. But pantheism was not peculiar at this epoch to Bruno; and, moreover, Shakespeare does not elsewhere seem to speak of pantheism or monism.

One sceptical phrase of Hamlet, 'There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so,' is far more likely, as Dr Brandes has shown in his work on Shakespeare, to be an echo of Montaigne than of Bruno. Again, the 'shadow' and 'substance' in Shakespeare's Sonnets have been compared with Bruno's 'Umbrae Idearum'; but the usage is not quite the same. Add to this that no contrast or criticism of the current religions is to be surely traced in Shakespeare, while it was Bruno's task to deride many of the doctrines common to the old faith and the new. What a quicksand the study of verbal parallels may be, is shown in those who compare the allusion in 'Hamlet' to an external providence, or the 'divinity that shapes our ends,' with Bruno's profoundly pantheistic sentence, that 'we have a divinity close to us, nay, it is more within us than we are within ourselves.'

It would be natural to seek for some intellectual contact between Bruno and Spenser, who drank far more deeply than Shakespeare of Italian thought and poetry. Both of them drew from the same sources of neo-Platonism—partly from Plato himself, or Plotinus, but more immediately from the recognised expositions by Ficino, Pico, and Benivieni. From Pico, for instance, could be learned the several stages, each more disinterested than the last, by which the soul rises to the apprehension of a beauty divine and absolute. By the others the contrast of vulgar and Platonic love was developed in a way that is familiar through the 'Four Hymns' and 'Comus.' There are passages in Bruno to match anything in those poems, but we must not infer that Bruno was the creditor of the English poets.

'Love is not a ravishment by the snares of bestial affection, bound under the laws of an unworthy destiny; but it is a rational impulse, which follows on the intellectual apprehension of the Good and Fair, which are known to it, and whereto it would fain conform itself; so that it comes to be kindled by their light and nobleness—comes to be invested with a quality that makes it seem worthy and noble. . . . It does not go stumbling and dashing now into one ditch, now another, or upon a rock, as though drunken with Circe's cups; nor does it change from aspect to aspect like a vagrant Proteus; but it conquers and controls the monsters of terror without any jar to harmony. The affection that is well-conditioned

loves bodies and bodily beauty as a token of the beauty of the spirit. Nay, what enamours us in the body is a certain spiritual quality which we see therein and call beauty.'

Bruno makes as much of Platonism as any Englishman of his century. Of the happiness of mystical attainment he uses much the same words as Spenser makes his tempter, Despair, use of the mere quiet of death :

There is the fruit of toilsome virtue, there is joy, there the river of delights . . . there is the term of tempestuous labours, there peace and rest, there quiet undisturbed.'

The parallel is doubtless again an accident. And the turn which Bruno gave his Platonism removes it far from that of Spenser or of our later Cambridge divines. It was a single affluent of his monism or pantheism, which was so far beyond his own age that it waited for development by Spinoza and Leibnitz. But there are other elements in his thought which it seems less hazardous to discover working upon Spenser.

We do not know if it has yet been noticed as a possibility that Spenser read Bruno's strangest and best-hated book, the '*Spaccio*,' which has a fitful history in English literature afterwards. It soon passed out of knowledge or was misknown. Scioppius, whose virulent letter is our chief authority for Bruno's martyrdom, thought that the '*Triumphant Beast*' was the Pope. Leibnitz, despite his vast reading, never seems to have actually handled the book, and confused the word *spaccio*, despatch or rout, with *specchio*, a mirror. Even now the work is often ill understood, owing to the cumber and diffuseness of the allegory. It shows in a parable Bruno's vision of a new society on earth, which is preceded by a great, vague catastrophe. The reigning vices and cowardices are superseded by justice and truth. This new earth Bruno's ironic fable shows under the guise of a new heaven. The scene is the pagan Olympus. Jove feels old, cannot descend any more to earth to misbehave in bestial disguises, and dreads to suffer from the universal law of change. Perhaps he may die into something which has no memory of Jove. Like a man, he prays to Fate while knowing that it cannot alter, and resolves reformation which shall begin with others turns pious, rebuffs Ganymede, and taunts

physical omens of the dowager condition. On the anniversary of the fall of the giants he assembles the gods, who are to show repentance by instituting a wholly new chart of the firmament. In the sequel there is every kind of guerilla warfare against Jewish and anthropomorphic theology; but the chief aim is to construct a new ideal of human ethics. The old stars and constellations merely blaze out the rapine and amours of the gods. The sign of Hercules is a witness of Jove's adultery, and the sky is thus filled with symbols of squalid vices, moral and intellectual. Altogether, these make up 'the triumphant Beast' who has to be despatched. Jove goes readily through the work of degrading each of them and promoting its contrasted excellence.

The ethical ideal that results is one of the most significant produced by the Renaissance, and is a corrective to that set forth in the 'Faerie Queene.' It is one of noble ring, magnanimous free-thinking, and frank respect for human needs and passions. It may be called naturalistic, while Spenser's is medieval and chivalrous. Bruno's position, though his fable is confused and crowded, is distinct with that sense of the infinite which is his birthright, and intimates much that we are still trying to express. The cardinal virtues are Truth, 'the purest and divinest of things, nay their essential purity and divinity, which is not stirred by violence, marred by age, wrinkled by time, or veiled by darkness'; Wisdom, with the various sciences in her train; high Prudence, her mundane counterpart; Law and Justice; Courage, which is described in Aristotelian manner as midway between the extremes of Weakness and Meanness on one side, and Insolence and Savagery on the other; Indignation which is just and well regulated; Love of the Commonweal, and many more. Sometimes the turn given is quaint. The denunciation of Cruelty suggests a tirade against the hunting of game—a pursuit only worthy of butchers, and to be banished to England or at least to Corsica. The sign of the Cup must disappear and be given to the chief culprit produced by high or low Germany, where Gluttony 'renowned among the heroic virtues, and Drunkenness among the heavenly attributes.' This ancestral foible of the North had been taxed for centuries; yet we are not surprised to find a German pedant tracing a debt to Bruno

in Hamlet's allusion to the 'heavy-headed revel' of the Danes. As a whole, Bruno's ethics, while not systematised, rank as high, clear, and prophetic, though he has no understanding of the Christian virtues.

In spite of this difference of spirit we still seem to find an echo of Bruno in Spenser's verse. The broken cantos 'On Constancy' recall some of the 'Spaccio' in their machinery, and other words of Bruno in their ruling idea. They play with large conceptions of change and recurrence. Here also is a conclave of gods led by Jove and discomfited by the feeling of decay. Mutability is a 'Titaness' who makes a struggle to revive her dynasty. She pleads before the gods her right of conquest. So far the scenery nearly recalls that of the 'Spaccio,' but the sequel differs. Nature sits in judgment, and before her, in proof of the endlessness of Change, passes the pomp of the Seasons, Months, and Hours.

'For who sees not that Time on all doth prey?
But times do change and move continually,
And nothing here long standeth in one stay.'

But Nature pronounces that if all things change, they change in a fixed cycle (so that change and order imply each other).

'And turning to themselves at length again
Do work their own perfection so by fate.
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign,
But they rule over Change, and do their states maintain.'

The notion, which appears elsewhere in the 'Faerie Queene' (III, vi, 37, 38), is an old one, but had been phrased most recently in the 'Eroici Furori,' though of course without the Christian application given by Spenser.

'Death and dissolution do not besit this entire mass, of which the star that is our globe consists. Nature as a whole cannot suffer annihilation; and thus, at due times, in fixed order, she comes to renew herself, changing and altering all her parts; and this it is fitting should come about with fixity of succession, every part taking the place of all the other parts. . . . Thus all things in their kind have the vicissitude of lordship and slavery, felicity and infelicity, of *that* is called life, and the state that is called *death*

and darkness, and of good and evil. And there is nothing which by natural fitness is eternal but the substance which is matter.'

The references in English to Bruno during the next century and a half are usually to the 'Spaccio'; those made by Bacon to his name are cursory and show no sign of study. But the 'Spaccio' is unexpectedly to be traced in an English masque played at Whitehall by Charles I, and set to music by Milton's friend Henry Lawes. It is unknown how Thomas Carew came to use a work so rare and discredited for the fabric of his 'Coelum Britannicum' (1634). He had been in Venice, where the tale of Bruno and copies of his books may still have lingered. He does not own his source, which we believe was first noted by his biographer in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' nor does he use it with any notion of its scope or grandeur. But he has certainly taken its setting and dipped into its episodes. Momus, the satiric god, a kind of Shakespearian fool in Bruno's Olympus, plays, like Mercury, a part in the masque. Carew makes Mercury promote Charles and his queen into the room of the usurping stars, which are plucked down as in the 'Spaccio.' In one speech a dozen of the signs are saddled with the same vices as Bruno allots to them; while Riches, Poverty, and Fortune, as in the original, though not in the same language, make harangue. The rest is different; but it is curious that this show should have appeared in the same year as 'Comus.'

For long we hear no more of Bruno in English literature, except a few casual words in the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' Burton alludes to his physical theories, and calls him an atheist, which he was not. But the stigma helped to obliterate his work in England. Hobbes and Locke both worked in a different direction; and if Spinoza, who may have studied the Italian, was a misunderstood name of terror, Bruno was apparently quite forgotten. The deistical movement at the beginning of the eighteenth century produced a curious little current of interest in his work. Copies of the 'Spaccio' rose in price at the book-sales to thirty or fifty pounds; and 'nothing,' began Eustace Budgell in the 'Spectator' (No. 389, 27th May, 1712), 'has more surprised the learned England.' The work, he says, might be thought formidable, as it was written 'by one Jordanus Brunus, a

professed atheist, with a design to depreciate religion.' Budgell, however, read it, and found it so little dangerous that he 'ventured' to give a cursory and bewildering summary of its contents. Meagre as his relation is, it tells more of the work than Bayle's article in his 'Dictionary' published fourteen years before. So Mandeville, in his 'Remarks' on his 'Fable of the Bees,' refers to the book as 'that silly piece of blasphemy.'

In 1713 enough interest was excited for a translation to appear, which is thus far the only one in English. Few copies—it is said a hundred—were printed, and the execution is so creditable that it might well be revised and re-issued, though the preface to Sidney is not rendered in the copy we have seen. The translator seems to have been Morehead. But he was probably inspired by John Toland, whose reading was wider than that of the other deists, and to whom we owe the only notices of real interest for many a decade. Toland had been attracted already to Bruno. He had summarised the 'Spaccio' in a letter, though he did not dare to name the author. Leibnitz, with whom he corresponded, had, as we have noted, misunderstood the title. Toland then explains further, but 'the matter is not to be communicated to every one.' However, he ventured further. In another pamphlet he quotes and corrects the letter of Scioppius, mentions the 'De la Causa,' gives a fuller notice of the more harmless 'De l'Infinito,' and translates its preface. How much he understood may be judged from the remark that Bruno considered spirit 'only a more movable and subtle portion of matter.' But Toland was the first Englishman, and one of the few men of his day, who showed any inkling at all of Bruno's significance. Allusions to him doubtless exist in the later eighteenth century, but it is only in the nineteenth that the revival of interest in his thought has been great. Still it remains for the twentieth to produce a complete and adequate study of his whole life and thought. His own country and Germany have done much, and England has done something. He should be pictured by some one who is equally versed in the history of philosophy and of Italian letters. Is there no young Scotchman, who understands the temper both of Burns and of Spinoza, who will rise to the task?

Art. VII.—THE EARLY HANOVERIANS.

1. *A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I and George II. The Letters of Monsieur César de Saussure to his Family.* Translated and edited by Madame Van Muyden. London: John Murray, 1902.
2. *Caroline the Illustrious, Queen Consort of George II and sometime Queen Regent. A Study of her Life and Times.* By W. H. Wilkins. Two vols. London: Longmans, 1901.
3. *Bolingbroke and his Times.* By Walter Sichel. Two vols. London: Nisbet, 1901-2.
4. *Undercurrents of Church Life in the Eighteenth Century.* Edited by Canon Carter. London: Longmans, 1899.
5. *Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission.* Carlisle Papers, 1897; Portland Papers, 1899; Harley Papers, 1899; Stuart Papers, 1902.

EVERY century supplies its own special contribution to the stream of history. In England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that contribution took the shape of great religious and constitutional movements. In the nineteenth, combined with these, we have to note more especially the progress of industry, the emancipation of labour, the growth of scientific discovery, 'the steamship and the railway and the thoughts that shake mankind.' The eighteenth century was comparatively a stranger to all these things, and lies rather like an interval of repose between two periods of tumultuous activity. Yet it had its salient characteristics. Between the beginning and the end of the eighteenth century we see a much greater change in the manners and customs of society than we see between the beginning and the end of either the seventeenth or the nineteenth. In reading Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' we are perfectly at home: we can drink tea with Mrs Thrale, dine with Mr Dilly, and sit down at Mrs Abington's supper-table without any effort of the imagination. But most of the works whose titles are given above depict a state of society to which we are complete strangers. We can no more fancy ourselves the guests of Lord Sparkish than the guests of William the Conqueror. The eighteenth century came in with lace and swords and full-bottomed wigs and brocaded coats,

with hoops, paint, and powder; it went out with the shepherdess costume for ladies, and coats and breeches for the male sex, such as may be seen on the statue of Mr Pitt at Westminster, and men still living can remember to have seen in their childhood.

Here was a gulf indeed; but it was only in externals. Our remarks apply exclusively to manners. In morals there was little change. There was some, indeed. In George III's reign the Court, at all events, set a better example, whereas under George I the Court played high, and the King drank deep—an example which his loyal subjects were not slow to follow. In the 'Carlisle Papers' we find a letter from Sir Thomas Robinson to Lord Carlisle at the beginning of George II's reign, in which he says that on the King's birthday the gentlemen all got so drunk at dinner that they were unable to go to the ball afterwards, and the ladies were at a loss for partners. He himself was one of the defaulters. He was engaged to a lady, but was obliged to go home instead, being, as he says, 'quite demolished.' Lady Cowper records in her diary that in 1716 a young man came drunk to the Drawing-room and pulled a gentleman's nose in the presence of royalty.

Ladies in general played for high stakes all through the early Hanoverian era. According to Lord Shelburne, the fashion was only introduced in the reign of Queen Anne by Lady Shrewsbury, who gave card-parties 'in a small house which afterwards belonged to General Conway.' If so, her ladyship had much to answer for in the shape of ruined fortunes, shameful compliances, and domestic misery in general. All the memoirs and biographies of the period teem with gambling anecdotes; and the papers published by the Historical MSS. Commission abundantly confirm all that we find elsewhere. In the confidential correspondence between friends, as in Sir Thomas Robinson's letters to Lord Carlisle just quoted, we get at particulars not always to be found in other quarters. Here it is sufficient to say that the most recent of the Historical MSS. publications only confirm what is told by the earlier ones, and fully justify the description given by Lady Cowper (Lord Carlisle's sister) of London in her day. 'London,' she says, 'is like a kept mistress, dissolute in principle, loose in practice, and extravagant in

pleasure.' People 'eat, drink, give balls, and run into debt, and in short do everything but pay.'

In politics the work of the eighteenth century was rather digestive than creative. The great struggles of the two preceding eras being now at an end, England was engaged in realising their results and settling down under the new system. The problems of parliamentary government were being worked out till the system was finally established on its modern basis. The process was not, however, completed without considerable friction, for there were still two principles in conflict, of which the respective supporters appealed equally to the Revolution; and as the question thus at issue is one which is not without a close political bearing on the controversies of our own time, we shall treat the political aspects of the early Hanoverian reigns at some length. The life of Bolingbroke alone brings up before us once more the whole vexed question of Party, and the many vague possibilities connected with it which are from time to time ventilated by ingenious theorists.

The de Saussure letters, which we have placed at the head of this article, were composed from notes taken by a Swiss gentleman in the course of a visit to this country between 1725 and 1730; and the fresh and simple style in which they are written attests the fidelity with which the author has recorded the impressions left upon his mind by what he heard and saw. Sometimes indeed we are rather at a loss to say whether he is to be taken seriously or not. There are passages which might imply either that he was a humorist of some merit, or the dupe of some cruel wag who took advantage of his ignorance of the English language to cram him with the grossest nonsense. Of this some specimens shall presently be given. While in England de Saussure entered into the best society, both in town and country, was present in Westminster Abbey at the coronation of George II—of which he has left a long and circumstantial description—and went with Lord Kinnoul to Constantinople as chief secretary to the Embassy. These facts show the position which he occupied in England and prove that he had every opportunity of discovering the absurdity of the stories palmed off upon him. But he retained *his innocence* to the last, if innocence it is; and

it is better to think so, as his book is infinitely more piquant than it would be if regarded only as a solemn joke.

De Saussure believed that English people were specially addicted to suicide, and he frequently recurs to the subject. He thought it a foolish habit, and even the English, he tells us, thought the same in the case of a lady of the *demi-monde* who hanged herself for love of an Irishman. That a woman of this class should hang herself at all occasioned great surprise; but what they could understand least of all was her doing it for the sake of an Irishman. We commend this remarkable instance of Saxon prejudice to the attention of Mr Dillon and his friends.

From suicide we pass easily to murder; and one of the greatest social changes witnessed in the eighteenth century relates to the last-mentioned crime. We find from these Swiss letters that in England, in the reign of George I, the wife who murdered her husband was burned alive, while the husband who murdered his wife was only hanged. To M. de Saussure this seemed an invidious distinction of which he could not conscientiously approve; nor did it fit in with his ideas of justice that a clergyman should suffer at the stake for murdering a bishop, or a servant for murdering his master. Such was, no doubt, actually the law in the eighteenth century, at least with regard to married women; but we need hardly remind our readers that what M. de Saussure conceived to be still the practice had become a dead letter.

A change in manners was certainly the characteristic change of the eighteenth century. M. de Saussure saw many things in England which nobody has seen since. He saw Oliver Cromwell's head stuck on a gate-post at the top of Ludgate Hill. He witnessed the investiture of thirty-six Knights of the Bath—an order to which no new members could be admitted till all the rest were dead. In this instance they had been dead a long time, since this order of knighthood was only revived by George I in 1725; and this is how M. de Saussure came to see the whole number knighted at once. We must not repeat too many of our Swiss visitor's remarks on men and manners, but one other may be mentioned. He was astonished at the cleanliness of English people.

dinner-table, he says, is always remarkably clean, the linen very white, the plate brilliant, and, what is more surprising, 'knives and forks are changed as often as a plate is removed.' He is also credibly informed 'that not a day passes by without English men and women washing their hands, arms, faces, necks, and throats in cold water; and that in winter as well as in summer. If all the wonders he was told of had been as real as this, his book would have been less amusing.

We learn from M. de Saussure, what is new to us, that in the reign of George I fallow-deer and roe-deer roamed at large in the parks, passing from St James's Park to Hyde Park as they chose. The roe-deer were so tame that they would eat out of your hand. The Mall was then the same kind of society-lounge that Hyde Park is now, and de Saussure's description agrees with that of Goldsmith. He also speaks of the English style of dress much as Goldsmith does in 'The Citizen of the World,' written some thirty years afterwards; and both give nearly the same reason for the simplicity of an English gentleman's ordinary attire, namely, that foreigners had made 'finery and frippery' ridiculous. De Saussure says that if any one appeared in the streets with a braided coat, a feather in his hat, or his hair tied in a bow, he would be mobbed for 'a French dog.' On state occasions, however, he tells us that peers and persons of rank were richly dressed; and nothing is more striking than the minute descriptions which are given to each other by lady correspondents during these two reigns of the dresses worn at Drawing-rooms, birthdays, and other court ceremonials by the men as well as by the women.

One marked feature in the history of the early Hanoverian kings was the family quarrels. 'That family,' said Lord Carteret, 'always have quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation.' It came in time to be regarded as a family tradition. George I quarrelled with George, Prince of Wales; George II quarrelled with Frederick, Prince of Wales; and George III quarrelled with the fourth George. The talk of society during the whole of George I's reign, as may easily be imagined, turned on these court scandals. The 'Harley Papers,' the 'Life of Queen Caroline,' Lady Cowper's 'Diary,' the 'Carlisle Papers,' are full of them. The

quarrel between our first Hanoverian monarch and his eldest son culminated, as we shall see, at the baptism of Prince George William, but it did not begin there. There had been a coldness between them before they came to England, founded on the King's belief that the Prince was not his own son. The Prince's conduct was not calculated to remove this impression. His Majesty complained that his son put himself too forward, and was jealous of the popularity which he and the Princess did all they could to attract to themselves, and which George I was never able, perhaps never tried, to acquire.

The King's absence on the Continent appears to have been felt as a great relief by the Court. The maids of honour looked back with regret, years afterwards, to the merry summers they spent with the Prince and Princess at Hampton Court, when all was fresh, and they knew neither fatigue nor *ennui*. The mornings were often passed upon the river; and in the heat of the day the barge would be drawn up under the trees, while Mary Bellenden sang to them, or their cavaliers recited verses and epigrams of their own composing. They came back to dinner at two, after which the Prince went to bed, and the Princess received visitors. She then wrote her letters, and was ready to go out again with her husband in the cool of the evening. They strolled about the gardens attended by those charming young ladies whose beauty, after nearly two centuries, is still a household word, and by the crowd of fine gentlemen, their admirers, who were a good deal more than mere 'exquisites.' Who would not give something considerable to find himself under the lime-trees and the chestnuts listening to the 'dalliance and the wit,' which had not then acquired its modern appellation of 'chaff'; seeing Mary Lepel toss her head at some whispered compliment from Pulteney, or free-spoken Mary Bellenden aiming her saucy shafts at the veteran lady-killer, Peterborough? Then the gentlemen were called away to play a game of bowls with the Prince, while the ladies took tea under the pavilions which stood at each corner of the bowling-green. After this diversion the gallant company went into supper, which was followed by cards or dancing. On some evenings the Prince and Princess retired to their private rooms and enjoyed the conversation

Duchess of Monmouth, who told them piquant anecdotes of the Court of Charles II, or listened to Dr Samuel Clarke discoursing of time and space and the attributes of the Deity. Both alike were equally welcome to Caroline. On these evenings, which perhaps the lovely Maries liked best of all, there were little parties going on all over the palace. Among the most popular were Mrs Howard's, at which her admirer, the Prince, not sorry, perhaps, to escape from Dr Clarke, was a frequent visitor.

Mary Lepel, when Lady Hervey, looked fondly back on these days, and in a letter to Lady Suffolk declared that a little flirtation would do more to benefit her health than either exercise or hartshorn. She and her sisters, indeed, seem to have thought the prescription as good for the health of their souls as for the health of their bodies; and they behaved so badly in church that Bishop Burnet was obliged to complain to the Princess. Their presence in the Chapel Royal drew all the young men of fashion to the same place; and while the Prince talked aloud during the sermon, they kept up a running fire of nods and smiles and winks with their various male acquaintances. It was poor Sophy Howe who, when rebuked by the Duchess of St Albans for giggling in church, and told she could not do a worse thing, replied, 'I beg your Grace's pardon, I can do a great many worse things.' The Princess herself rebuked the girls for their behaviour, but with so little effect that their pew had to be boarded up high enough to prevent them from either seeing or being seen. They were highly indignant, of course, and got Lord Peterborough to write a squib on the bishop. His lordship rather fancied himself as a writer of *vers de société*, and Thackeray calls his effusions charming; but we should doubt if this particular specimen gave the worthy bishop much pain. Lepel and Bellenden and Sophy Howe and Miss Howard were all of them then in the heyday of their youth and high spirits, amusingly careless of decorum, and laughing at proprieties which at the present day, we presume, are generally respected.

The time came, however, when they found that the life of a maid of honour had its rough as well as its smooth side. It was not all parties on the river and flirtations under the lime-trees, and dancing or quadrille

at night. Their position was no sinecure; and they did not hesitate to say that a maid of honour's life was the most miserable life in the world. What they most disliked was being obliged to get up early in the morning to go out hunting with the Prince and Princess, who never spared them. They found fault with their breakfasts, which consisted only of Westphalian ham. They had to ride all day across country on borrowed hacks, and come home to dinner in a fever and, what was worse, with a red mark on their foreheads from a tight hat. These things were no doubt hard to bear; but they seem to have got plenty of sport to dilute their miseries with after all. If they were bumped about over hedges and ditches all day, they had dancing and flirting and gambling all night to make up for it. But the fun of the fair was over by the time de Saussure arrived. Could he only have seen the Howes, Lepels, and Bellendens at morning service his remarks on them would, we are sure, have been charming.

The ill-will between the King and the Prince, which had long been smouldering, kept alive by the gaieties in which the father could not share, and resented in consequence, broke into open hostility at the christening of Prince George William in November 1717. The Prince of Wales wished his uncle, the Duke of York, to be godfather. The King ordered the Duke of Newcastle to appear at the font instead, which was naturally regarded by the Prince as a deliberate insult. After the ceremony was over the Prince told the Duke he was a villain, which the King in turn chose to consider as an outrage on himself. He ordered his son to remain under arrest in his own apartments, and soon afterwards commanded him to quit the palace. The Prince and Princess set up their Court at Leicester House, which henceforth, for two successive reigns, became—with brief interruptions—the headquarters of opposition. But in spite of the King's order that no one who visited the offending couple should be received at Court, they had no lack of attendance. The company at their first ball, says the 'News-letter,' was numerous and magnificent. There were grand illuminations; and the park guns would have been fired had not his Majesty forbidden it. On the 19th of December the purveyor of intelligence reported that the terms of

the Prince and Princess would be readmitted to the palace had been fixed.

'It is said this day that the King has acquainted their Highnesses with the conditions and terms which he expects from them, in order to their returning to his palace; and they say that he demands a surrender of their patents for 100,000*l.*, and that he shall not pretend to the Regency when the King goes abroad, and that he shall go with him to Hanover, and that he shall have none about him but what are approved by his Majesty, and go into the same measures with his own servants. All this is said with great assurance, but whether true or not is not certain or to be depended upon.'

The Prince rejected these terms, the first of which, indeed, the King had no power to enforce; and the rest, with the exception of the Regency, were abandoned. The Prince and Princess, however, were not reinstated in St James's Palace, and they seem no longer to have kept up a rival Court at Leicester House. The King, as he grew older, was less inclined for gaiety, to which indeed he had never been much addicted. Society had been hard hit by the South Sea business. Many of the leaders of fashion, both male and female, were retrenching at their country seats; and the maids of honour, finding life becoming rather slow, began to think of getting married.

Miss Lepel was married to John Hervey, afterwards Lord Hervey of Ickworth, in October, 1720; and Miss Bellenden to John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, early in the same year. The marriage was not announced till June; and the Prince of Wales was very angry when he heard of it. He had promised Miss Bellenden, who had rejected his lover-like advances with great emphasis, that if she did not marry without telling him, he would do something for her husband. But Mary seems to have treated the one offer with as much scorn as the other.

The 'News-letter,' so often referred to in the correspondence of the day, answered pretty closely to the letters of 'Our London Correspondent' at the present time. The composition of these letters was a regular business, by which the writers got a living. These men scoured the town for information, exhausted the gossip of the coffee-houses, pushed their way into the law-courts, where we

fancy some evil-minded Templars must often have played them the same kind of tricks that the young Scotch advocates played on 'poor Peter Peebles,' and picked up all the *on dits* to be met with between the Royal Exchange and St James's Street. Their budget of news was copied by clerks, who despatched it to the various subscribers; and 'many of these curious journals,' says Lord Macaulay, 'might, doubtless, still be detected by a diligent search in the archives of old families.' The Historical MSS. Commission have discovered many interesting specimens of this 'London Letter,' as it was known to our ancestors in the early Georgian era, not differing very materially from the valuable communications with which readers of provincial newspapers are familiar in the present day.

No flattering portrait of our first Hanoverian sovereign is drawn by de Saussure. He describes the King as short of stature and very corpulent; his cheeks are pendent, and his eyes are too big. He is fond of women, and, though much attached to his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, he occasionally amuses himself with passing intrigues. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II, is a better figure and is fond of fine clothes. The Princess has grown too stout, but is 'witty and well-read, and very charitable and kind.' On the death of Sophia Dorothea the King took to himself a second mistress, a dark-eyed beauty, the daughter of Savage's Lady Macclesfield, by her second husband, Colonel Brett. The young lady named a coronet as the price of her dishonour, to which the King agreed. But unluckily for poor Miss Brett, her royal lover died before she received her reward; and she was promptly kicked out of the palace only a few months after she had entered it. She retired with a pension which George I had settled on her, and some years afterwards married a Sir William Leman. During her short-lived reign she had shown herself fit to be a king's favourite; and the row in the palace is a curious instance of what was possible in the early Hanoverian days.

'Her apartments,' says Mr Wilkins, 'adjoined those of the King's grand-daughters, Anne, Amelia and Caroline; and Mistress Brett ordered a door leading from her rooms to the garden to be broken down. The Princess Anne ordered the door to be blocked up again.'

It was pulled down a second time by Miss Brett's command, and replaced a second time by the Princess Anne's. While the dispute was at its height, news came from Hanover that the King was dead; and the Princesses made short work of 'the baggage.' But the King's death did something more than disappoint a pretty girl. It was the ruin of a great statesman. Bolingbroke now steps upon the stage; and a wider scene opens before us. His alliance with the Duchess of Kendal for the purpose of supplanting Walpole in the King's favour forms the drop-scene, so to speak, of George I's reign.

The Duchess was very likely jealous of Walpole's influence; but this was not all. In 1723, when Bolingbroke returned from France, Walpole was becoming not only the exclusive counsellor, but the boon companion of George I. The Duchess must have known very well that the King's life was not a very good one, and may have regarded with some anxiety those suppers at Richmond Lodge when Walpole and his master sat smoking and drinking half the night, rarely separating till they had seen the bottom of the third bowl of punch. It is by no means unlikely that this 'sippling and tippling,' as Miss Oldbuck called it, over 'the common gude o' the burgh,' may have shortened George's life; and in the Duchess's desire to put an end to these symposia most women of well-regulated minds will sympathise. The readiest way to do this was to sow distrust between the two toppers; and to this work did Bolingbroke and the Duchess, of course for very different reasons, seriously incline themselves. But it is a remarkable fact that time was always against Bolingbroke. Had Queen Anne lived two years longer, he would probably have made himself the most powerful subject in Europe. Had George I reached the allotted age of man, it is at least highly probable, as both Mr Sichel and Mr Wilkins believe, that he would have stepped into Walpole's shoes, and, perhaps, had as long a lease of power. Had Wyndham not died when he did, Bolingbroke's dream of a national party might at least have had a fair trial. It matters little whether Walpole's account of the intrigues set on foot by the two confederates is correct or not. He himself was far too wise to put any sanguine construction on the King's words. None knew better that the influence of

the Duchess of Kendal would be sure to assert itself in the long run, notwithstanding any temporary check. Supported by the genius of Bolingbroke, whose consummate knowledge of affairs enabled him to supply her at any moment with the arguments best calculated to make an impression on the King, it must, Walpole was convinced, prevail in the end. 'I need not add,' he said, 'what must or might have been the consequences.' He was with difficulty prevented, in the spring of 1727, from resigning office, and, according to one report, retiring with a peerage. But the stars in their courses fought against Bolingbroke. After George I's death he gave up all hope of a return to public life, and devoted himself to vengeance on his enemies.

In the 'Stuart Papers' there is a very interesting correspondence between Bolingbroke and James II, and between Bolingbroke and the Chevalier de St. George, from which we learn quite clearly what Bolingbroke meant by saying that at the Queen's death there was no 'formed plan' among the Tories for the restoration of the Stuarts. This statement, contained in the letter to Wyndham, has often been censured as disingenuous; but only because the censor was ignorant of what Bolingbroke meant by a 'formed plan.' In 1715, before the insurrection of that year, he wrote to James saying that a formed plan was exactly what was wanting, and advising him to postpone action till one had been concerted. An organised scheme must be prepared, by which all James's friends in England and Scotland should rise simultaneously at a given time, which would have the effect of distracting and perplexing the enemy, and give the Jacobites the chance of striking a decisive blow before their adversaries were prepared. A *coup de main* of this kind might compensate for their inferiority in everything except numbers. For Bolingbroke was very clear on this point. He never deceived himself. He told the Chevalier that everything but numbers was against him :

'the face of authority, the legislature as now constituted, the standing forces, the fleet, the greatest part of the old nobility, the moneyed interest, and the whole body of the French refugees, who are more desperate and better disciplined than any other class of men in England.'

It is a curious thing that both conspiracies, those of the '15 and the '45, 'exploded prematurely' without the whole strength of the Jacobite party ever having been brought into the field. A 'formed plan' might at either time have changed the course of English history.

The better to appreciate the political theories which are usually associated with the name of Lord Bolingbroke, we may glance at the state of affairs on the Continent about the middle of George I's reign, on which a good deal of light is thrown by a correspondence printed in the 'Harley Papers' under the date 1720. At this time there were two parties in Europe—Spain and Austria on the one side, and France and England on the other—each party striving after objects of its own, with which it is not necessary to trouble our readers. One of these was called the German, the other the French party. Stanhope and Sunderland, at the head of the government in England, were the chief supporters of the French party. But their colleagues, Townshend and Walpole, who had been taken into the ministry in the spring of 1720 on terms with which they were very much dissatisfied, might, it was thought, be got at. In the document about to be mentioned, they and their friends are spoken of as the 'disgusted Whigs,' while Stanhope, Sunderland, and their party are the 'Cabal.' The Germans accordingly endeavoured to gain over the 'disgusted Whigs' to their own side, and to induce them to make such representations to the King as would dispose him to change his ministry and throw over the French alliance. Their plan is sketched out in a long letter addressed by Count Bernsdoff, the King's Minister at Hanover, to Count Zinzendorf, the Foreign Secretary at Vienna. A translation of this letter came into Lord Oxford's hands and is printed among the 'Harley Papers.' The project which it unfolds is remarkable for many reasons. The 'disgusted Whigs' were to endeavour to convince the King that the 'Cabal' intended 'to alter the constitution, and so to establish themselves that they should be able in future to give laws to the King and his son, and even remove them when they shall think proper.'

According to de Saussure, it was commonly said by the Tory party that the Whigs were at heart republicans, 'desirous of taking all authority and power from the

sovereign and leaving him no more rights than are allowed to a Doge of Venice.' In other words, their object was, as Count Bernsdoff put it, to 'run the nation into an Aristocracy,' i.e. an oligarchical republic, which is exactly what Lord Beaconsfield always said. This is the earliest mention of the 'Venetian Constitution' with which we are acquainted, showing, at all events, that it was not invented by his lordship. Curiously enough Townshend and Walpole were themselves accused of nourishing the very same designs as those for which they denounced Stanhope and Sunderland. Edward Harley, Auditor of the Exchequer, and brother of Lord Oxford, asserts unhesitatingly in his 'Memoirs of the Harley Family'—an appendix to the Portland MSS.—that such a scheme was on foot in 1716, and that this was the real meaning of the Septennial Act.

This convergence of evidence may be taken as pretty good proof that the object which the Whigs had in view from 1688 onwards was something more than the maintenance of the Protestant succession and the security of parliamentary government; and that the description of their policy in 'Coningsby,' which, when it first appeared, was treated as a fantastic fiction, has a solid historical basis. It is clear that the 'sham system,' condemned by Lord Shelburne many years afterwards, began under George I; and if, as Mr Sichel asks us to do, we try honestly to put ourselves in the place of Bolingbroke or one of his contemporaries, we may perhaps come to the conclusion that much of the abuse lavished on the Tory party of that date has been undeserved. Mr Sichel, we believe, misunderstands Bolingbroke, but he sees clearly enough that to judge him from the standpoint of the twentieth century is the grossest injustice.

Bolingbroke's career, from the death of George I in 1727 to the formation of the Pelham ministry in 1744, is replete with the liveliest interest, both personal and political. While the Duchess of Kendal was working for him in private, he was resolved to fight the battle with his own hand in public; and for that purpose he established a weekly journal which, under the name of 'The Craftsman,' appeared on the 5th of December, 1726, and lasted over nine years, that is, till the 17th of April 1736. Bolingbroke and Pulteney, between whom the

a close alliance, were the chief contributors; but most of the leading men of the day had a hand in it—Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Chesterfield. The editor was Nicholas Amhurst, otherwise Caleb d'Anvers—an able man who wrote a good deal for the journal, but was left to starve when it stopped. Mr Sichel's chapter on 'The Craftsman' will repay perusal. No doubt, as he says, 'its success was unbounded'; that is to say, it was most ably written and had a very large circulation. That it would make no impression on Walpole's Swiss Guards, arrayed in triple brass, might be taken for granted. But the Opposition were encouraged and kept together by seeing their case so ably stated; while, if the power of the pen is good for anything, the vigour, the logic, and the satire of 'The Craftsman' must have told on the class of men described by M. de Saussure, 'men without foolish prejudices or personal interests.' It is impossible to doubt that the decline of the ministerial majority at the general election of 1734 was due in part to the efforts of 'The Craftsman.' But, for political journalism to exercise a decisive effect on public affairs, a large reading-public and independent constituencies are required. In 1734 there was no large reading-public; and, of such independent constituencies as then existed, the majority already carried Tory colours and required no persuasion.

The founders of the new periodical, which constitutes an epoch in British journalism, had no lack of matter. The secret letter of George I consenting to the cession of Gibraltar, the existence of which had been denied by Walpole in the House of Commons; the refusal by England of the offer made to her by Spain that she should act as sole mediator between the courts of Vienna and Madrid; the Porto Bello expedition; the treaties of Hanover, Seville and Vienna, were all turned to excellent account by these skilled controversialists. Walpole employed Bishop Hoadley, under the signature of 'Publicola,' to defend the ministry on the question of Gibraltar; and, if the reader wishes to see an adversary completely doubled up in Bolingbroke's best style, let him turn to the fourth volume of 'The Craftsman,' where, in an article dated January 4, 1729, and in two others in the Appendix, he will find a good specimen of the merciless artillery to which, for nine years and a half, Walpole was

continuously exposed. Whatever its effect—and that it was considerable if not immediate can hardly be doubted—'The Craftsman' will always possess this special element of interest, that it was the first deliberate and well-sustained attempt which had yet been made by statesmen and scholars, by men like Bolingbroke and Pulteney, to write down a government.

The history of the Tory Opposition from 1726 to 1736 is one long protest against this series of blunders, this constant and unskilful intervention in continental affairs demanded by our new German interests, and entailing, of course, an ever-accumulating debt. If this was the price we had to pay for the Revolution, the Tory gentlemen of 1730 can hardly be blamed for not quite grasping the situation. The new government and the new system were then a novel experiment, of which the ultimate tendencies were invisible, while the immediate disadvantages were flagrant. It was a system which seemed to retain all the vices of personal government without its virtues, and to combine equal facilities for the exercise of arbitrary power with greater facilities for concealing it.

The general election of 1734 was fought with uncommon severity all over the kingdom. A very amusing account of it is given in the Wentworth Papers, describing the contest between the Whig and Tory parties in Yorkshire. The Tory candidates were Sir Miles Stapylton and Mr Wortley, and their opponents were Mr Turner and Sir Rowland Winn. Sir Miles came in at the head of the poll with a majority of seventeen over Mr Turner, who was returned with him. This, although the Tories did not carry both seats, was considered a great party triumph. Yorkshire was a stronghold of Whiggism; and preparations had been made for a grand ball at York to celebrate this victory. The Whig ladies felt their defeat acutely. Lady Winn shed tears; Lady Malton, whose husband belonged to the Whig branch of the Strafford family, turned away a maid-servant who was heard to cry, 'Stapylton for ever.' Her ladyship had ordered 'a fine suit of close' for the occasion; but, when the poll was made known, the box remained unopened. The disappointment was all the greater because Lord Malton's people had treated the Sheffield voters with wine, while Sir Miles Stapylton's agent had only given them ale. The

'Castle interest' was defeated in Leicestershire. Two Tories were returned for Gloucestershire—a thing which had not happened since the Revolution. 'The Craftsman,' of course, had worked the Excise Bill for all it was worth; and it was this more than anything else which robbed the Whigs of such county-seats as still belonged to them. But their overwhelming borough interest was still sufficient to turn the scale. Walpole met Parliament again in the following summer with a diminished majority, but one strong enough to make him safe for another seven years. 'The Craftsman' lingered on for about fifteen months longer; but Bolingbroke left England in the following year, and arrived at Chanteloup on the 23rd of June, 1735.

Bolingbroke was then only fifty-seven—an age at which few public men give up the game, even after the severest disappointment. Various explanations of his retirement at this moment have been offered; but probably Mr Sichel is right in thinking that the symptoms of a schism in the Opposition, which became visible after the general election of 1734, were the principal cause of it. Pulteney and his party had been out in the cold for ten years, buoyed up by the hope that, supported as they were by some of the ablest men of the day, they would in the long run prevail over a government guilty of many great mistakes, notorious for its corruption, and unpopular with the country at large. We do no injustice to Pulteney in supposing that, on finding himself mistaken, he was unwilling to serve another seven years for his Rachel. He was tired of patriotism, tired of that will-o'-the-wisp 'a national party'; and he began to cast about for the best means of turning out Walpole without changing his system, thus, in Bolingbroke's words, only substituting one faction for another. It was impossible for Bolingbroke to work with a colleague who was prepared to 'go about' and abandon the one great object for which both had worked together so long.

Other reasons may have concurred with this to induce Bolingbroke to leave England, at all events for a time; and he may perhaps have believed that when he was gone he would be missed. And so indeed he was. Had he been upon the spot during the last three years of Walpole's administration, things might have turned out

differently. But in his absence the rift in his party grew wider. His advice was disregarded; and at last, when, after the general election of 1741, a combined attack by the different sections of the Opposition would have ensured Walpole's defeat, many of the 'discontented Whigs' refused to support it, and the consequent failure gave Walpole two more years of power.

Thus was Bolingbroke's grand idea knocked on the head. His notion was that a fusion might be brought about between the 'discontented Whigs,' the Tories, and the Jacobites, which would constitute 'a national party,' as opposed to what Stair and others always called 'the gang.' It is not improbable that Pulteney saw through the weakness of this design, plausible as it might appear on paper. It could not, at all events, have been carried out without other changes, as Bolingbroke was very well aware, changes foreshadowed in 'The Patriot King,' to which we will now for a moment turn our attention, as Mr Sichel's conception of that famous work, however ingenious, will not, we think, bear examination.

Bolingbroke, we must remember, had known only the worst aspect of the party system. Of personal government he could give good examples to match the bad. As a set-off against a Richard II or a James II, he had Edward III and Elizabeth. But the party system, as it flourished down to the middle of the eighteenth century and for some years afterwards, would seem to him to possess no one redeeming feature. No doubt, as M. de Saussure observes, there were those, even in the reign of George I, who saw the general advantages of the party system under all its anomalies and abuses. They thought that without party we should be in danger either of despotism or of anarchy which must end in despotism. 'These prudent politicians,' as he calls them, 'are convinced that this form of government is the happiest in the world, and sometimes side with the weaker party to preserve' the balance (p. 351). Here we see 'the balanced interests and periodical and alternate command of rival oligarchical connections' spoken of in 'Sibyl,' which, according to its author, 'could subsist only by the subordination of the sovereign and the degradation of the multitude.' It was for a long time Mr Disraeli's conviction that the Reform Bill of 1832 was destined to de-

system. It is, of course, a highly artificial one, worked by very complicated machinery, and naturally repugnant to that class of minds which are enamoured of simplicity. Bolingbroke, however, would have replied to the prudent politicians aforesaid that the balance was not preserved; and that, from the death of Anne to the death of George II, party was based upon the principle of proscription, and would never have come into being had not that policy been insisted on by the Whigs in 1714. That it could ever develope into a really useful organ of parliamentary government never occurred to him. Hence the twin conceptions of a 'National Party' and a 'Patriot King'—for the two must be taken together. Bolingbroke was too clear-sighted not to be aware of what Mr Sichel does not altogether understand—that a national party means in fact no party. Party government presupposes the existence of two political connexions, the one in power, the other in opposition. A national party, including both sides, would leave no scope for an opposition; and without an opposition the minister or the sovereign becomes absolute; that is to say, the idea of a national party, if fully carried out, inevitably means personal government. And Bolingbroke did mean it. If we read his observations on Edward III's reign in 'Oldcastle's Remarks,' as well as 'The Patriot King,' we shall be at no loss to understand what he had in his mind all along.

'Much misconception' (says Mr Sichel) 'has perverted the significance of this famous treatise, which is constantly regarded, like its author, in isolation from its period and from its companion works. . . . What Bolingbroke desired was, in truth, simply what we now possess, a king at once popular and constitutional. The whole point of "The Patriot King" is that he is to be the interpreter as well as the director of the nation. It is not to George the Third, but to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII that we must turn as illustrations of the Patriot King.'

We should be the last to impugn the patriotism of either sovereign; but the kingship is another question. If the king is to be the 'interpreter of the nation,' he will put his own interpretation on its wants and wishes; and who is to guarantee the correctness of his reading? But in truth no such conception of a sovereignty as Mr Sichel

imputes to Bolingbroke had ever dawned upon the eighteenth century. It was not yet born. Such is certainly not the construction which Mr Disraeli placed on 'The Patriot King,' 'recalling to the English people the inherent blessings of their old free monarchy,' that is, the pre-Revolution monarchy. He refers us to Carteret and Shelburne as the true depositaries of the Bolingbroke doctrine; and his language in 'Coningsby' is wholly inconsistent with Mr Sichel's theory. According to 'The Patriot King,' the sovereign, being above all parties and factions, is to prevent the government of the country from being monopolised by any one of them. He is to select his ministers from all alike at his own discretion. He is to take the initiative in government. It is he who is to direct our foreign and domestic policy into the channel most conducive to the public welfare. He is to be, in fact, the mainspring of the whole government machine. This was the lesson which George III learned from 'The Patriot King,' and partly carried out. But that such is a fair description of the Victorian *régime*, who but Mr Sichel would assert? We may appeal to Mr Gladstone as well as to Mr Disraeli in support of our own interpretation of 'The Patriot King':

'The day when George IV, in 1820, after a struggle, renewed the Charter of the Administration of the day, and thereby submitted to the Roman Catholic Relief Act, may be held to denote the death of British kingship in its older sense, which had in a measure survived the Revolution of 1688, and had even gained in strength during the reign of George III.' ('Gleanings,' i, 38.)

This was the kingship which Bolingbroke had in his eye; and this was the kingship which Mr Disraeli found in the pages of 'The Patriot King.' To assert, as Mr Sichel does, that it is represented by the monarchy of to-day is, with due deference to so accomplished and well-informed a writer, to strain after novelty at the expense of common-sense, and to read into Bolingbroke's words a meaning which it is not only impossible that they should bear, but of which our whole parliamentary history for the last seventy years is a standing refutation.

As might be expected, Mr Sichel adopts Bolingbroke's view of Carteret's foreign policy, but he does not write

as if he fully comprehended all that Carteret was aiming at. This was nothing less than a European combination which should have the effect of shutting the gates of Germany against France for ever, and, by depriving her of a pretext for interfering in German affairs, should dry up one of the principal sources of European war. The nature of his scheme, and the selfish means by which it was defeated when success was all but assured, are recorded in Mr Ballantyne's 'Life of Lord Carteret,' and summarised in the Quarterly Review for January 1888. It was natural that Bolingbroke should look askance at any pretext for reviving the Grand Alliance. He had had enough of such alliances. He was all for pressing the war against France, but not by these means. The Tory plan will be found in the Marchmont Papers, vol. i, p. 31. It was to call home all our troops, throw our whole strength into the navy, harass all French and Spanish coasts by perpetual descents upon them, burning their ports, destroying their shipping, and annihilating their commerce till they should be glad to make peace on any terms. That there is a good deal to be said for this system we admit; but it would not have ensured the object which Carteret was anxious to effect. It would not have created a united Germany, which was his ideal; nor would it have had the cordial support of King George II. It might be said that this was no business of ours, and that our policy was to stand aloof from all German complications. Which of the two plans was the better one in the abstract is too large a question to embark upon in this article. But with a George I or a George II on the throne, only one was possible; and Carteret probably preferred that one for its own sake. It was a bold and brilliant policy, just the thing to captivate a mind like his.

The last scene in which Bolingbroke took any active part was in the formation of the 'Broad-bottom Administration.' But it was only to discover that a national party was a theory too refined for political human nature as it then existed. 'After a short vibration,' says Gibbon, whose father was Tory member for Southampton in the parliament of 1741, 'the Pelham Government was fixed on the old basis of the Whig aristocracy'; and thus ended the first attempt of the early Hanoverian monarchy to throw off the yoke of party. Carteret advised George II to

appeal to the people, but his Majesty declined the suggestion; and it is doubtful whether so hazardous an experiment, which, carried out under totally different conditions and by totally different means, was partially successful in the next generation, would have been equally fortunate in 1744. 'A National Party' was a capital cry; and a capital cry we think it is destined to remain. It has never been wholly lost sight of. But we shall not now repeat the reasons which we have assigned on several former occasions for thinking the revival of it at the present day, at least in the form contemplated by Bolingbroke, a practical impossibility. What time may have in store for us no man can say. As we said twelve years ago, 'the almost intolerable evils which the party system has brought upon us during the last quarter of a century are enough to make men look in any direction for relief.' But a national party, look at it how we may, means personal government; and when the country is prepared for the one it will be time enough to talk about the other.

The Church of England is not commonly supposed to have shown to much advantage in the eighteenth century. But on de Saussure the London clergy seem to have made a good impression. They have, he says, a very comfortable appearance. They pass for being lazy, but de Saussure rather thinks they are maligned. He likes their style of preaching: their sermons combine both eloquence and brevity. They employ none of the transports and gesticulations which make preaching seem so exaggerated in France. There are many first-class scholars to be found among them, whose writings are sound and convincing, showing serious thought and very great ability. Our Swiss friend may not have been an altogether competent judge; and we must go elsewhere for the character of the English clergy in the eighteenth century—a period, says Mark Pattison, which the High Churchman blots from his calendar. Undoubtedly the Whig ministries from 1714 to 1760 did their best to lower the character of the episcopate. Walpole, indeed, was too wise to try a fall with the Church of England; and when Gibson, Bishop of London, refused to consecrate Dr Rundle to the see of Gloucester because he was an Arian, Walpole gave way, and provided for Rundle in Ireland—in

those days the common refuge of the destitute, both in Church and State. So late as 1764 George Grenville said that he considered bishoprics to be of two kinds—'bishoprics of business for men of ability and learning, and bishoprics of ease for men of family and fashion.' Among the last he reckoned Durham and Winchester. By 'business' was not meant active discharge of spiritual and episcopal duties, frequent visitation of the clergy, and so forth, but due care of their estates, and the propagation of Whig principles in their respective dioceses.

A great gulf was thus formed between the bishops and the clergy. The Tory fox-hunter in Addison's 'Freeholder,' bemoaning the existence of meeting-houses in his own county, dwelt on the happy condition of the neighbouring shire, in which 'there was not a single Presbyterian except the Bishop.' The gulf kept widening as time went on, and as the bishops appointed during the reigns of Charles II and Queen Anne were gradually replaced by the nominees of Stanhope and Walpole. Among the first was Hoadley, who in 1715 was made Bishop of Bangor, and who, as we have seen, was employed many years later to answer 'The Craftsman.' He was Bishop of Bangor for six years, during which time he never once visited his diocese, but occupied himself with preaching and writing against the received doctrines of the Church. These services to Christianity greatly endeared him to the Whigs; and when Convocation condemned him, our newly-imported defender of the faith was advised to suppress that institution, to which he readily agreed. This was the first great blow which the Church received from the early Hanoverian monarchy. But there was more for Hoadley to do yet. He was engaged by the government to trick the Dissenters into supporting Walpole at the general election of 1734 by leading them to believe that in the next parliament he would repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, which, as Hoadley well knew, he had not the slightest intention of doing. For this pious fraud he was rewarded with the see of Winchester, a 'bishopric of ease' being clearly the proper return for his services as a 'bishop of business.' Hare and Sherlock, two of the royal chaplains, were both dismissed for venturing to write against Hoadley; though, owing perhaps to the influence of Queen Caroline, both were afterwards

promoted, Sherlock to Bangor in 1728 and to Salisbury in 1734, and Hare to Chichester in 1731. Sherlock ultimately became Bishop of London.

On the episcopal bench and among the higher clergy, especially in the larger towns, there were, during these two reigns, many men of great learning and ability; but not men representing the catholic side of the Church of England, or disposed to exercise any vigilant supervision over their rural vicars and rectors, who were left to go pretty much their own way. Their own way conducted them to the hunting-field and the bowling-green, and to all the ordinary diversions of rural life, which they shared with the country gentlemen—their chief, if not their only associates. The poorer men among them, curates or others, could not, of course, indulge in these amusements or mix with the same class of society; but they had no higher sense of duty, and in too many cases contracted habits which have been falsely represented as those of the whole body. There were bright exceptions to be found in all grades of the clergy; nor had 'the ancient religion,' as Newman calls it, entirely died out among them. The torch of catholic truth had still been kept alive, and burned dimly through the mists of selfishness, indolence, and Erastianism which filled the atmosphere. But on the whole the condition of the Church and the resident country clergy was what might have been expected in the circumstances. There was no one to recall them to any consciousness of their spiritual obligations. Neither the 'bishops of ease' nor the 'bishops of business' appointed by the early Hanoverians thought it any part of their duty to interfere with the parson's recreations, or to enforce any stricter standard of clerical efficiency; and, when at length Bishop Butler lifted up his voice against that 'neglect of external religion' which was the natural consequence, he was accused of Romanism.

It is likely enough that many of the parochial clergy may have been only too glad of this excuse for neglecting his advice. What was calculated still further to lead them in the same direction was the growth of Methodism, which, whatever its ultimate effect in awakening the Church of England from her torpor, had the immediate effect of creating a general prejudice among the clergy against anything approaching fanaticism or extra-

men thought they were showing their antipathy to these dangerous excesses by running into the opposite extreme, and decrying all spiritual earnestness as either hysterical or hypocritical.

Parson Trulliber and Parson Adams are, of course, gross caricatures. The Church was fair game for a Whig *littérateur*. But in an age when the Prime Minister could make a man a bishop on condition that he married one of his illegitimate daughters, and when the King could consent to the appointment of another whom he called a rascal and a scoundrel, there is no want of charity in supposing that the popular estimate of the clergy in general during the reign of George II contains a large element of truth. Yet one eminent English writer is clearly of opinion that the Church of England in those days stood on firmer ground, and had far more influence over the minds of the people than she has now. Referring to the Trullibers and the Adamsons of that period, Froude contends that such men may still be found in the Church, and that they were just as exceptional in the Georgian era as in the Victorian.

If in some places there was spiritual deadness and slovenliness, in others there was energy and seriousness. Clarissa Harlowe found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could find it now.' ('Short Studies': Essay on Progress.)

But Froude partially answers himself. The rural clergy in the eighteenth century—and Fielding's novels were published exactly in the middle of it—are described by the historian in a passage which has often been quoted, but which we cannot resist the temptation of quoting once again :

Their official duties sat lightly on them. . . . They farmed their own glebes. They were magistrates and attended Quarter Sessions and petty sessions, and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, they were the most effective guardians of the public peace. They affected neither austerity nor singularity. They rode, shot, hunted, ate and drank like other people; and occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon them, they kept the hounds.'

We are far from denying that such men formed a very class, and did a great deal of good in

their day. A later generation of them found a *vates sacer* in George Eliot. But it could not have escaped the notice of reflecting men in any age that such were not the duties for which the clergy were ordained, or that glebes and tithes were not assigned them that they might grow corn and cattle, shoot partridges, and keep the hounds. If these pursuits could be combined with the due discharge of more sacred functions, well and good. There would be no harm in them, rather the reverse. An admixture of secular with clerical occupations is calculated rather to increase than to diminish the legitimate influence of the clergy. But we fear that a proper balance was very far from being preserved in Fielding's day, when, as Froude euphemistically puts it, the official duties of the clergy 'sat lightly on them.' Here and there might be a Jones of Nayland; but the predominating type, there is every reason to believe, were men like Johnson's friend, Dr Taylor, whose talk was of oxen, or the Vicar of Wakefield, who 'rode a-hunting' in the mornings and spent the evening in dancing and forfeits. In Mr Hore's history of 'The Church in England from William III to Victoria' we have a description of it in the early Georgian era of which there is no reason to doubt the accuracy, fully justifying the strictures which Froude protests against. Never, says he, had the prospects of the English Church looked brighter than they did at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In less than fifty years they had so completely clouded over that when, in 1747, Butler refused the Primacy, the Church had sunk so low that he declared it was too late to save her.

Of the abuse bestowed upon the eighteenth century in general, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have come in for their full share, with probably about the same admixture of truth and error as is contained in the popular tradition concerning the state of the Church. Gray went to Cambridge in 1734 and Gibbon to Oxford in 1752; and, if we are to believe their accounts, the lethargy which descended on both Church and Crown with the incoming of the Hanoverian *régime* extended to both Universities, and especially to Oxford. But in Dr Johnson, who entered Pembroke in 1727, and Bishop Lowth, who entered New College in 1729, we have witnesses for the defence who tell a very different story.

When Oxford, in Mark Pattison's words, 'lay torpid under the besotting influence of Jacobite and High Church politics,' undergraduates were expected to attend college lectures as they are now; and many of the tutors were men of learning and ability. College exercises were then a reality; and, if they were very good, the writer might obtain a university reputation by them. Lowth, who took his M.A. degree in 1737, declares that he passed the interval 'in a well-regulated course of discipline and studies'; and he profited thereby. His prelections, says Mark Pattison, no willing witness, 'combined the polish of a past generation long gone with the learning of a new period to come. The lore of Michaelis was here clothed in Latin as classical as, and more vigorous than, Addison's.' The truth seems to be that Oxford in those days was still regarded rather as a place for independent study than as a great continuation-school intended to finish a boy's education before he went out into the world; rather as an abode for scholars and men of letters than as the temporary residence of young men in quest of a degree. Oxford was fast losing this character during the second half of the century, but it clung to it as late as Gibbon's time; and traces of it lingered in the saying attributed to Gaisford, that the new examination system instituted in 1802 would be the ruin of scholarship. Gray's account of Cambridge only goes to show that he disliked mathematics, and that in his opinion classical studies there were at a low ebb. Yet Bentley was then Master of Trinity and at the height of his reputation as one of the first classical scholars in Europe.

Of course there was a good deal of port wine consumed in both Universities; but it did not become the beverage of statesmen till a later period. Carteret, after his days of pheasant-shooting in the Isle of Wight, no doubt regaled himself with Burgundy. This was also Bolingbroke's favourite drink, and he probably took plenty of it when he came home tired after following the wolf or wild-boar in the forest of Fontainebleau, whither he had his English hunters sent over to him. We do not know what was Pulteney's particular 'vanity'; but he was so fond of shooting that, even when the most important business was on hand, nothing could keep him in town over September 1st. George II himself was very partial to

the gun, and kept up a large flock of wild turkeys in Richmond Park. They were hunted with dogs and, when driven into the trees, afforded pretty pot-shots for his Majesty; but they so encouraged poaching and caused so many fatal affrays that they were destroyed before the end of his reign. Hunting in all its forms—the stag, the hare, and the fox—was fashionable under the first Hanoverians. At court, besides the Master of the Buckhounds, there was also a Master of the Harriers. The Duke of Grafton of that date kept hounds in Surrey. The Duke of Wharton hunted the fox in Yorkshire so early as 1721, and in that year we hear of his wanting a good terrier. But fox-hunting did not attain its final supremacy till towards the end of the century, perhaps not till the French Revolution cut off the dandies from the Continent, and it became 'the correct thing' to hunt in Leicestershire.

The early Hanoverian age was not favourable to works of imagination. It was the age of reason and common-sense, of solid pudding and of sound prose. The whole nation, in fact, was in a mood to eat, drink, and be merry, to sit under its vines and its fig-trees. It was weary of ideas and revolutions, and inclined to rest and be thankful. Such a frame of mind is not very favourable to earnestness of any kind, but rather to self-indulgence, and to such views of things in general as do not trouble the intellect, disturb slumber, or interfere with digestion. Such was the general character of the early Hanoverian period, gradually waning with the fierce political struggles which ensued under George III, and disappearing altogether under the influence of the French Revolution. They were the days of Old Leisure, 'who did not concern himself with the causes of things, being satisfied with the things themselves.' He came in with the two first Georges and went out with the two last, oppressed by a moral atmosphere in which he felt he could no longer breathe.

Art. VIII.—THE COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY OF JAPAN.

1. *Memorandum on the Comparative Statistics of Population, Industry, and Commerce in the United Kingdom and some leading Foreign Countries.* By Sir Alfred Bateman, K.C.M.G. Board of Trade; Commercial Department, 1902.
 2. *Japan and its Trade.* By J. Morris. International Commerce Series. London and New York: Harper, 1902.
 3. *Japan in Transition.* By Stafford Ransome. London and New York: Harper, 1899.
 4. *The Mastery of the Pacific.* By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: Heinemann, 1902.
 5. *Reports on the Trade and Shipping of Japan.* By Mr Consul Longford. Foreign Office Reports. London, 1886-1901.
 6. *Report on the State of Trade in Japan.* By Byron Brenan, C.M.G. Foreign Office Reports, 1897.
 7. *Annual Return of the Foreign Trade of Japan.* Department of Finance. Tokio, 1902.
 8. *Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon.* Statistical Department, Imperial Cabinet. Tokio, 1902.
- And other works.

IN a previous article (July, 1902) we traced the political development of Japan. We showed how a nation secluded from the world, bound with the iron fetters of a rigid feudalism, distracted by internal anarchy, and consisting for the most part of an ignorant, down-trodden, and unenterprising multitude, has become a strong and consolidated state, ready and able to make its voice heard and respected in the great councils of the world, with a constitutional government successfully tried by over ten years' working experience, a powerful army and navy, and a patriotic, courageous, and determined people, actively sharing in the administrative affairs of the empire, and displaying a high degree of political enterprise, both domestic and international. The object of the present article is to show that Japan's commercial and industrial progress has been no less marked than her military and political development; and that, starting from equally unpromising beginnings, it has already advanced to a stage, not only of substantial importance

in the present, but, if the experience of the past is a trustworthy guide, of the fairest promise for the future. To Englishmen all subjects connected with the progress of Japan should be of especial interest. The defensive alliance recently concluded with her, alone among all the Powers of the world, causes her military and political condition to be of vital importance to us. Her commercial and industrial condition is rendered of no less importance by the fact that for many years we have held a commanding position in her import trade; that the United Kingdom now supplies her with manufactured goods to the average annual value of over six millions sterling; and that, as manufacturing communities, Great Britain and Japan meet as friendly rivals in the Far East, equally eager to secure by honourable competition the lion's share in its markets.

No apology is therefore needed for dealing with such a subject; and we are fortunately provided with ample materials for doing so. Sir Alfred Bateman's able memorandum on the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, and its principal industrial and trading competitors, shows clearly the increasing competition which we are now experiencing on the part of both Germany and the United States, which nowhere threatens us more seriously than in Japan and other Eastern markets. In the works of Mr Ransome, Mr Colquhoun, and Mr Morris, Japanese trade and industry are handled in varying degrees of fullness and accuracy. Mr Brennan's report is exhaustive and interesting; while the reports sent home from time to time by Mr Longford, our consul at Nagasaki, are full of original information, and constitute a complete and detailed summary of the trade of the empire.

From Mr Longford's reports, and from an interesting paper by the same official, read before the London Chamber of Commerce during the present year, we propose to borrow largely. Numerous statistical publications, issued in the English language by the Japanese government, provide valuable material for testing the soundness of the propositions advanced by the writers we have mentioned. One paramount lesson is to be learned from all—it is inculcated by Sir Alfred Bateman generally, but is specially applicable to Japan—that we cannot maintain our past

pre-eminence without strenuous effort, and that unless the Prince of Wales's warning, that the 'old country must wake up,' is taken seriously to heart, we shall fail, not only to advance, but even to maintain the position in the trade of the Far East which we have hitherto held.

'We are still ahead' (says Sir A. Bateman) 'of our two great rivals in our power of manufacture for export, but . . . each country is travelling upwards more rapidly than we are who occupy a higher eminence.'

Sir Alfred Bateman is referring to Germany and the United States, but we may apply the remark with equal reason to Japan. That country is steadily developing manufacturing and industrial power. Its population is rapidly increasing and setting towards the towns; each year will add to its acquired capital and skill; and its competition with us in the Eastern markets, and even, it may be, in those of Australia, will become increasingly serious.

The International Commerce Series now being issued by Messrs Harper, of which six volumes have already appeared, should, if properly carried out, prove a valuable assistance both to manufacturers and merchants. The objects of the series are to supply accurate information about the commerce, resources, and requirements of the principal countries of the world, the conditions under which great nations are competing for its markets, and the wealth of those nations. We are here only concerned with the volume which deals with Japan, and we cannot but regret that it very imperfectly fulfils the admirable objects of the series. It is, we believe, nearly a quarter of a century since its compiler had direct experience of Japan. All his information as to the present must therefore be secondhand; and even so, he has not sufficiently availed himself of the sources that were open to him. In some instances he is guilty of what it is not too severe to term slovenliness. His statistics on kindred subjects are carried in some cases only down to 1898, in others to 1899, and in others again to 1900, while there was ample material for extending all to the close of 1901.* His ten

* His values in specific instances are sometimes quite incorrect. He ^{as,} for instance, the value of the import in 1900 of grey shirtings as 00*l.* from Great Britain, and nearly 3000*l.* from other countries, and of

years' comparative table of exports and imports is totally misleading, owing, we presume, to the conversion for the earlier years of the decade of the native silver currency into sterling at the exchange of the present day instead of the far higher one that then prevailed. The result is that he represents the whole value of the foreign trade of Japan in 1890 and 1891 as about 14,000,000*l.*, whereas the correct amount was about 23,000,000*l.*

In his preface Mr Morris states that the foreign merchant and manufacturer attempting to establish himself in any part of the Japanese empire is confronted with the initial difficulty that perpetual leases are not granted to aliens, overlooking the fact that perpetual leases have been granted at all the former open ports, at which alone even yet foreigners are established in any considerable number, ever since treaty relations existed with Japan; and that foreigners can now obtain such leases, as distinct from freeholds, in any part of the empire. Even if we admit without qualification—which we do not—the disability which he describes of the tenure known as 'superficies,' he ignores the provisions of Japanese law which constitute partnerships or companies, created and registered in Japan, even though composed entirely of foreigners, juridical persons, and confer on them in that capacity, where not specifically excepted, all the rights of persons, including that of the absolute ownership of the land. In his list of established foreign firms in Japan, those at Nagasaki, an important and rising port, are entirely omitted; while the list of those at Yokohama and Kobe contains no mention of Jardine, Matheson & Co., Butterfield & Swire, Lane, Crawford & Co., perhaps the oldest and most important British firms in Japan, though

white shirtings, in like manner, as 138,000*l.* and 631*l.* The figures first quoted represent the total import into Japan during the year of all shirtings, grey, white and twilled; and all the latter figures, as well as 34,000*l.* for twilled shirtings, form part of it, not additions, as represented by Mr Morris. The value of the import of cotton prints in the same year, on the other hand, appears to be largely understated, that from Great Britain, given as 96,000*l.*, having exceeded 195,000*l.*

Our fellow-subjects in the Australian Confederation are using their best efforts (in which they are cordially seconded by the Japanese) to extend their trade with Japan, and this book should therefore have a large circulation among them. It will be news to them that Australia sent 60,000*l.* worth of refined sugar to Japan in 1899, and followed it up by an export in 1900 valued at 316,856*l.* Australia is, of course, an error for Austria.

it includes one firm which more than a year ago liquidated into non-existence. Nor is any discrimination made between the firms mentioned which might guide a manufacturer in England seeking a suitable agent in Japan, though the business of one, for example, is solely the export of what we may call 'articles du Japon' (curios, matting, etc.), of another the import of metals and machinery, and of another again the import of yarns and piece-goods. Again, there is no mention whatever of the great Japanese firms of high repute which have established their own branches in London, though all of them are in direct communication with our manufacturers, and carry on a rapidly increasing trade.

But Mr Morris's worst blunder, one that might easily entail disastrous consequences on any merchant so unfortunate as to rely on him, is in his chapter on tariff and customs regulations, which should have been thoroughly exhaustive, but in which he simply quotes *in extenso* the statutory tariff of Japan as originally established. He ignores entirely the conventional tariffs, and the specific duties which have been substituted for *ad valorem* duties on many of the most important articles in the trade. He does not mention the Customs Tariff Law, Certificates of origin (which are all-important), the countries entitled to 'most-favoured-nation' treatment, the rules under which duties are calculated and measurements made, tonnage dues, and statutory changes made in the tariff since its initiation. He represents the duties on alcohol and tobacco, for example, as 40 per cent., whereas they are now respectively 250 per cent. and 150 per cent. He gives those on refined sugar and kerosene oil as 20 per cent. and 10 per cent. respectively, whereas both have been converted into specific rates on a very much higher scale. The increase in the latter is, however, mentioned in another part of the book. The book contains a mass of interesting statistical information; but these errors, which we have found on a random and very far from exhaustive examination, considerably impair, if they do not nullify, its value. It is to be hoped that other volumes of the series are free from such blemishes.

From the imperfections which mar this book it is a pleasure to turn to the works of Mr Ransome and Mr Colquhoun, in both of which the chapters on trade and

industry are full of interest, and, in Mr Ransome's case, of detailed and accurate information, which may well be taken to heart by every British trader.

Economic history as compared with political is usually regarded as dull, and appeals only to the few. But Japan has ever been a land of romance; and even the story of its commercial development is not entirely devoid of romantic incidents. During the sixteenth century, while the Jesuit missionaries were meeting with marked success among Japanese of all ranks and classes, and enjoyed the powerful protection of the Shogun Nobunaga, a Portuguese trading-colony was established in Japan, and its commercial progress rivalled the spiritual triumphs of the missionaries. Unfortunately, it took into its service a Dutchman named Linschoten, and his accounts of the high profits gained by the Portuguese traders induced the Dutch East India Company to send a vessel to Japan early in the seventeenth century. The venture succeeded; and further vessels were subsequently sent from Amsterdam, carrying political officers charged with the mission of negotiating a treaty with the Japanese government. They were favourably received at the capital, had an audience of the Shogun, and obtained a charter conferring the same privileges of trade throughout the empire as were already enjoyed by the Portuguese. Thereupon ensued a struggle between the two European nations. To commercial rivalry was added bitter religious antagonism; and it was not long before the Dutch began a series of unworthy intrigues against the Portuguese which culminated in the forcible expulsion of the latter from Japan. Nobunaga's encouragement of the Christian missionaries had been replaced by the relentless persecution of his immediate successors. The Dutch encouraged this persecution, and accused the Jesuit missionaries of being political agents, aiming at the conquest of Japan. They repudiated any sympathy with Christianity, and supplied the government with firearms and ammunition, which were effectively used at the storming of Shimabara, when the last native Christian stronghold was destroyed and the converts annihilated.

The reward of the Dutch was the exclusive privilege of trading with Japan; and this monopoly, which they

retained for over two hundred years, was a source of enormous profits to the Dutch East India Company at large, and to its individual members who were its agents in Japan. But these profits were earned by abject submission to exacting and humiliating conditions. That the Dutch were Christians after all was speedily discovered; and the discovery brought with it the utter contempt of the Japanese for those whom commercial cupidity had induced to deny their religion. The Dutch factory was rigidly confined to the small island of Desima in the harbour of Nagasaki; and its members were locked into their quarters at night, constantly guarded by police, and strictly forbidden to hold any intercourse with the people. No commercial transactions could take place except through officials; all goods landed had to be sold within one year; the number of ships was gradually restricted until only one annual voyage was permitted; and even that one ship was always compelled to sail on the date fixed by the government. Each year the chief of the factory was obliged to visit the capital, a journey of over eight hundred miles each way by land, performed in sedan-chairs carried at a slow walking pace. He was rigidly guarded throughout the entire distance; and, as an example of what the Dutch were willing to submit to, it may be stated that trampling on the cross was one of their enforced experiences while in the capital. The history of the Dutch factory in Japan, originating in treachery and deceit, was true to its origin throughout; and the contempt into which everything connected with trade fell in Japan during the *régime* of the Tokugawa Shoguns owed not a little to the scorn engendered, in the minds of men to whom death was always preferable to dishonour, by the unworthy merchants of whom alone the Japanese had any experience.

The harbour of Nagasaki is perhaps one of the most beautiful in the world, though the progress of the great shipbuilding industry that is now carried on in it, and the erection of powerful fortifications, is depriving it of much of its old picturesqueness. As one approaches from the sea through a chain of pine-clad islands, the harbour is reached through an entrance scarcely a quarter of a mile in width. It is perfectly land-locked, and surrounded by well-wooded hills, which rise to a height

of over one thousand feet. At its upper end, directly facing the entrance, lies the little island, scarcely a couple of acres in area, which was for two hundred years the home or prison of the Dutchmen, some of whose houses remain to this day. It still preserves many of its old features, but these will soon be swept away by the extensive harbour works now in progress.

There is one interesting historical incident connected with it which we cannot remember to have previously seen in print. In 1810 Holland was annexed by Napoleon to the French empire, and ceased to exist as an independent kingdom; but the little colony in Japan was forgotten alike by conquerors and conquered. No ship was sent to it, and its members remained in ignorance of the great events that were occurring in far-distant Europe. During four years, until the fall of Napoleon restored the mother-country to independence, the Dutch flag was daily hoisted in the factory; and this was the one and only spot in the world in which it was flying. It is not difficult to imagine the eager look-out that must have been kept by the imprisoned traders for the ship that never came, their home-sick longing, and the daily disappointment of their hopes of release. Great indeed must have been the gains that could compensate for such a banishment.

In 1859 Japan was by treaty thrown open to foreign intercourse and trade, and the Dutch monopoly came to an end; but it would be difficult to imagine anything more unpromising of a brilliant commercial future than the condition of affairs which then prevailed. The government of the Shogun, in which was vested the entire control of the national administration, was tottering to its fall, and civil war was imminent after more than two hundred years of peace. Pressed on the one side by the Court at Kioto, with all the semi-divine authority of the legitimate sovereign, to free the land from the hated pollution of the foreigners, and on the other by these same foreigners, backed by irresistible naval forces, to open the country to their trade and residence, the bewildered Shogun, ignorant of international usages, and advised only by ministers as ignorant as himself, was driven to accept, for the sake of momentary relief, any terms which the masterful strangers laid before him.

The customs regulations, to which he assented, opened the way to gross frauds on the revenue, not seldom perpetrated by those who professed to represent the commercial honour of enlightened countries. The currency was in what seemed to be hopeless confusion. The relative values of gold and silver were out of all proportion to those outside the limits of Japan; and an export of gold therefore took place which threatened speedily to exhaust the entire national supply. Financial embarrassment tempted the government to issue a debased coinage, which gave rise to large claims for compensation; and, even after the ratio of gold and silver had been fixed on a proper basis, further difficulties arose in the exchange of the native and foreign silver currencies, and inequitable obligations were pitilessly imposed.

With all this to contend against, the commercial history of the country is one of almost unbroken progress, steadily maintained through civil war and financial anarchy, and triumphantly overcoming national ignorance and inexperience, as well as foreign contempt and oppression. In 1870 the value of the foreign trade was estimated by the late Sir Harry Parkes, then our minister in Japan, at 10,000,000*l.*, more than half of which was in British hands; but it was not until two years later that the Japanese customs service began to be conducted in such a manner as to enable a fairly accurate estimate of the real value to be formed; and it was not until 1883 that the customs returns began to distinguish between the countries of origin of imports and destination of exports. In the latter year the value of the whole trade was nearly 13,000,000*l.*, and that of the imports alone was nearly 6,000,000*l.*, of which considerably more than half were of British manufactures, while little more than one twentieth came from Germany. The United States had not yet entered the field at all as a supplier of manufactured goods. In 1901 the value of the whole trade was nearly 52,000,000*l.* If we follow the example of Sir Alfred Bateman in taking an average of five years (1896-1901), we find that the annual import trade of Japan has grown to nearly 26,000,000*l.*, four and a half times what it was in 1883, while the annual export is over 20,000,000*l.* Such a rate of increase, during what in the history of a nation is a short period, may fairly be described as unprecedented.

This rapid commercial advance becomes all the more striking when contrasted with that of the neighbouring empire of China, where an industrious, intelligent, frugal, honest population, seven times as numerous as that of Japan, inhabiting a country rich in all the most alluring potentialities of trade and industry, has made so little progress that after half a century's experience, its total purchasing capacity amounts only to 35,000,000*l.*, while its exports are valued at little over 25,000,000*l.* It is the custom to picture the commercial future of China as presenting visions of wealth surpassing the dreams of avarice. It may be that, if ever the administration of that vast empire falls into the hands of an honest and capable government, these visions may be fulfilled; but what in China are only visions are already tangible realities in Japan. Here a people no less industrious and intelligent than the Chinese, guided by statesmen of unquestioned integrity and enlightenment, who make the encouragement of trade and industry one of the foremost planks in their platform, may be expected to show in the future a progress not less marked than that of the past, and gradually to raise their beloved country to a foremost position among the great commercial powers of the world.

Not only British manufacturers but statesmen and writers have been too apt to disregard the actualities of Japan for the possibilities of China; but the time has come when we must give the fullest recognition to Japan's commercial importance, and 'wake up' to the conditions of a new competition which threatens to oust us from our hitherto predominant share in it. Sir Alfred Bateman regards France, Germany, and the United States as our principal commercial rivals. In Japan it is only the last that we need seriously dread.

The imports from France in 1901 were less in value than those from Belgium or Austria, and their most substantial items were goods which we do not attempt to produce. Those from Germany amounted to nearly 3,000,000*l.*, more than half the value of those from Great Britain, more than tenfold what Germany supplied to Japan in 1883; and, with the exceptions of sugar and wool, all the items composing them were such as are in active competition with British manufactures. Carefully

fostered by government, and aided by the co-operation of state-owned railways and subsidised steamers of the largest freight-carrying capacity, by industrial banks granting long credits, by cheap and highly disciplined labour, German competition in foreign trade must always be a serious factor. But experience has shown that 'made in Germany' is not the best of recommendations in Japan; and while, on the one hand, cheapness may win the preference for German woollen goods, drugs, dyes, and many miscellaneous articles, on the other hand, in all metal manufactures and machinery, the import of which offers the highest promise for many years to come, German competition may be regarded, if not with complacency, at all events without extravagant alarm by British manufacturers. Very different is the case of the United States, which, till a few years ago, hardly any one contemplated as a possible manufacturing competitor with Great Britain within a calculable period. In 1883 United States imports to Japan were little over 600,000*l.* in value, and consisted mainly of kerosene oil, flour, and tobacco. In 1891 this total had nearly doubled, and it then included manufactures to the value of about 160,000*l.* In 1901 the total amounted to nearly 4,500,000*l.*, of which three products—raw cotton, kerosene oil, and flour—represented 2,750,000*l.* The balance consisted almost entirely of manufactures, among which instruments, machinery, and metals were the main items.

The principal British imports to Japan are cotton-yarn and piece-goods, woollen piece-goods, steamships, and the three classes of goods last mentioned among those from the United States. Both the spinning and weaving industries in Japan are now making such progress that not only can an indefinite continuance of the cotton import trade no longer be confidently looked for, but Lancashire may within no remote period find in Japan a formidable competitor in the Chinese market. Flannels, rugs, blankets, and shawls are already being made in Japan; and, as experience teaches the Japanese the superiority, in their changeable climate, of wool, as a material for clothing and bedding, to their native silk and cotton, it may be assumed that their characteristic energy will stimulate them to supply their own requirements.

During the last five years Japan has purchased merchant steamships to the value of two and a half millions sterling. Casualties, wear and tear, the ambition to extend and improve the already large and well-conducted mercantile marine, will necessitate constant renewals of the fleet, which cannot be fully supplied by the native shipyards, however remarkable the progress made by them within a very few years; and in this respect it may be hoped that British builders will retain their supremacy. But, as previously remarked, the metal and kindred trades are those from which most is to be expected. Spinning, weaving, printing, and sugar-refining machinery, electrical appliances, railway rolling-stock and material, water-works appliances, bridges, boilers, fire-engines, arms and munitions of war,* will all be largely required for many years to come. The spinning and weaving industries are growing year by year, as is the printing of newspapers and books. Refined sugar has heretofore been one of the most important items of the import trade, second in value only to that of raw cotton; but a heavy duty has now encouraged the establishment of refineries in Japan. These are being pushed on with keen and enterprising activity; and the necessary machinery for them must be obtained from abroad. The water-power that is abundant almost everywhere renders electric lighting and traction practicable even in remote villages; and for this also foreign machinery is required. The exceptionally hilly nature of the country causes the wear and tear of railway rolling-stock to be far heavier than in our own. Bridges of the most solid and substantial nature may be destroyed in one day by floods or earthquakes; storms play havoc with telegraph, electric, and telephone wires; and terrible epidemics of cholera have thoroughly taught the people the value of a sanitary water supply.

These circumstances imply a large and growing demand for mechanical appliances; but in few of the items in question has production in Japan advanced beyond the empirical stage; and it depends upon the British manufacturer himself whether he can work out

* The value of arms and munitions, vessels of war and naval materials, imported by the Japanese government in 1901, and not included in the general trade returns, exceeded 2,500,000*l.*

his own salvation, and maintain the position he has held in the past against his new and energetic rival from the United States. The latter is favoured by geographical position, by the fiscal policy which gives him large profits at home and enables him to sell the surplus of his products cheaply abroad, by the co-operation of intelligent and ambitious workmen, by his freedom from the methods and traditions of the past. Energy, foresight, and ungrudging adaptation to the new conditions of the world will alone enable the British manufacturer, who can rely on no state assistance, to fight successfully against the advantages enjoyed by his enlightened and progressive rival; but the struggle is well worth his efforts. In Japan Great Britain has not of late years held her ground. Twenty years ago she possessed far more than half of the import trade. In 1901 her share was less than one fifth. It is true that its value is now nearly double what it was, and that it is still far ahead of that of her competitors; but its advance has been relatively much slower. If this state of things continues, Great Britain must soon expect to be left behind in a race in which she had a long start; and the lead, once lost, will hardly be recovered.

We will now turn to industrial Japan, to Japan as a manufacturer and exporter and a possible competitor with ourselves in the supply of manufactured goods to the markets of the East. We find here an advance more startling even than that which has taken place in her foreign trade in general, an advance which gives ample evidence of the increasing technical skill, enterprise, and energy of the people, and the successful policy of the government in fostering native manufactures. Thirty years ago the exports from Japan were worth little over 4,000,000*l.*; and manufactures took a very paltry share among them. In 1901 her export trade amounted to nearly 26,000,000*l.*, 40 per cent. of which consisted of agricultural products, showing that agriculture still remains the chief national industry; mining and fishing products furnish nearly 28 per cent.; and manufactures the rest, that is, nearly one third of the whole.

Increased national expenditure, necessitated by the newly-acquired international status of the empire, requires new sources of wealth. The population is, as will

be presently shown, increasing at a marvellous rate; and it may well be estimated that, should this rate continue, Japan may, in the course of another century, be called upon to provide for a population of over 120,000,000 souls. The resources of domestic agriculture must have a natural limit, and, even if that limit is extended to the utmost, they will prove insufficient to supply the demand long before the population has reached the numbers we have ventured to prophesy. Japan is already a great importer of food-stuffs; she is yearly tending more and more in that direction, and her only hope of being able to pay in future years for her growing requirements in this respect, as well as for the large cost of internal administration and the maintenance of her great place among the nations of the world, lies in the development of the manufacturing industries and the gradual conversion of an agricultural into a manufacturing people. To this end the best energies of the government are being devoted; and no opportunity is lost of stimulating the people towards its attainment, both in the press and in public addresses by statesmen and the great leaders of trade. How much has been already achieved a very few figures will show.

In 1872 the exports from Japan consisted entirely of agricultural, mining, and fishing products, raw silk, silk-worm eggs, tea, rice, copper, coal, vegetable-wax, timber, and seaweed; and the only manufactured articles were paper, fans, lacquer and porcelain ware, and miscellaneous curios, the whole value of which, out of a total export trade of 4,250,000*l.*, did not exceed 90,000*l.* In 1901 the value of exported manufactures, exclusive of those not enumerated in the customs returns, reached a total of nearly 8,500,000*l.*, and included, in addition to her original manufactured exports, cotton-yarn, cotton and silk textiles, straw-plaits, glass, cigarettes, matches, floor-matting, umbrellas, all to large or at least substantial values; while, if a complete list of the non-enumerated goods could be provided, it would be found that there is scarcely one single class of manufactures in which the Japanese are not now endeavouring to compete with European and American producers. Prominent items in such a list would be beer, boots and shoes, buttons, clocks, engines, and machines of various kinds, hats and caps, lamps, paper, photographic appliances, safes, soaps, stoves, port-

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manteaus, tooth-brushes, towels; and, as an instance of the distance to which Japanese manufactures have penetrated, we may mention that we recently found Japanese tooth-brushes, of excellent appearance, for sale in Brighton, while in the United States they are vigorously competing, both in price and quality, with those made in France. Taking only the principal staples, the advance in the exports is shown by the following figures:—

VALUES OF PRINCIPAL EXPORTS (IN THOUSANDS).

	1897.	1900.	1901.
Silk piece-goods and handkerchiefs .	£ 1,343	£ 2,210	£ 2,978
Cotton piece-goods.	232	522	505
Cotton-yarn	1,370	2,101	2,183
Matches	573	588	754
Matting,	328	337	554
Straw-braiding	323	410	305
Porcelain and lacquer ware . . .	263	361	355
Total	4,432	6,529	7,634

With the exception of the last, it may be repeated, not a single one of these staples was exported in 1872.

In 1872 Japan's entire import trade may be said to have consisted of manufactured articles. Raw material had then no place among imports; but a very rough estimate of the material imported for manufacturing purposes in 1901 shows its value to have been very little short of 8,000,000*l*. The import of machinery also furnishes a fair criterion of Japan's progress in manufacturing industry. In 1872 machinery of all kinds was imported to a value of 36,000*l*. In the following year this grew to 75,000*l*.; but until 1887 little advance was made in any one year, nor was the import ever considered to be of such importance as to merit more than a passing reference in consular reports. It was only in 1888, when the prospects of the spinning industry began to attract attention, that the import of machinery for the first time reached a substantial value. During eight years (1894-1901) the value of machinery imported, exclusive of locomotives and boilers, exceeded 6,000,000*l*.; besides which it

is to be remembered that the Japanese have learned to make, not only for themselves, but also for export, a great deal of machinery of the simpler sorts from foreign models, and that numerous foundries are now in active work in every industrial centre in the empire.

Following Sir Alfred Bateman's system, and using his words, we will now refer 'to points connected with Japan's progress and development when looked at from a more general point of view than that afforded by trade statistics.' The population of the empire, exclusive of the newly acquired colony of Formosa, has increased from 33,110,793 in 1872 and 40,072,020 in 1889 to 44,260,604 in 1899; and taking the average of five years (1895-99), we find that the steady annual increase may be estimated at nearly 490,000. Detailed statistics are only available to us from 1894 to 1898; but as it was in 1894, the year of the war with China, that the great industrial movement in Japan began to assume its present proportions, it will be interesting to note the subsequent growth of the population. In 1894 it numbered 41,813,215, of which the urban population (i.e. that of towns with over 10,000 inhabitants) was 6,732,808, and the rural 35,080,407. There were then 35 towns with populations of from 30,000 to 100,000 (aggregate 1,620,394), and six towns with populations of over 100,000 (aggregate 2,585,746). By 1898 the whole population had grown to 43,763,153, an increase of 1,949,938; but, while the increase in the rural population was only 673,500, that in the urban was 1,276,438. The towns with populations of between 30,000 and 100,000 had increased to 39 (aggregate 1,770,512) and those with over 100,000 to eight (aggregate 3,497,910); the increase in the last-mentioned aggregate being no less than 912,164, or nearly half the total increase in the whole population of the empire. In every instance the increase is largest in those towns that are the seats of the most recently introduced industries—Osaka, Tokio, Nagoya, Kobe, and Nagasaki; and as the rural districts of Japan have, as in Germany, been long settled, and the area available for profitable cultivation is fully occupied, it is to be expected that the future increase in the population will, in even a greater degree than during these five years, take place in the urban portion of it, and that the manufacturing in-

dustries will be further stimulated by the growing severity of the struggle for existence that must ensue.

The production of coal during the same period (1894-98) increased from 4,261,000 tons to 6,696,000 tons, and the internal consumption from 2,560,000 tons to 4,510,000 tons, all these figures being, however, only very roughly estimated. It is to be remembered that there is practically no domestic use of coal by the Japanese people for either cooking or warming; and the internal consumption is therefore exclusively for industrial purposes or those of communication. In 1894 the total length of railways in Japan was 2118 miles; in 1901 it was 3915 miles. In 1894 Japan possessed a mercantile steam marine of only 273,419 tons; in 1901 its tonnage was 577,660. It is now almost entirely composed of vessels of the highest and most modern types of construction, some of the largest of which have been built in Japan, well equipped, efficiently manned by seamen of Japanese nationality, and regularly displaying the merchant flag of Japan, not only on the coast of China, but in all the leading commercial ports of the world.

To this rapid growth there are, however, certain drawbacks. Formerly the supply of labour in Japan was as cheap as it was abundant. The Japanese workman was handy, intelligent, quick to learn, and extremely docile, and his simple requirements for existence or pleasure were satisfied at little cost and permitted a very low scale of wages. All this is no longer the case. Many of his old faults remain. He continues to be less energetic than his European *confrère*, less thorough in the execution of what is entrusted to him, and therefore requires more supervision. He is inclined to reduce his day's output by long pauses for rest and recreation, and he takes frequent holidays. To these engrained defects have been added an arrogant disposition, impatience of legitimate discipline, unwillingness to undergo the long training that alone can render him an efficient workman, and a keen appreciation of the might of combination and the strike as an effective method of settling in his favour disputes with his employers. The standard of comfort has greatly risen, and what were formerly regarded as luxuries to be only occasionally enjoyed have become daily necessities, so that the scale of wages in

every industry has of necessity largely risen, while the artisan's natural tastes and habits have to be eradicated to some extent before he can accommodate himself to the conditions inseparable from industry on a large scale and from factory life. Thus the advantage enjoyed by the Japanese manufacturer in cheap labour is yearly decreasing in a greater degree than can be counterbalanced by the growth of population; nor can his management be said to equal that of the European in efficiency or cheapness. His advance towards the desired goal, which is the control of the markets of the East, will therefore not be without difficulties; but his confidence in himself is immeasurable, and that he will ultimately reach it he is fully convinced.

The lessons to be derived from this outline of the commercial and industrial history of Japan are that, while she is still, and is likely for some time to be, a large purchaser of many articles which we can supply, the time should be anticipated when she will be an active and formidable competitor with us in the great Eastern markets, in which her geographical propinquity, her knowledge of Eastern peoples and their habits, and her close sympathy with many of their customs and traditions, will give her valuable advantages. A most interesting sketch of business methods, with valuable suggestions for their future conduct, is to be found in Mr Ransome's exhaustive chapters on 'Business Relations' and 'Modern Industrial Japan.' Many of these suggestions have been anticipated in the consular reports, and it is disappointing to find that they have had so little effect. Send out to Japan, Mr Ransome says, experts, technical men who thoroughly understand the details of their particular specialities. We find precisely the same suggestion made in the strongest terms in reports dated so far back as 1886 and 1896. The local British traders, according to Mr Ransome, speak less Japanese, and associate less with people of the country, than any other section of the foreign community; and the great obstacle to satisfactory trade with Japan is the defective knowledge of the Japanese language possessed by our traders. A consular report of 1886 states that, though nearly twenty years had then elapsed since British merchants first began to reside in Japan, they

had not advanced one single step towards intimacy with the genuine commercial classes; and that they conducted their dealings with middlemen of low class, with whom alone they were in direct contact, not in the Japanese language, but in a vulgar and degraded patois, bearing as much resemblance to Japanese as the gibberish of a West-Indian negro does to the English spoken by a highly educated London merchant. The commercial advantages to be gained by a knowledge of the language and by the cultivation of more intimate relations with the better classes of the people were urged in the same report in terms almost equally strong.

Even then foreign rivals were beginning to encroach on assumed British preserves, and to display unsuspected qualities of commercial enterprise. Competition then only threatened, has since become an active and formidable reality; and, unless both merchants and manufacturers awake from the apathy engendered by the unquestioned superiority of former years, they may see the rest of their trade reft from them by more energetic and progressive rivals. The resident British merchants in Japan are worthy representatives of the best traditions of British commerce in regard to industry and scrupulosity in all transactions. They remain, however, fettered by conditions which, unavoidable in the past, are now no longer necessary. Though the whole country is open to them, though intercourse and commercial partnerships with the people are unrestricted, they continue, with very few exceptions on the part of some progressive firms, to conduct their business entirely at the former open ports, the original seats of trade, with the enriched descendants of the low-class adventurers with whom they were first brought in contact. Their sphere, as the first intermediaries between the European manufacturers and the ultimate native buyer, is being steadily encroached on by native merchants of the best classes, who are now rapidly acquiring as full a knowledge of foreign business methods as they themselves possess.

Moreover, the interests of the British merchant are not always identical with those of the British manufacturer. Just as the manufacturer will sell his goods to the best purchaser, regardless whether he is English or

Japanese, so the British merchant in Japan will place his orders with the seller who best satisfies his requirements, regardless whether he is German, American, or British. In this respect neither manufacturer nor merchant is in a position to cast a stone at the other. But, other things being equal, the flag will carry the day; and, if the British manufacturer will bring himself to show the same consideration for the requirements of Japan, in regard to time (a most essential element in all Japanese contracts), quality, suitability to peculiar needs, and price, he may assuredly rely on the cordial co-operation of his fellow-countrymen on the spot.

The struggle to maintain the marked predominance which has hitherto distinguished British trade in the East will undoubtedly be severe. Japan herself is now bound to us, it is true, by strong ties of political gratitude and friendship, and her interests in the Far East are common with our own; but neither political alliance nor friendly sentiment can override the hard facts of trade; and, while she evinces in every way the keenest desire to extend commercial relations with us, it can only be expected that her trading classes will bestow her most valuable favours on those who most assiduously strive to win them.

We have already remarked that the British manufacturer can rely on no assistance from the state. That appears to be a fixed principle of British economic policy, into the merits of which we do not propose now to enter. But we cannot acquit successive governments of a certain culpability in neglecting to promote, or even to maintain, our commercial position in Japan, and in failing to render to British merchants legitimate assistance entirely within their power and compatible with accepted rules of policy. For example, a short-sighted economy in the withdrawal of the postal subsidy has driven our mail-steamers following the Red-Sea route from Japanese waters, and has surrendered the entire control of the passenger service, and a large portion of the carrying trade, to German lines.* We shall await with interest the report of the Steamship Subsidies Committee of the House of Commons, now sitting on this subject. Again, although commercial

* Interim Report of the Committee on Steamship Subsidies. Printed by order of the House of Commons. H.M. Stationery Office, 1901.

secretaries have been appointed to our diplomatic missions in many European countries, as well as in China, no secretary has been appointed in Japan, in spite of the fact that such an appointment was urged in the strongest terms nearly five years ago by Mr Brenan, when specially sent by the Foreign Office for the purpose of investigating the condition of British trade with that country. Finally, the neglect of the consular service, to which we have already more than once called attention, is at least as marked in Japan as elsewhere.

Much has been written about the dishonesty of Japanese merchants; their incapacity to keep a contract, no matter how solemnly made, when it involves a loss; the impossibility of trusting them as sellers; their insensibility, not only as individuals, but as a class, to criticism or exposure when clearly guilty of flagrant breaches of trust; and their deficiency in the sense of honour that should be the primary foundation of all commercial transactions. A very few months ago Baron Shibusawa, the president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce and Japan's greatest merchant, visited London. In a conference with the London Chamber of Commerce, in which he invited suggestions for the promotion of commercial intercourse between England and Japan, the members of that corporation impressed on him, with more vigour than good taste, the evil consequences of the commercial immorality which, according to the chairman, is almost a national characteristic.

Now the Japanese nation as a whole is not dishonest. The government has always scrupulously observed every engagement made by it, and even when, as not unfrequently happened in its early days of inexperience, shamelessly tricked, it invariably fulfilled the obligations it had inadvertently assumed. There are old-established mercantile firms of which the same may be said, firms to which credit may be and is constantly given with the same confidence as to British firms of the best standing. The writer, throughout a long experience, has found the Japanese tradesman compare favourably with the English, and has met with many striking incidents of honesty in its best form on the part of domestics, artisans, and labourers. A Japanese policeman is absolutely incor-

ruptible, and a railway-guard or a postman would look upon a 'tip' as an insult.

That Japanese merchants, as a class, have earned for themselves an evil reputation is only the natural result of their history. During the *régime* of the Tokugawa Shoguns, traders were regarded almost as social pariahs. Foreign trade was rigidly forbidden, and internal trade was hampered by monopolies, by guilds as arbitrary as the most bigoted of our own trade-unions, by different currencies, and by the total absence of communication or intercourse between adjoining provinces governed by rival and independent feudal chiefs. When Japan was opened in a limited degree to foreign trade, respectable native traders, dulled by centuries of oppression and restriction to narrow spheres, naturally failed to grasp the new opportunities that were afforded them; while on the other hand needy and unscrupulous adventurers, destitute of every sentiment of honour, and guided in all transactions solely by the desire for gain by any means, foul or fair, and with no reputation to lose among their own countrymen, flocked to the open ports, and speedily secured for themselves a practical monopoly of foreign trade. It was with these men that British merchants in Japan were first brought into contact. It is with their descendants—many of them now enriched beyond what their progenitors could have foreseen even in their wildest dreams, but largely preserving the inherited taints of trickery, dishonesty, and disregard of good name—that the majority of resident merchants continue to deal, in spite of the fact that they still continue to suffer at their hands almost as severely as in past times. Is it surprising that, with an experience limited to men of this class, there should be many bitter memories of broken contracts, fraud and deceit, or that the sufferers should be tempted into hasty generalisation about a whole people?

Better days are now dawning. Even in the feudal times there were great mercantile houses in Japan, and we find their successors in many Japanese firms which have entered the field in late years and now carry on a large part of the foreign trade of the country. Against these no lack of probity in its best form has ever been charged. Commercial schools are inculcating commercial morality as an essential part of business enterprise; trade

is no longer confined to those destined for it by descent; and youths of gentle birth, freely adopting commercial careers—as they now do in large numbers—bring with them traditional ideas of honour. An instance which occurred not many months ago, in which a native bank endeavoured by a contemptible quibble to shuffle out of a contract with a foreign bank, affords a striking illustration of the change for the better which has come over the country. The action of the Japanese bank was condemned in the strongest terms in the courts of justice and the press, by other native banks and by public opinion, to such an extent that it was speedily forced to withdraw from the position it had taken; while eight years ago a similar action on the part of a dealer in cotton-yarns towards a British firm, a most unscrupulous evasion of a petty contract by a man of great wealth, not only passed unnoticed in the press but was cordially and vigorously supported by the whole guild of yarn-dealers. Mr Chamberlain, in his book, 'Things Japanese,' has given a full account of this incident, mentioning the defaulter by name; but he has omitted to state that the personage in question was almost immediately afterwards elected a member of the municipal council of Yokohama, and is still a director of one of the greatest banks in Japan.

However, things are doubtless steadily improving. Since the day, nearly thirty years ago, when the Emperor, on the opening of the first railway in Japan, gave recognition to the principle that trade might not be wholly dishonourable by receiving an address from a deputation of Japanese merchants, and when Baron Shibusawa resigned high official rank, to which birth and talent had elevated him, in order to adopt a commercial career, the social status of the trader has been steadily rising. The successful merchant now freely mixes on equal terms with the best in the land; and Baron Shibusawa is not the sole representative of his class in the peerage. May we not then, on our part, hope that the one blot which stains the commercial progress of Japan will soon be removed, and that her merchants as a class will in no long time attain a standard of honour and upright dealing which will place them on a level with our own?

Art. IX.—WELSH ROMANCE AND FOLKLORE.

1. *The Text of the Mabinogion, and other Welsh Tales from the Red Book of Hergest.* Edited by John Rhys, M.A., and J. Gwenogvryn Evans. Two vols. Oxford: J. G. Evans, 1887.
2. *Les Mabinogion, traduits en entier pour la première fois en Français, avec un commentaire explicatif et des notes critiques.* Par J. Loth. Two vols. Paris: Ernest Thorin, 1889.
3. *Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx.* Two vols. By John Rhys, M.A., D.Litt. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.
4. *The Mabinogion. Medieval Welsh Romances.* Translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. New edition, with notes, by Alfred Nutt. London: Nutt, 1902. (First edition, in three volumes. London: Longmans, 1849.)

OF the three poetic matters which, to the exclusion of all others, were pronounced by an old French *trouvère** to be worthy of concern, one alone, the 'matter of Britain, retains its vitality for the maker, as distinguished from the reader and the student, of literature. It was the latest of the three to become known in Europe generally, but it ousted the other two from literary favour with astonishing rapidity. Compared with the 'matter of Rome the great' which, while signifying to the French poet not much more perhaps than the tales of Troy and of Alexander, embraced well-nigh all known antiquity, but had none the less been all but exhausted, the sudden and predominant vogue of the 'matter of Britain' was largely due to its novelty. But it could not claim any advantage in this respect over the 'matter of France,' which had to do with events of a much later date and more determinate character, and had besides, for French writers at least, its patriotic interest to recommend it. The Carolingian romances, however, even in France itself, speedily and hopelessly lost ground before the sweeping advance of the Arthurian legends. 'Alexander,' as M. Jusserand† tersely puts it—and, we may add, Charle-

* Jean Bodel, in the thirteenth century 'Chanson des Saisnes,' l. 6, 7:

'Ne sont que trois matières à nul home antandant,
De France, et de Bretaigne et de Rome la grant.'

† 'Literary History of the English People,' vol. i, p. 131.

magne—'had been an amusement; Arthur became a passion.'

This triumph of the 'matter of Britain' over the other two was due mainly to its adaptability to the conditions and demands of a time ripe for new literary enterprises. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the lettered classes in Europe were no less bent upon experiment and adventure than the crowd of writers who, three hundred years afterwards, felt the impetus of the great Italian Renaissance; and the Arthurian legend prevailed with them, in a word, because of its unrivalled possibilities of literary exploitation. It lent itself even to the reconciliation of the seemingly incompatible ideals of knight-errantry and of the Church; and the strange blend of chivalric with ecclesiastical and remote pagan elements, which the fully developed legend eventually became, cast over the imagination of Europe a spell which has not yet lost its potency. When, in course of time, the allegorical capacity of the legend came to be fully realised, its literary triumph was complete. Romance and allegory, fable and symbolism were wedded in the legend of Arthur as in no other; hence its strange fascination for almost every type of the poetic temperament.

As in the nature of things it should be, that fascination has been felt most of all by British poets; but it is not its British origin alone that accounts for the persistent domination of the story of Arthur, evoking, as it has, even in nineteenth century England, some of the most brilliant poetic achievement of the time. It is its superexcellence as a purely romantic subject that has given Arthurian fable its vogue and interest in England as elsewhere. British though the legend unquestionably is in its origin and in its rudimentary literary form, yet, as Renan has said, 'the heroes of the "Mabinogion" have no fatherland'; and the matter of Britain owes 'its astonishing prestige throughout the whole world' to its ideal and representative character.* To only two or three British bards at most has it been given to rise to the full height of what poetic argument the Arthurian legend has; and the very difficulty of capturing its secret may be another of the

* 'Essais de Morale et de Critique' (Paris, 1859)—'La Poésie des Races Helènes,' p. 410.

causes of its importunate charm. Few poets have been able to leave it alone. In England, at any rate, ever since Sir Thomas Malory quarried among formless masses of mediæval romance and pieced out of them the mosaic of his matchless prose narrative, no poet of quality has been without concern for the story of King Arthur, or has withstood the impulse to venture on some fresh Arthurian quest. The fairy Arthurian realm still claims the poets as its citizens, and among them the fellowship of the questing knights is still preserved. One of the most distinguished of them among the living * finds, indeed, but little substance in some of these 'wan legends' of early Britain as compared with the more solid 'matter of Rome the great,' and laments that

'Dead fancy's ghost, not living fancy's wraith,
Is now the storied sorrow that survives
Faith in the record of these lifeless lives.'

But he is fain to justify himself for dallying with them by citing illustrious precedent :

'Yet Milton's sacred feet have lingered there,
His lips have made august the fabulous air.'

It is, however, Milton's misfortune that he has to be classed with Dryden as one who

'In immortal strain
Had raised the Table Round again,'

but for other preoccupations. The prime glories of achievement remain with Spenser and Tennyson, and—shall we say?—with Mr Swinburne himself.

The Arthurian legend has in our time ceased to be the exclusive property of the poet and the romancer. An army of 'Arthurian specialists' in the various departments of mythology, philology, ethnology, and folklore has recently annexed whole provinces of the legend, and is busily engaged in assigning prosaic causes and explanations to incidents and names which the lover of mere literature has for centuries been content to leave inviolate in the dim atmosphere of romance. Matthew Arnold, perhaps, little expected what was in store for those who

* Mr Swinburne in the Dedication to his tragedy of 'Locine.'

came after him when, in his lectures on 'The Study of Celtic Literature,' he recommended the application of the 'science des origines' to the oldest monuments of the literature of Wales and Ireland. But, even without his advice, the study of Arthurian origins would have been prosecuted with sufficient zest. For the peculiarity of the 'matter of Britain' is that it takes us back to a pre-Christian era so indeterminate and remote that a philological and mythological inquirer comes to feel that he is on a scientific equality with the geologist. There is a *detritus*, to quote Matthew Arnold's own words, to be got at and 'disengaged.' And the attempt to disengage this *detritus* may be followed by all who have the patience to do so in the pages, mainly, of recent French and German periodicals. No Celtic scholar in this country can now afford to approach any Arthurian subject without some knowledge of what Foerster and Zimmer among the Germans, and Gaston Paris, Joseph Loth, and Ferdinand Lot among the French—to name only the protagonists in a profound and often fierce debate—have written. America also has begun to send trained emissaries on these critical quests; while in England Dr John Rhys and Mr Alfred Nutt, with several younger scholars in their train, attack the various problems suggested by the legend with a knowledge and insight unsurpassed by any other worker in the field. Some of Professor Rhys's and Mr Nutt's more recent labours will claim our attention by and by. Our more immediate concern is with the literary side of the Arthurian legend, and with those primitive Welsh presentments of it which, in spite of the accumulation of critical lore that now surrounds them, have lost none of their charm for the student of letters.

The literary popularity of the 'matter of Britain' began with Geoffrey of Monmouth. He it was who first opened the eyes of French poets and romancers to the value of Arthurian story for purposes of literary entertainment. Geoffrey himself, we hold, was much more of the deliberate romancer than of the sober historian. He was a man of his time, responding instinctively to the new impulses that were at work, and alert for an opportunity of supplying, himself, some fresh stimulus to the imagination. Had he lived in later times he might have been another Defoe or a first-rate special correspondent. He

is one of the most artful and complacent retailers of fiction in an age when, in the words of Professor Ker, 'the dealers in romantic commonplaces were as fully conscious of the market value of their goods as any later poet who has borrowed from them their giants and enchanters, their forests and magic castles' ('Epic and Romance,' p. 371). Geoffrey knows when he has a good thing in hand, and employs all his cunning to make the best of it, taking just sufficient care not to arouse the suspicions of the ingenuous readers who were invited to accept his fables as authentic history. He conforms with the conventions of his time by adopting the chronicle as his literary form, and makes a bid for patriotic sympathy by his adroit use of the traditional descent of the British race from Trojan and Roman heroes, thus giving that engaging fiction a currency which imposed upon some Welsh historians even down to the nineteenth century. So in form the famous 'History of the Kings of Britain' is scarcely distinguishable from other chronicles of the time, but in substance and spirit it is charged to the full with the seductive magic of romance.

But while Geoffrey must be regarded as a more or less deliberate romancer masquerading in the garb of a chronicler, he is not so much an inventor as a deft literary manipulator of matter which he found at his command. Although the manuscripts of Geoffrey's History are older than any texts of French and Welsh romances which have come down to us, it would be a mistake to assume that the quasi-historical form of the legend is older than its purely romantic elements. Whether Geoffrey was acquainted with any primitive forms of Welsh romance can never be determined; but there is strong presumption that he was familiar with a mass of popular tradition which was current either in Wales or in Brittany, or in both, and that he incorporated much of it in his book. William of Malmesbury, writing probably before Geoffrey began his History, speaks of Arthur as one 'about whom the idle tales of the Britons rave even to-day';* and certain monks of Laon tell us that they raised a tumult in Cornwall in 1113 by refusing

* 'De quo Britonum nuge hodieque delirant.' ('Gesta Regum Anglorum,' i, 8.)

to believe that Arthur still lived.* Geoffrey had doubtless written documents to his hand besides the chronicle of Nennius, but that he borrowed largely from oral tradition does not admit of doubt. His claim to literary distinction is that he perceived the value of the romantic material which through various channels came in his way, and put it into a form which at once arrested attention. The appearance of his History is the chief literary event of the twelfth century. Its popularity is still attested by the extraordinary number of manuscript copies of the work scattered among public and private libraries.

Geoffrey professed to have translated a certain 'British book' which was given him by Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, but which no other writer of his own time appears to have seen and no subsequent research has been able to discover. It matters little whether the book was Welsh or Breton, or whether it existed at all. What we certainly know is that Geoffrey incorporated in his own book a mass of matter which is Welsh in origin; and this matter is the most specifically romantic part of his History. It is, however, remarkable—and of this fact some of the students of origins make much—that there is comparatively very little in common between Geoffrey and the oldest examples of Welsh romance which we possess. A few of these romances, although preserved in manuscripts of a later date than Geoffrey's History, are palpably much more archaic in character and content than Geoffrey. In four of them Arthur does not appear at all; and there is no evidence that of these tales—the 'Mabinogion' proper—Geoffrey had ever heard.† Again, the later Welsh romances, in which Arthur becomes an imposing figure, and which are in their incidents substantially identical with well-known French romances, show very few, if any, traces of Geoffrey's influence. The notable thing about the 'Mabinogion'—including under that term all the stories to which Lady Charlotte

* 'Sed sicut Britones solent iurgari cum Francis pro rege Arturo, idem vir coepit rixari cum uno ex famulis nostris . . . dicens adhuc Arturum vivere. Unde non parvo tumultu exorto cum armis ecclesiam irruunt plurimi.' (Migne, 'Patrologia,' vol. 156, col. 983.)

† *Llyr*, or Lear, indeed, figures in Geoffrey's book, but what is told about him there has no connexion with the stories of the 'Mabinogion.'

Guest applied it in her famous translation—is their almost complete independence of Geoffrey. Their redaction into the literary form in which we have them belongs virtually to Geoffrey's time, or to a time when his influence was widely felt; but they are a presentment of the 'matter of Britain' quite distinct from and strangely unaffected by the writer who, above all others, launched that matter on the full tide of European literature.

Hence their unique value and interest. The 'Mabinogion' may claim to be the most authentic and characteristic, as they are certainly the most delightful, expression of the early Celtic genius which we possess. The only other considerable body of ancient Celtic literature which has come down to us is the Irish prose literature of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But the Irish tales, full though they are of a strange barbaric power, are inferior to the 'Mabinogion' in those subtle qualities of selection, of arrangement, of tone, of style which show the hand of the conscious and sensitive artist. There is a finish about the Welsh tales which bespeaks a curiously alert literary intelligence. They are the products of a trained literary class; and the distinction of this class in Wales in the twelfth century was that, while it doubtless owed much to Christian and classical culture, it managed to preserve its native idiosyncrasies, and to keep the national subjects upon which it exercised its literary art free from the contamination of that culture. What the culture of the Church did for the Welsh story-tellers was to inform and refine their natural literary capacity, with the result that no mediæval prose surpasses the 'Mabinogion' in delicate precision of form and in its admirable adaptation to the matter with which it deals. This is why Wales, far more than Ireland, influenced the literature of mediæval Europe, and why the 'Mabinogion,' even in a translation, continues to attract and delight the most cultured reader. 'Wales,' writes Mr Nutt*—by preference an admirer and devoted student of Irish rather than of Welsh story—

'unlocked the gates of the older fairy world, but she attenuated what in its aspect might have been too fantastic, too uncouthly strange. It is not hard to understand why the Norman who went to Ireland remained unaffected by the

* Notes to his edition of Lady Guest's 'Mabinogion,' p. 300.

varied and splendid Irish literature, while from Wales he brought back the Arthurian romance. The explanation of this fact holds good to-day. For one modern reader who can grasp the significance and appreciate the excellence of such Irish stories as the 'Tain bo Cualgne' or the 'Destruction of Daderga's Hostel,' fifty can feel and respond to the charm of the 'Four Branches' or the 'Lady of the Fountain.' In the one the barbaric world appears under an aspect which at first bewilders and estranges; in the other, whilst retaining its richness and its savour, it has shed whatever fails to allure and to fascinate.'

Unique specimens as they are of what was soon to become, even in Wales itself, a lost art, the 'Mabinogion' have been singularly fortunate in their English translator. It is by this time perfectly well known that Lady Charlotte Guest did not perform her work single-handed; and it is only right that the scholarly clergyman who assisted her should have the credit which is his due. A Welshman of the Welshmen by name and education—the Rev. John Jones of Jesus College, Oxford, better known to his countrymen by his bardic pseudonym 'Tegid'—he deserves to be remembered as the man who furnished Lady Guest with her copy of the text of the 'Mabinogion,' and who helped her to the sense of the more difficult passages. The absence of any reference to his share in the undertaking is a fault we have to find with the compact and comprehensive notes which Mr Nutt appends to his most acceptable new edition of Lady Guest's book. As a literary artist, however, Lady Guest had powers to which Tegid could lay no claim. She had so signal an instinct for the right language in which to present these primitive Welsh tales in English that she may well be said to have been by nature endowed with a special gift for translating the 'Mabinogion.' Mr Nutt does full justice to her genius for this particular work; and one can wish for no better tribute than that which he pays to

'the mingled strength and grace of her style, the unerring skill with which she selects the right word, the right turn of phrase, which suggests an atmosphere ancient, remote, laden with magic, without any resort to pseudo-archaism, to Wardour-Street English.'

success of Lady Guest's achievement is felt most of
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all by those who have attempted to translate the 'Mabinogion' themselves.* It is possible to better her work in the matter of strict adherence to the letter of the text, but hopeless to attempt to produce anything which, as a whole, so well preserves, not merely the tone and the 'atmosphere,' but the very form and pressure of the original.

Some few years ago a highly meritorious French translation of the 'Mabinogion' was published by M. Joseph Loth; and Mr Nutt pronounces M. Loth's work to be superior in point of accuracy to Lady Guest's. M. Loth enjoyed the advantage of having at his command a much better copy of the text of the Red Book of Hergest than Lady Guest had. Instead of Tegid's imperfect transcription, he had before him the diplomatic edition of the Red Book text by Professor Rhys and Dr Gwenogvryn Evans. M. Loth's translation certainly corrects Lady Guest's in many places and supplies what the author calls the 'lacunes volontaires' of her work, omissions imposed upon her by her desire to make the tales suitable for 'the edification of youth,' although, as it happens, there is scarcely any real grossness in the 'Mabinogion.' Considered as literature, however, M. Loth's work is not of the quality of Lady Charlotte Guest's. It may be a more exact translation—though we ourselves have found it in many places to approach perilously near a paraphrase—and may give in a less attenuated form '*des crudités de langage et des brutalités de mœurs qui sont cependant loin d'être sans intérêt et sans importance pour l'histoire et la critique*' (Pref., p. 3). But even one who but imperfectly appreciates the felicities of French prose style must feel that M. Loth's version falls short of Lady Guest's in suggesting the delicacy and the simple charm of the original Welsh. We value M. Loth's work chiefly for its extensive and exceedingly helpful apparatus of critical notes.

Fortunate as they have been in their translators, the

* The present writer is one of these. He has had, however, the hardihood to essay only a few passages; and as, here and there, Lady Guest's translation does lose somewhat by its rather free rendering of certain characteristically Welsh touches in the original, some of these attempts at a more accurate version are given further on. When Lady Guest's translations are quoted, references to Mr Nutt's edition are given in each case.

'Mabinogion' have perhaps been even more fortunate in engaging the interest of two of the most brilliant literary critics of our age. The poetry of Tennyson undoubtedly sent many eager readers to Lady Charlotte Guest's translation; but it is questionable whether even Tennyson did so much to popularise and direct attention to the 'Mabinogion' as Renan and Matthew Arnold. Renan was no Celtic scholar, and he wrote before Celtic scholarship had achieved some of its most striking results in determining the age and the comparative values of ancient documents; yet his essay on 'The Poetry of the Celtic Races' remains one of the most illuminating and suggestive literary treatises on that subject which we possess. No one has brought out more felicitously than he the distinctive literary traits of the 'Mabinogion'—the simple grace of their narrative, their delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, their feeling for nature, their charm as reflecting the '*aimable sérénité de la conscience celtique, ni triste ni gaie, toujours suspendue entre un sourire et une larme*,' no less than their significance as the channels of a new and potent influence upon the literature of Europe.

Following Renan came Matthew Arnold with his memorable 'Lectures on Celtic Literature,' delivered from the chair of Poetry at Oxford. He protests that 'an unlearned belletristic trifler' like himself is not the man to do justice to the work of Celtic scholars who, by their prolonged researches among obscure manuscripts, provide the material which helps us to 'know the Celt and his genius.' But a 'belletristic trifler' like Matthew Arnold often goes much farther than the most laborious scholar in divining the secret and in getting at the very heart of an ancient literature. Arnold, amid much that is irrelevant but always entertaining, exhibits in these lectures a marvellous instinct for the essential things in Celtic literature, for what was of value, and likely to be of value, in the labours of Celtic scholars, as well as for the significant literary qualities of the older Welsh prose and poetry. He has a good deal that is fanciful, perhaps, to say about the Celtic magic, the Celtic sentiment, the Celtic Titanism, with its 'indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact.' But his critical insight enables him, at the same time, to disentangle, with a precision wonderful in one who knew no Welsh, the true

from the false, the archaic from the late and spurious, the vital and the salient things from the trivial and the jejune in the poems and romances which he discusses. Thus he goes at once to the root of the problems suggested by the 'Mabinogion' when he says, in an oft-quoted passage:

'The very first thing that strikes one, in reading the "Mabinogion," is how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pillaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant building his hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history, or knows by a glimmering tradition merely; stones "not of this building," but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestic. In the mediæval stories of no Latin or Teutonic people does this strike one as in those of the Welsh.'

It may appear ungracious to utter here a word of complaint against men who have done so much to interpret the Celtic genius as Renan and Arnold, but it must be confessed that they have done some disservice to Celtic literature by encouraging 'belletristic triflers' of lesser calibre to indulge in a good deal of random talk about 'traits' and 'tendencies.' We hear nowadays of a 'Celtic renaissance' and a 'Celtic movement,' of attempts to reproduce the Celtic magic and glamour, and to give new expression to the Celtic sentiment, and so forth. But, in spite of much pretentious and illusory literary effort which the term is made to cover, there is at the present time a genuine Celtic 'renaissance' in the shape of a serious endeavour to get at the actual matter and meaning of the older Celtic literature. Ireland has hitherto shown the way; and the great work done of late years by the editors and translators of old Irish texts is one of the most heroic enterprises of modern scholarship. But Wales has not been far behind. Ever since Edward Llwyd in 1707 complained, in his 'Archæologia Britannica,' that he might have given many manuscript treasures to the world but for 'the instigation of certain persons, pseudo-politicians rather than men of letters,' there have been Welshmen who made great efforts to collect and publish the unprinted remains of old Welsh literature.

To Owen Jones—the Denbighshire st

Matthew Arnold calls him—from the vale of Myvyr, and his coadjutor William Owen Pughe, belongs the credit of having brought together at the beginning of the last century the largest and most valuable repertory of Welsh literature ever published, the 'Myvyrian Archæology of Wales.' But the era of accurate Welsh scholarship can scarcely be said to have dawned until Professor Rhys began to settle down to his work in the Oxford chair of Celtic. It is to him, and to one whose exceptional gift for palæographical work received its first serious direction in Professor Rhys's classes—Dr Gwenogvryn Evans—that we owe, not only an exact printed copy of the Red Book text of the 'Mabinogion,'* but a series of Welsh texts, and of catalogues, collations, and transcripts of Welsh manuscripts surpassing in value anything hitherto done for the literature of Wales. Their edition of the 'Mabinogion' has placed in the scholar's hands as exact a reproduction of Lady Charlotte Guest's original as it is possible to give. The Red Book text, it should be said, is not the oldest extant text of the 'Mabinogion.' It is based upon that of the White Book of Rhydderch, a MS. in the Peniarth library, of which Dr Gwenogvryn Evans is understood to be preparing a diplomatic edition. Welsh scholars are already under an immense debt to Dr Evans; and it is impossible in any discussion of the 'Mabinogion' to leave unnoticed a work which challenges comparison with anything of its kind in the whole field of palæography.

The Red Book of Hergest is a *corpus* of Welsh prose and poetry, transcribed in the fourteenth century, and includes, among a rich variety of curious matter, all the tales translated by Lady Charlotte Guest except the 'History of Taliesin.' Lady Guest printed and translated

* Their edition of the 'Mabinogion' is a diplomatic reproduction of the text of the Red Book of Hergest after a method which Dr Evans claims to have been at the time (1887) unique in this country. The different founts of type employed are in themselves a study, and the editors, while not professing to satisfy every taste in their style of printing, maintain that they have 'made their reproduction final, for every proof-sheet was collated with the original manuscript at least three times—collated backward as well as forward.' They have so printed the MS. that 'every scholar who

knowledge of manuscripts will be able to restore in his mind's eye

the original, while the beginner will not be bewildered by the compounds.'

that famous compilation, whence Thomas Love Peacock drew most of his matter for 'The Misfortunes of Elphin,' from two manuscript fragments of a late date. 'Taliesin,' in the form we have it, is of undeniably late composition, and is a strange medley, assorting but ill with the other romances. It was in 'Taliesin,' however, that Matthew Arnold saw the *detritus* which, 'instead of being called recent, because it is found in contact with what is recent,' should be 'disengaged and made to tell its own story'; and Mr Nutt defends its inclusion among the so-called 'Mabinogion' on the score of 'its interest and importance at least to the student of Celtic mythology.'*

The name 'Mabinogion' is strictly applicable to only four of the twelve stories in Lady Guest's book. Professor Rhys's explanation† of the term *mabinog* as signifying a 'literary apprentice,' and of *mabinogi* as his matter or 'stock-in-trade,' is a very doubtful one. There is no evidence other than that of the Iolo MSS.—a notoriously untrustworthy authority as to many matters affecting old Welsh literature and tradition—for the use of *mabinog* in this sense; and no cause has been shown why *mabinogi* should not be taken to mean 'tales of youth,' or 'tales for the young'‡—not necessarily 'nursery-tales,' as Lady Guest seems to have regarded them, but tales for the entertainment of youth, told, probably, by a professional class. Each of the four 'Mabinogion' proper is called, in Welsh, 'ceinc y Mabinogi,' which means 'a branch of the Mabinogi'; and the correct title for the group should be 'the four branches of the Mabinogi.' The 'four branches' are the tales known as 'Pwyll, Prince of Dyved'; 'Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr'; 'Manawyddan, the Son of Llyr'; and 'Math, the Son of Mathonwy.' These constitute a separate and distinctive group which Mr Nutt, in his rearrangement of Lady Charlotte Guest's collection, places first, under the general title of 'The Mythology of Ancient Britain.' His second group, entitled 'Romantic

* Some of the points it suggests to a student of mythology are touched upon by Professor Rhys in his 'Celtic Folklore,' vol. ii, pp. 613-617, where he deals with 'transformations and rebirth.'

† Preface to the Oxford 'Mabinogion' (1887).

‡ Professor Rhys himself, in a note to his 'Arthurian Legend' (p. 2), reminds us that the Welsh equivalent for the title of the apocryphal gospel, 'Infantia Jesu Christi,' is 'Mabinogi Iesu Grist.'

British History,' comprises 'The Dream of Maxen Wledig' and 'The Story of Lludd and Llevelys.' These two stories are probably later than Geoffrey's History, and are more closely related to that work than any of the other tales; they are certainly inferior to the rest in interest. Under the heading, 'Arthur, Champion of Britain,' Mr Nutt includes 'Kulhwch and Olwen'* and 'The Dream of Rhonabwy'—two Arthurian stories apparently of purely British origin and of quite a different character from the French Arthurian romances. 'Arthur, Flower of Knight-hood,' is the title which Mr Nutt gives to the later and better known group of Welsh Arthurian romances—'The Lady of the Fountain'; 'Geraint, the Son of Erbin'; and 'Peredur, the Son of Evrawc.' These three tales correspond respectively to Chrétien de Troyes' 'Le chevalier au lion,' 'Erec,' and 'Le conte del Graal.'†

The exact relation in which the Welsh romances stand to Chrétien's poems is a matter of sore controversy, among some French and German critics in particular, into which we have neither the space nor the inclination to enter. Mr Nutt gives a concise summary of the main points in dispute, and himself favours the view of Gaston Paris that these tales, after passing through the hands of Anglo-Norman story-tellers, came back to Wales, and were rewritten 'freely and with added colouring and detail drawn from the older, purely native versions.' As literature, and as examples of romantic narrative where 'is to be heard the indescribable plaintive melody, the sigh of the wind over the enchanted ground, the spell of pure Romance,'‡ these prose tales rank far above the French poems.

The 'Four Branches,' or the 'Mabinogion' proper, deal with what is probably the most archaic body of Welsh

* It is to be regretted that Mr Nutt should write *Kilhwch* rather than the correct Welsh form, *Kulhwch*.

† 'Le conte del Graal' is only in part the work of Chrétien.

‡ W. P. Ker, 'Epic and Romance,' p. 383. Cf. Renan, 'La Poésie des Races Celtiques,' p. 393. 'C'est le récit limpide d'un enfant, sans distinction de noble ni de vulgaire, quelque chose de ce monde doucement animé, de cet idéal tranquille et calme où nous transportent les stances de l'Arioste. Le bavardage des derniers imitateurs français et allemands du moyen âge ne peut donner une idée de cette charmante manière de raconter. L'habile Chrétien de Troyes lui-même reste en cela, ce me semble, fort au-dessous des conteurs gallois.'

tradition that we possess, and they are largely mythological in character. Their redaction into something like the form in which we have them took place, approximately, in the latter half of the twelfth century. But that they must have been current long before the great outburst of the Arthurian legend with Geoffrey of Monmouth is almost certain, for Arthur does not appear in them at all. Professor Rhys maintains that they are tales embodying traditions peculiar to, though not necessarily indigenous among, the Goidels of Britain; and he propounds in his 'Celtic Folklore' (ii, 552) the somewhat startling theory that 'the stories which I have loosely called Goidelic may have been largely aboriginal; and by that I mean native, pre-Celtic, and non-Aryan.' To this adventurous hypothesis we may have an opportunity of returning by and by.

The 'Four Branches,' as they stand, suggest many points of analogy with the mythic tales of Ireland. They deal chiefly with the fortunes of three great families, the children of Dôn, the children of Llyr, and the family of Pwyll. Of the three the house of Llyr first predominates; but the disastrous issue of the expedition to Ireland under Brân the Blessed leads to the disappearance of the sons of Llyr and the supremacy of the children of Dôn. The Llyr family had connexions with that of Pwyll; and it was in the country of Pwyll's son, Pryderi, that Manawyddan, son of Llyr, ended his days. In consequence of the deceit practised upon him by the magician Gwydion, the son of Dôn, as related in the 'mabinogi' of Math, Pryderi makes war on Math and the children of Dôn. In this war Pryderi falls and his army gives hostages to Math. The disappearance of the children of Llyr to make way for the children of Dôn 'corresponds closely enough to the relation between the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Lir family in Irish legend.'*

The mythological significance of these tales, their interpretation in terms of the struggle between light and darkness, their ethnological and topographical connexions, and such problems, have, no doubt, their fascination; and for those who delight in these things Professor Rhys pro-

* Rhys, 'Celtic Folklore,' ii, 548. In this brief summary of the 'Four Branches,' Professor Rhys's account has been followed.

vides in his 'Celtic Folklore' an abundance of suggestive matter. We prefer, however, to deal with them as literature, as the embodiment of the fantastic visions of a young-eyed people fleeting their time carelessly in an atmosphere of wonder and enchantment. Here, if anywhere, do we come in touch with the real 'Celtic magic,' with the true enchanted land where, in the words of Renan, 'the eternal illusion clothes itself in the most seductive hues.' Although these stories are the product of a lettered class, and were in their time highly finished models of art, they are to us full of a naïve charm which suggests anything but an artificial literary craftsmanship. In them the supernatural is treated as the most natural thing in the world; and the persons who exercise superhuman powers are made to move about and speak and behave as perfectly normal human beings. These, indeed, are those very 'antiquities' referred to by Spenser* as witnesses to the existence of 'that happy land of Faery,' which

'None that breatheth living aire doth know.'

Few, if any, fairy-tales can compete with the 'Mabino-gion,' for they were told in that Celtic twilight which gives to the most extravagant illusions the most convincing verisimilitude, in which men find it at once natural and imperative to talk in superlatives, in which all objects, after their quality and kind, are 'the greatest, the best, the fairest in the world.'

Though they are primarily tales of magic and wizardry, there is scarcely any trace in them—which is all the more surprising when we bear in mind their professional character—of what we may call a thaumaturgic apparatus, of deliberate resort to artificial appliances warranted to 'make one's flesh creep.' The most miraculous happenings are related in the most matter-of-fact way everything is clear, straightforward, ingenuous. The story-tellers, unlike so many ancient and modern dealers in the marvellous, are not consciously deceiving you; they postulate in their readers their own implicit and unaffected belief. They are conscious that what they tell you is all very wonderful, but they have matter in

* 'Færie Queene,' bk. ii, Introð.

hand at which it is natural and right to wonder. There never were men so powerful, so generous, so well-graced as their heroes, or women so fair and love-compelling as their heroines. When Arawn entered the hall of Pwyll's castle

'he saw the household and the host enter in, and the host was the most comely and the best equipped he had ever seen; and with them came in likewise the Queen, who was the fairest woman that he had ever yet beheld.'

Teirnon Twryv Vliant, who appears later in the same tale, 'was lord of Gwent Is Coed, and he was the best man in the world.' Pryderi, the son of Pwyll,

'was brought up carefully, as was fit, so that he became the fairest youth, and the most comely, and the best skilled in all good games, of any in the kingdom.'

Branwen, again, was not only 'one of the three chief ladies of this island,' but 'the fairest damsel in all the world.' Kynon, in the 'Lady of the Fountain,' relates how, on a certain adventure, he came across

'four-and-twenty maidens sewing satin at a window. And this I tell thee, Kai, that to my thinking the least fair of them was fairer than the fairest maiden thou hast ever seen in the island of Britain; and the least lovely of them was lovelier than Gwenhwyvar, the wife of Arthur, when she has appeared loveliest at the Mass on Christmas or Easter day.'

Even nature in their imagination assumes gigantic proportions consonant with the prowess and the endowments of their superlative heroes. Kay and Bedivere, for example, are once met with on the top of Plynlimmon, and the breeze which plays around them there must needs be 'the greatest wind that ever was in the world.'*

What first of all strikes even a casual reader of the 'Mabinogion' is their supreme excellence as examples of direct and vivid prose narrative. It may confidently be claimed for the Welsh of these tales that it surpasses in style and formal precision any prose of the same date to be found in the vernacular literatures of Europe. Its qualities, it need hardly be said, can be appreciated to

* 'Kulhwch and Olwen' (Nutt's ed., p. 137)

the full only by those who read and speak Welsh with ease; and what the Welsh reader, after mastering a few technical difficulties, will become conscious of is the nearness of the language of the 'Mabinogion' to that which he uses and hears. A Welshman finds these twelfth-century tales much easier and more familiar reading than an Englishman finds English of the same period. The best colloquial Welsh of to-day, it may be said, retains far more of the native idiom than does the average so-called 'literary' Welsh—the Welsh of the newspapers and the pulpit; and it is surprising how similar in all the picturesque and vivid turns of expression is the language of these old romances to that which is spoken in the less anglicised parts of modern Wales. That language inevitably loses much of its flavour in a translation; but Lady Charlotte Guest has succeeded, as far as it is in the translator's art to do, in preserving, not perhaps all the *nuances* and subtle felicities of the original, but certainly the main and essential qualities of the narrative—its vividness, its fluency, and its simple force. Let one, and a fairly familiar, instance from the story of 'Branwen' suffice.

'And at the close of the seventh year they went forth to Gwales in Penvro. And there they found a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean; and a spacious hall was therein. And they went into the hall, and two of its doors were open, but the third door was closed, that which looked towards Cornwall. "See, yonder," said Manawyddan, "is the door that we may not open." And that night they regaled themselves and were joyful. And of all they had seen of food laid before them, and of all they had heard of, they remembered nothing; neither of that, nor of any sorrow whatsoever. And there they remained fourscore years, unconscious of having ever spent a time more joyous and mirthful. And they were not more weary than when first they came, neither did they, any of them, know the time they had been there. And it was not more irksome to them having the head with them, than if Bendigeid Vran had been with them himself. And because of these fourscore years, it was called the entertaining of the noble head. The entertaining of Branwen and Matholwch was in the time that they went to Ireland.

'One day said Heilyn, the son of Gwynn, "Evil betide me, if I do not open the door to know if that is true which is said
't." So he opened the door and looked towards

Cornwall and Aber Henvelen. And when they had looked, they were as conscious of all the evils they had ever sustained, and of all the friends and companions they had lost, and of all the misery that had befallen them, as if all had happened in that very spot; and especially of the fate of their lord. And because of their perturbation they could not rest, but journeyed forth with the head towards London. And they buried the head in the White Mount.' (Nutt's ed., p. 41.)

A characteristic feature of the Welsh romances, of the older mythological tales quite as much as of the later Arthurian stories, is what Renan calls 'the extreme mildness of manners' which pervades them.* With the exception, perhaps, of 'Branwen,' where we have incidents of brutal cruelty told without any apparent sign of regret, they are all distinguished by a singular refinement and tenderness of feeling, a courtesy of address and behaviour, a humaneness, a sense of social obligation and friendship which one cannot help contrasting with the fierce delight in bloodshed of the Teutonic *saga*, and of the Irish tales as illustrated in Lady Gregory's recent translation of the story of Cuchullain. The story of Pwyll alone abounds in examples of the capacity for devotion, of 'the exquisite loyalty' of these primitive Cymric heroes. Take, for instance, the incident of the restoration by Teirnon of her lost son, Pryderi, to his mother Rhiannon, who had long been suspected of having murdered him.

"Teirnon," said Pwyll, "God requite thee for having reared this boy unto this hour; and right it is that he, if he be true to his gentle birth, should repay thee." "Lord," said Teirnon, "but the woman who nursed him—no one in the world hath greater grief at parting with him than she. 'Tis right that he should remember what I and that woman have done for him." "Be God my witness," said Pwyll, "that while I live

* 'Ce qui frappe au premier coup d'œil dans les compositions idéales des races celtiques, surtout quand on les compare à celles des races germaniques, c'est l'extrême douceur de mœurs qui y respire. Point de ces vengeances effroyables qui remplissent l'*Edda* et les *Nibelungen*. Comparez le héros celtique et le héros germanique, Beowulf et Pérédur par exemple. Quelle différence! Là, toute l'horreur de la barbarie dégouttante de sang, l'enivrement du carnage, le goût désintéressé, si j'ose le dire, de la destruction et de la mort; ici, au contraire, un profond sentiment de la justice, une grande exaltation de la fierté individuelle, il est vrai, mais aussi un grand besoin de dévouement, une exquise loyauté.' ('Essais de Morale et de Critique,' Paris, 1889.)

I will maintain thee and thy possessions as long as I am able to keep mine own. If he live, meeter is it that he should maintain thee than I. And if this counsel seem good to thee and to these noblemen here, since thou hast reared him up to this time, we will give him to be brought up henceforth by Pendaran Dyved, and you shall be his companions and his foster-parents." "That is good counsel," said they all. And thereupon was the boy given to Pendaran Dyved, and the noblemen of the land went away with him. And Teirnon Twryv Vliant, and his companions, set out for his country and his possessions with love and gladness; and he went not without being offered the fairest jewels and the best horses and the choicest dogs. But he would take nothing at all.'

Allied to this loyalty and courtesy of social intercourse is the chivalrous treatment of women in the 'Mabinogion.' 'No other human family,' says Renan, 'has conceived with more delicacy the ideal of woman, or been more fully dominated by it.' We may not find in the 'Four Branches' such notable examples of the chivalric ideal as in the Arthurian romances, but even in these archaic stories we are in the presence of people who had formed a singularly high conception of the honour and loyal service due to women. In the tale of Manawyddan, for example, when Kicva has for the time lost her husband Pryderi and finds herself alone in the palace with Manawyddan, we read:

'When Kicva, the daughter of Gwynn Gloew, saw that there was no one in the palace save herself and Manawyddan, she sorrowed so that she cared not whether she lived or died. And Manawyddan observed this. "Indeed," said he, "thou art in the wrong if for fear of me thou grieveest. I pledge thee before God that thou hast never seen a truer friend than thou shalt find in me, so long as God wills that thou shouldst be thus. Be God my witness, were I in the prime of my youth I would keep faith with Pryderi; yea, for thy sake would I keep it. Let no fear be upon thee," said he, "for God be my witness that thou shalt get from me all the friendship which thou canst wish, and which it is in my power to give thee, so long as it shall be God's will to leave us in this trouble and care." "God reward thee," said she, "for that is what I thought likely of thee."'

With this incident may be compared Math's treatment

of the maid Goewin, who had been wronged by his nephews, Gwydion and Gilvaethwy :

"Unto me they did wrong," says Goewin, "and unto thee dishonour." "Verily," Math replies, "I will do to the utmost of my power concerning this matter. But first will I cease thee to have compensation, and then will I have amends made unto myself. As for thee, I will take thee to be my wife, and the possession of my dominions will I give unto thy hands." (Nutt's ed., p. 64.)

In these and similar examples of loyal behaviour towards women we find the beginnings of that ultimate ideal of chivalry which came to be embodied in such a character as Peredur, or Percival, pre-eminently the knight *sans peur et sans reproche* of the Welsh romances. If there is one 'purple patch' in the 'Mabinogion' better known than another it is Peredur's description of 'the lady whom best he loved'; and, familiar though the passage may be in Lady Guest's beautiful translation of it, we cannot refrain from an attempt to give it here in words as close to the original Welsh as we can find. Gwalchmai, the Gawain of French and English romance, is in quest of Peredur and finds him resting on his spear, deep in thought.

"Did I know," said Gwalchmai, "that it were good unto thee as it is to me, I would converse with thee. For I am a messenger unto thee from Arthur, to beg of thee to come and see him. And two men have been on this errand before me." "That is true," replied Peredur, "and unamiably they came. They fought with me, and that was not to my liking, for I was loth to be drawn from the thought that I was in. I was thinking of the lady whom best I loved; and this is how I came to have her in my mind. I was looking upon the snow, and upon the raven, and upon the drops of the blood of the bird which the hawk had killed in the snow. And I was thinking that her whiteness was like that of the snow, and that her hair and her eyebrows were as black as the raven, and that the two spots of red upon her cheeks were like the two drops of blood." Said Gwalchmai, "No ignoble thought was that, and I wonder not that it was unpleasant to thee to be drawn from it."

In one of the 'Four Branches,' however, we have an instance of harsh treatment meted out to a woman

which stands out in marked contrast to what we find elsewhere in the tales. The vengeance which the men of Matholwch, king of Ireland, took for the insult received by him in Britain 'was to drive Branwen from the same chamber with him, and to make her cook for the Court, and they caused the butcher, after he had cut up the meat, to come to her and to give her every day a blow upon the ear.' This, as it happens, is but a mild example of cruelty compared with two or three other incidents in the same story;* and it will afford some consolation to those who are jealous for the Celt's reputation for good manners to know that Mr Nutt and others find in 'Branwen' many evidences of the sinister influence of Teutonic *saga*.

One cannot leave the story of Branwen without allusion to the tragic fate of the heroine, which is told with a simple pathos not easily matched in any literature. After obeying the command of Brân the Blessed that they should cut off his head, the seven survivors of his expedition to Ireland set sail for Britain.

And Branwen was the eighth with them. And at Aber Alaw in Talebolyon came they to land, and there they stayed and took their rest. And she gazed upon Ireland and upon the Island of the Mighty, as much of them as she could see. "Ah, Son of God!" said she, "woe is me that ever I was born, for two good islands have been wasted because of me!" And she heaved a great sigh and therewith brake her heart. And they made for her a four-sided grave, and buried her there on the banks of the Alaw.'

Although Renan and Matthew Arnold, and others who have followed their lead, have written much about 'the feeling for nature' revealed in the 'Mabinogion,' it cannot be said that nature has in these tales the imperious interest it had for Dafydd ap Gwilym, for example—the bard of the woodland, of the sunlight, of the birds—of whom we have written in a recent number of this Review. We find in them, indeed, not merely the 'weird power and the fairy charm' of nature, but also something of that intimacy which transforms the brute creation into intelligent beings and the friends

* E.g. Ebnissyen's slaughter of the two hundred Irish warriors, and his casting of Branwen's child into the fire.

of man. Branwen, in her distress, rears a starling and teaches it to speak, and sends it over to the Island of the Mighty with a message to her brother. In 'Kulhwch and Olwen,' Gwrhyr, 'the interpreter of languages,' and his companions, in the course of their search for the lost Mabon, the son of Modron, come to seek information, in turn, from a stag, a thrush, an owl, an eagle, and a salmon. And, surely, nowhere else can we readily find so charming an example of instinctive comradeship between man and beast as the following, from the same story :

'And as Gwythyr, the son of Greidawl, was one day walking over a mountain, he heard a wailing and a grievous cry; and it was pity to hear it. And straightway he hied him to the place, and when he came there he drew out his sword and cut the ant-hill close to the ground; and so he saved them from the fire. And the ants said unto him, "Take unto thee God's blessing and our own, and what man can never compass, that will we give unto thee." And they afterwards brought the nine vessels full of linseed, which Yspaddaden Pen Kawr had enjoined upon Kulhwch, all of full measure save that one seed was lacking; and that the lame ant brought in before night.'

It is the 'fairy charm' of nature, perhaps, that enters into the famous description of Olwen, whose hands and fingers were 'fairer than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain,' and who caused 'four white trefoils to spring up wherever she trod'; and into that of Blodeuwedd—'Flower-face'—the maiden formed from 'the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, the fairest and the most graceful that man ever saw.' There are not many such fanciful touches as these, however, in the 'Mabinogion'; and, while they take us through forests and streams and flowered meadows without number, what we miss is an eye for nature in her variety of detail and colour. This is all the more remarkable because the story-tellers, in their descriptions of castle halls, of knights' accoutrements, of women's dress and the like, revel in gorgeous colour and in minute enumeration of details. No one can read the 'Dream of Rhonabwy,' for example, without

being astonished by what Mr Nutt calls its 'craft of miniature painting, carried out with such infinite perfection of formal detail, such glowing and pellucid purity of colour.' To all this the landscape serves but as a hazy background, not indeed an inhospitable land of phantoms and 'beckoning shadows dire'—for the heroes of the 'Mabinogion' penetrate everywhere open-eyed and unafraid—but a vast featureless country of no definite latitude or clime. This, perhaps, only the better serves the purpose of romantic 'illusion,' for it is a truism that fairyland vanishes at the touch of a too precise and formal artist. Whether some of the old Welsh storytellers are conscious dealers in 'nature-myths' is a subject of concern to a few intrepid students; for ourselves this aspect of their 'feeling for nature' possesses little attraction. Kulhwch, we are told, represents the bard, or perhaps mere Man; and the long series of labours in his quest of Olwen symbolises his efforts to master the secret of nature and to subdue her to his uses and his will. We doubt it; but we would rather leave the solution of the problem to better interpreters of allegory than we can pretend to be.

'Kulhwch and Olwen,' forming with the 'Dream of Rhonabwy' the group which Mr Nutt entitles 'Arthur, Champion of Britain,' is at once the most fascinating and the most difficult tale in the whole body of old Cymric literature. Mr Nutt claims it to be, in its matter, 'of prehistoric antiquity, far transcending in age any historic Arthur,' and, 'saving the finest tales of the "Arabian Nights," the greatest romantic fairy-tale, even in its present fragmentary condition, the world has ever known.' Arthur in this romance appears in a *milieu* almost, if not quite, totally unaffected by Anglo-Norman and French influences. With many of the attributes of a fairy king, overcoming strange and monstrous enemies by his own and his followers' magic, he is lord of what is to the story-teller a very determinate realm. One of the most notable features of 'Kulhwch and Olwen' is the precision of its topography. Even now, with the help of so resourceful a guide as Professor Rhys,* we have no difficulty in locating most of its place-names on our maps. The topography becomes most particular and ascertain-

* tracing of the route of the boar hunt in 'Celtic Folklore,' ii, 512.
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able in the account of the boar hunt, or, the 'Hunting of Twrch Trwyth'—the *Porcus Troit* of Nennius—which is one of the main incidents of the story; and one cannot help coming to Professor Rhys's conclusion that one of the objects of the original story-teller was to find either a true or a plausible account for certain place-names.* It is after guiding us, with a wealth of philological comment and of illustrations drawn from modern Welsh folklore, along the track of 'Twrch Trwyth' that Professor Rhys breaks off into a luminous generalisation which proves that even he is not so exclusively preoccupied with philology as to be incapable of an occasional 'belletristic' excursion.

'The common point of view from which our ancestors liked to look at the scenery around them is well illustrated by the fondness of the Goidel, in Wales and Ireland alike, for incidents to explain his place-names. He required the topography—indeed, he requires it still, and hence the activity of the local etymologist—to connote story or history: he must have something that will impart to the cold light of physical nature, river and lake, moor and mountain, a warmer tint, a dash of the pathetic element, a touch of the human, borrowed from the light and shade of the world of imagination in which he lives and dreams.'

Even more remarkable than the topographical detail of 'Kulhwch and Olwen' is the congeries of fabulous names which the story-teller has grouped around Arthur. This feature is, possibly, evidence of the somewhat late redaction of the tale as we have it, for it reminds one of the long catalogue of names found in Geoffrey, inspired by the ambition to exalt Arthur to a pedestal of dignity and imperial influence equal to, if not greater than, anything claimed for Alexander or Charlemagne. But here, as much as anywhere else in the tale, the story-teller is drawing upon a palpably archaic body of traditions, often upon the barest remnants of some lost *saga*, and seeking to give some new life to personages whose names alone are obscurely syllabled on the sands and shores of old romance. It is curious to notice, as a subsidiary trait,

* Obvious examples of the same motive are also found in the 'Four Branches.' Rhys calls attention to one of them in 'Celtic Folklore,' II, 525. Cf. also 'Talebolgon' (Nutt's ed., p. 31) and 'Llech Gronw' (ib. p. 80).

that the story-teller appears to delight, as Geoffrey but too plainly does, in taking liberties with his fantastic material, and in giving the rein to a deliberately mischievous humour. Thus Gwevyl, the son of Gwestad, 'on the day that he was sad, would let one of his lips drop below his waist, while he turned up the other like a cap upon his head.' Kai is described as having several 'peculiarities,' of which not the least remarkable was the heat of his body, so that, 'when it rained hardest, whatever he carried remained dry for a handbreadth above and a handbreadth below his hand; and when his companions were coldest it was to them as fuel with which to light their fire.' Clust, the son of Clustveinad, 'though he were buried seven cubits beneath the earth, would hear the ant fifty miles off rise from her nest in the morning.' There is, however, no mistaking the antiquity of what the story-teller works in; and it is a passage from 'Kulhwch and Olwen' that leads Matthew Arnold to make the eloquent comment, already quoted, on the archaic character of the 'Mabinogion' as a whole.

The most attractive, albeit, perhaps, the most debatable, part of Professor Rhys's studies in Celtic folklore is his theory as to the origin of this archaic material. His contention, briefly stated, is that the 'Mabinogion'—that is to say the 'Four Branches' and their kindred Welsh stories—are of Goidelic origin, 'coming from this country's Goidels, who never migrated to the sister island, but remained here eventually to adopt Brythonic speech.' It is on this point that Professor Rhys meets with most opposition, as other Celtic scholars maintain with much show of learning that the only Goidels who ever came to this country were Goidelic invaders from Ireland; and that the Welsh stories were borrowed from the Irish some time about the ninth century, and were preserved, with embellishments and additions, by oral reciters.

Professor Rhys's defence of his theory carries him far; and his final chapter on 'Race in Folklore and Myth' opens up a track of ethnological and philological speculation along which few scholars indeed are well enough equipped to venture with safety. Certain peculiarities of Welsh syntax, and some of the curious physiological traits of the Welsh people, have led Professor Rhys and others to assign a non-Aryan origin to certain linguistic

and racial characteristics of the Celtic stock. The race to whose influence he attaches most significance is that of the Picts, a race 'with affinities that appear to be Libyan, possibly Iberian.' 'It is the widely spread race of the Picts, conquered by the Celts of the Celtican or Goidelic branch and amalgamating with their conquerors in the course of time, that has left its non-Aryan impress on the syntax of the Celtic languages of the British Isles.' Professor Rhys connects the Picts with the literature with which we have been dealing by claiming that to them belonged the great family groups figuring in the 'Mabinogion' and in the corresponding class of Irish stories.

Fortunately, to appreciate the 'Mabinogion' it is unnecessary to be able to follow the experts in ethnology and comparative philology along these devious paths. Lovers of literature are quite at their ease in reading these ingenuous tales,

'Contented if they may enjoy
The things which others understand.'

Not to everybody is given the insatiable curiosity to explore the source of a myth or to determine the significance of a place-name. Our own experience in reading the 'Mabinogion,' under the shadow of the formidable mass of critical apparatus built up around them, reminds us of nothing more than of old Mr Edwards's reflection upon the philosophical humour of Dr Johnson: 'I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher, but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.' We, too, have tried hard, and seldom without profit, to keep pace with Professor Rhys and the rest in their deep mythological and linguistic excursions, but we must confess to having often been obliged to desist, exhausted if not despondent. When we turn, however, to the limpid Welsh narrative of the Red Book, or to the graceful pages of Lady Charlotte Guest, our cheerfulness inevitably returns. For, after all, the charm of the 'Mabinogion' lies in their simple literary beauty and in their unrivalled power of transporting us into that enchanted world in which mankind, in its less strenuous moments, will delight to wander to the end of time.

Art. X.—THE ROMAN INDEX.

1. *Index Librorum Prohibitorum, SSmi D. N. Leonis XIII jussu et auctoritate recognitus et editus.* Rome: Typis Vaticanis, 1900.
 2. *Der Index der Verbotenen Bücher.* Von Dr Fr. Heinrich Reusch. Bonn, 1883-1885.
 3. *Das Kirchliche Bücherverbot.* Von Joseph Fessler. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1869.
- And other works.

By his Constitution 'Officiorum et Munerum' of January 25th, 1897, Leo XIII abrogated the rules of the Council of Trent which had regard to the printing, reading, and censure of books in the Latin Church, putting forth in their stead fifteen chapters or forty-nine ordinances of his own. The aim of this somewhat elaborate legislation, as the Pontiff declared, was to make the observance of the law more feasible, by accommodating its provisions to modern times. But the Roman Index had lately undergone a searching criticism at the hands of Professor Reusch of Bonn, whose monumental and exhaustive work assumes almost the character of what was once termed a 'detection,' so great is the disorder and so numerous are the slips which it lays bare in every edition of that famous catalogue, from 1559, when it was originally published, down to 1881, its last appearance under the old rules. Professor Reusch drew the eyes of scholars everywhere to this remarkable state of things; and it cannot be doubted that he stirred up the Roman Congregations themselves to attempt a task for which he had placed the necessary learning at their disposal. A new Index was accordingly announced. It saw the light on September 17th, 1900, and, thanks in no small measure to the animadversions of Reusch, it is far the least inaccurate that has ever been given to the world. Apostolic Letters enjoining it on the faithful ushered it in; a prologue by Father Thomas Esser, the Dominican secretary of the Index, explained its use and method. We will point out, as we go forward, the changes which have thus been effected in the Roman censorship; but we propose, first of all, to sketch its general history since the invention of printing.

That history, as might have been anticipated, begins in Rhineland. Gutenberg had finished the Latin Bible, his first production, not later than 1456. Yet twenty-three years elapsed ere Sixtus IV, on March 17th, 1479, empowered the Rector and Dean of the University of Cologne to inflict spiritual penalties on the 'printers, purchasers, and readers of heretical books.' Against this regulation the booksellers of Cologne petitioned, by their procurator in Rome, but without success. Alexander VI confirmed the edict in 1501. Henneberg, Archbishop of Mayence, a munificent patron of learning, ordained in January 1486 that no translations of Greek, Latin, or other works should be made into the vulgar tongue except with the approval of four masters—one for each of the faculties—in the University of Erfurt. This decree was meant to hinder the unlicensed printing of liturgical and Canon-law books, but especially of the German Scriptures, at that time widely diffused in their various portions among the middle and upper classes.

The earliest known censure of a printed book dates, however, from Venice and the year 1491, when Franco, Bishop of Treviso, acting as papal legate, singled out for reproof the 'Monarchia' of Antonio Roselli and the 'Theses' of Pico della Mirandola. Under pain of excommunication these works, wherever found, were to be burnt in the principal church; they might nevermore be printed, bought, or retained. The venom of Roselli's treatise, which was dedicated to Foscari, Doge of Venice, consisted in its maintaining the juristical or conciliar view of papal authority; it heads the long series doomed on this account to figure among prohibited writings. Pico was charged with heresy, but submitted, and won his absolution from the Pope in 1493.

Alexander VI, of whom it is curious to read in such a connexion, inaugurated the new censorship by his bull, 'Inter Multiplices,' of June 1st, 1501, addressed to the Bishops of Cologne, Mayence, Treves, and Magdeburg. He allowed the manifold benefits of the printing-press, deplored its abuses, and forbade publication of any kind soever without leave obtained from the Ordinary, who was himself bound to have the volumes examined by competent persons. The penalty was excommunication and a fine in money, to be paid into the Apostolic ex-

chequer. Nor was that all. Books heretofore published, if suspect of heresy, must be given up, searched into, and, if found culpable, suppressed and burnt. This decree was to affect communities, universities, and colleges, no less than individuals; if necessary, the secular arm might be invoked, in which case it would share half the fine for its exertions. Leo X, in the fifth Lateran Council, May 3rd, 1515, on similar grounds, appointed the Master of the Sacred Palace censor in Rome and the Papal States, and committed an equal authority to diocesan bishops and other inquisitors. Books not so licensed were to be destroyed; the printers of them might be suspended during a year from business, paying meanwhile a hundred ducats to the 'fabrica' of St Peter's and, of course, lying under excommunication.

In 1512 Hermann van Ryswick, a secular priest, was burnt with his books at the Hague. One of his judges was Hoogstraaten the inquisitor, whose ten years' campaign against Reuchlin, though illustrating our present subject, cannot detain us now. Enough that, on June 23rd, 1520, Reuchlin's '*Augenspiegel*' was at last condemned by Leo X, and that Paul IV reckoned its author among heretics of the second class in 1559. It is remarkable that his '*Speculum*' should appear only under a French title in Benedict XIV's list of 1757. However, it may be fairly set down as the first book of any importance submitted to the Roman tribunals. This honour will be disputed by a much more famous volume, to which Reuchlin furnished an occasion, the '*Epistles of Obscure Men*,' a work associated with Ulrich von Hutten, but in large part composed by Crotus Rubianus. Bold, amusing, and not seldom highly indecorous, that collection of satires on the monks and on a scholar whose reputation it has unjustly dimmed, Ortuin Gratius, fell under the sentence of Leo X in 1517. The Louvain Index of 1558 transfixed it; but it escaped the observation of Paul IV, and was not again proscribed in Rome before the days of Clement VIII. Reuchlin, therefore, is still entitled to the first place among the condemned.

As a herald merely of Luther—we hasten to add; for it was with the Austin friar's ninety-five theses on Indulgences, and with the bull, '*Exurge Domine*,' of June 16, 1520, that the world's debate seriously opened,

which four centuries of argument by fire and sword and printing-press have not concluded. In the Middle Ages heretics had snatched from the burning only the scantiest tale of volumes. Until now they had printed very little. But while the ancient classics commanded a market in Italy and absorbed the minds of men like Bembo and Sadoletto, the great German book-fairs were to be flooded with publications in the vernacular which disputed or denied innumerable points of Canon Law and Roman dogma. Luther led the way when, in 1519, he put out a book of 488 pages dealing with Indulgences, the Eucharist, and Confession. Censured immediately at Cologne and Louvain, as well as by the Sorbonne in 1521, the volume is no longer extant. But on a memorable day in December 1520 Luther himself, acting the inquisitor's part, publicly cast into the fire Pope Leo's bull, the Canon Law itself, and the writings of Eck and Emser. Aleander retorted with the burning of Luther's works in Belgium and along the banks of the Rhine—'a beautiful execution,' as he called it. In the place of Navona at Rome the spectacle was heightened by making an *auto-de-fé* of the reformer's effigy. Objections were raised by Wolsey in London that he had not the papal authorisation for a similar act; but Leo X at once granted him the additional powers, and the books were burnt at Paul's, with King Henry's leave, Bishop Fisher preaching the sermon. It is significant of the times, no less than of the canonical routine, that Aleander would not grant even to Erasmus the permission, which that scholar sought, to make himself acquainted with Luther's pamphlets. He was compelled to ask it directly of the Pope through Paolo Bombasio.

In accordance with long-established usage, the secular arm was now called upon to enforce ecclesiastical judgments. Roused up by Aleander, Charles V, on May 8th, 1521, issued the Edict of Worms in condemnation of Luther, his followers, and their 'libellous writings,' which were assimilated to acts of high treason. But, except in Bavaria, the edict was not very strictly observed. In fact, during the next thirty years no real censorship of Protestant books could be established among Germans. The so-called Peace of Religion altered, but did not, from a Roman point of view, greatly improve the situation. It seemed to indicate that henceforward two nations would

exist side by side in the Empire, each putting to the ban what the other believed. Toleration, whether of books or of persons, was foreign to the age. German writings, therefore, almost until we come within sight of the Thirty Years' war, continued to engage the attention, though less and less accessible to the study, of divines in Rome. Those which were composed in Latin could be understood; the religious utterances of heretics in the vernacular must surely be unsound; what they published might be known from the market catalogues, and the sum total might be transferred to the Roman Index, now forming by accretions from particular lists, from the 'placets' of Charles V at Brussels, the decisions of Louvain, Cologne, and Antwerp, and the judgments of the Spanish Inquisition, in which these latter were frequently embodied.

The first catalogue deserving to be considered an orderly 'index librorum prohibitorum' is that of Louvain, published in 1546 by direction of Charles V. It exhibits a series of Bibles in Latin, French, and Low Dutch, together with an alphabetical list of other Latin prints, and of works forbidden in the Imperial 'placet' of 1540. A second Louvain Index, four years later, was due to the University, not to the school of divines. It condemned, without distinction, all the writings of heresiarchs (*Hauptketzer*), and included among these Bucer, Bullinger, Calvin, and Peter Martyr. This Index, adopted in 1551 by Valdes, the Spanish inquisitor, was taken over by the Venetian, and carried thence into the Roman. Perhaps the best known name in it, besides those we have recited, is that of Cornelius Agrippa, sceptic and dabbler in the black art. In 1546 as many as twenty-five Latin Bibles and three New Testaments were forbidden at Louvain; in 1550 only one, that of Robert Estienne, 'with double translation and notes'; but in almost every instance, as Professor Reusch justly observes, the censure fell upon those notes or references which had become the stalking-ground of anti-Roman polemics. No Index appeared in Germany, except a short one drawn up by the synods of Cologne, 1549-1550, until that of Münster in 1582. But, in general, works were prohibited, including school-books, satirical poems, and 'familiar dialogues,' in which the new opinions found expression.

France, with its tradition of royal omnipotence, has

never formally accepted the Roman Index; and it is often supposed that Francis I looked favourably on the Reformation. But though a 'patron of letters and learned men,' he was also, as Mark Pattison rightly affirms, 'the author of a series of edicts, each rising above its predecessor in the comprehensiveness of its clauses and the rigour of its penalties, for restraining the liberty of the press.' The French inquisitors, of whom we hear much after 1524, were royal officers—two councillors and two doctors of divinity, named by the Parliament of Paris, by the Bishop of Paris and other prelates, who were compelled to bestow upon them judicial authority. Clement VII, in 1525, found himself under the necessity of approving them, and henceforth they were entitled, not without a touch of irony, 'judges delegated by the Pope.' Books were handed over for examination to the Sorbonne, and, if deemed guilty, the Parliament published their names. From March 1521 onwards a previous censure was required for all books dealing with religion. In 1542 this condition was extended by the Parliament to all publications of whatever kind. Francis I, by letters-patent in 1534, had even threatened with death any printer who should dare to publish his work before seeking the royal *imprimatur*; but this 'senseless ferocity' overshot its mark, and Parliament would not register the decree. An ordinance of 1547 submitted all books on Holy Scripture to the preliminary judgment of the Sorbonne; and the Edict of Chateaubriand, in 1551, exhibited a summary of repressive legislation in twenty-one articles, which dealt with authors, printers, readers, and booksellers in rigorous terms and in the most arbitrary fashion. These enactments remained in full force until 1577, when the Edict of Peace, confirmed by Henry III, to some extent modified them in favour of his evangelical subjects. The Sorbonne drew up several lists of censured books between 1544 and 1551, and thus contributed to form the Roman Index of Paul IV. We have named Robert Estienne, whose twenty years' struggle with the Sorbonne ended in his flight to Geneva. In his company may be mentioned the unwearied translator and commentator on Scripture, Le Fèvre d'Étaples, a French Tyndale, more fortunate than the English, since only his books, and not himself, were taken in execution. Le Fèvre escaped to Strassburg and died an e

His versions of the Bible, when revised and corrected at Louvain, were not forbidden.

By this time the reaction which was to bring forth the Council of Trent had begun in Rome. Its leader was that obstinate but sincere enthusiast Cardinal Caraffa, Bishop of Chieti, who exercised no small influence over the once worldly-minded Paul III. On his recommendation six cardinals, himself at their head, were appointed in 1542 as 'Commissioners and inquisitors of the faith throughout the whole Christian republic on both sides of the Alps.' In what relation these *inquisitores generalissimi* stood towards the great and independent Spanish tribunal, we shall consider by and by; their jurisdiction was, in the event, confined pretty much to Italy and, at last, to the States of the Church. They proceeded in 1543 to lay their commands on booksellers in Rome and the peninsula, forbidding them to sell heretical works under pain of excommunication, a fine of one thousand ducats, confiscation of the books, and three strokes with the lash. For a second offence the bookseller was suspended from business. In like manner all printers and custom-house officers were threatened with fines and deprivation should they reproduce or admit from abroad works of an unsound tendency. The inquisitor of Ferrara, Brother Thomas Maria, was deputed to search in all libraries, printing-offices, bookshops, private houses, churches, and convents, for prohibited volumes, and to burn them in public or otherwise as he might deem expedient. Julius III, in 1550, went farther still. He revoked all permissions to keep or read forbidden books—they were allowed even to inquisitors only during their term of office—and ordered them to be given up within sixty days. In what degree this difficult mandate was fulfilled it would be interesting to learn; like others of as peremptory a kind, it was, no doubt, evaded, or for private considerations underwent relaxation in the case of students or officials, to whom a certain acquaintance with the state of opinion in northern Europe was necessary. Not less indispensable were the editions of classical works, nay, of the Greek or Latin Bible and the Fathers, issued by reformed scholars. The claims of learning, the duties of controversy itself, must have speedily made such ordinances as those of Julius III a dead letter.

Caraffa was elected Pope in 1555, at the age of seventy-nine, and assumed the name of Paul IV. His policy may be stated in a sentence; it was resistance, repression, and reform. He quarrelled even with Philip II. The Spaniards had found a way to reconcile with an orthodoxy beyond suspicion their national independence in Church and State. Nothing would persuade them to allow the jurisdiction of Roman inquisitors or Roman Index wherever their flag waved; and Sicily, Naples, the Milanese, the Netherlands, obeyed only those edicts which were countersigned by the Escorial or its lieutenants. Other Italian powers, and Venice in particular, disputed or remoulded the orders issued from Rome; while France, which had long maintained its Gallican privileges, declined to admit the bull 'In Coena Domini,' appointed its own inquisitorial officers, refused the discipline of the Council of Trent, and under Henry of Navarre came to terms with its Protestants.

Under an energetic chief like Ghislieri, afterwards Pius V, the Inquisition might exercise on suspected persons and denounced books severe acts of repression; to these, undoubtedly, it was owing that movements in the direction of free-thought came to an end among Italians. Fonzio, the Minorite, was executed by drowning at Venice in 1562; Carnesecchi perished in 1567; Bruno was burnt with his writings at Rome in 1600; and Vannini at Toulouse in 1623. But the scheme of a great central authority sitting in Rome, and judging by ecumenical decree the entire literature of heresy or unbelief, could never be fulfilled. During the first fifty years of the Index it was, to some extent, on its trial; and every Protestant writer might hope for condemnation in solemn form at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, where the Inquisition held its Thursday sessions, or in the Vatican itself, under the Pope's presidency. When the seventeenth century saw an unconquerable Holland, a Puritan England, a German Empire wrapt in cannon-smoke, these Roman Congregations abandoned the enterprise which Paul IV had taken up so vigorously. Their censures of Protestant works or persons became rare and fitful; they turned to domestic quarrels; and the Index for three hundred years past has served in the main as a pillory of Catholic writers delated in Rome by enemies of their own house.

Paul IV issued the first papal Index in 1559. It had been printed two years before, and it owed much to the catalogues already named, while borrowing also from those of Milan and Venice in 1554. Lists of medieval heretics had been furnished to the latter by Bernard Lutzenburg (1522), who himself relied on Eymeric's '*Directorium Inquisitorum*.' For moderns, Gesner's '*Bibliotheca*' and '*Appendix*' (1545-1555) were consulted; and all correspondents found in the letters of Ecolampadius and Zwingli (1536) went to swell the throng without further examination. One consequence of this hasty proceeding at Venice was that the Roman Index fell into strange confusion. It fixed upon writers of no authority, condemned, under pompous Latin titles, German fly-sheets of a few pages, included without warrant orthodox Catholics such as Geiler of Keyzersberg, and some who had not published on religious matters at all. To what extent this state of things has been remedied by the Index of Leo XIII is a difficult enquiry.

We read in his first chapter that

'all books condemned before 1600 A.D. by the Pope or an Ecumenical Council, and not recorded in this new catalogue, stand condemned as hitherto, except those permitted in the present general decrees.'

But, since no details are given, the critical task of judging between clean and unclean, with the ancient list in hand, still awaits fulfilment; and the process is intricate.

From the outset much confusion was introduced by adopting a twofold and irreconcilable arrangement of classes and authors. The recension was to be alphabetical, but under each letter came three categories: first, the heresiarchs, all whose writings, on whatever subject, past or future, were prohibited; second, writers some of whose productions fell under the law as tending to heresy or impiety—these were often works of magic, to which were added books dangerous to morals; third, other writings, chiefly anonymous, but unwholesome in their doctrine. The first class was made up of mere names, such as Luther, Melanchthon, and Rabelais, with particular mention of Erasmus, who holds an anomalous position in the Index, as he did in his lifetime, between the rival camps of theologians. One hundred of these names

were taken from Gesner, with curious misprints and little regard to what they denoted. Under 'Libri' in the third class more general prohibitions follow. All publications of the last forty years are condemned which do not bear the names of author and printer, with date and place; and all books, it is said, must henceforward be subject to previous censure. The Fathers of Trent, in 1546, while condemning anonymous works, had required censorship only for religious productions.

Furthermore, according to the Pauline statutes, every kind of pseudo-mantic literature was to be rooted out; pasquils against Pope, Church, saints, and sacraments were denounced; many Latin editions of the Scriptures shared the same fate; and no Bibles in the vulgar idiom—German, French, Italian, English, and Flemish are specified—might be printed or used without licence from the Holy Office. Moreover, sixty-one printers were now named as heretical, and all works emanating from their types forbidden. With the exception of Robert Estienne and F. Brucioli of Venice, these were all Germans; seventeen of them kept their rank in the first class of heresiarchs during the whole period, from 1559 to 1900. In the new Index they no longer find a place. Albert of Brandenburg and Henry VIII figure alongside of these mechanics, while Philip of Hesse stands below them in the second order. Beza is overlooked; but Staupitz, who died in the Roman communion, makes up for Beza's absence. To the second rank are assigned comparatively few, among them Raymund de Sabunde (or 'de Sabaudia'), whose 'Natural Theology,' translated and afterwards criticised by Montaigne, is familiar to every reader of the 'Essays.' But we feel some astonishment on seeing here 'Merlin the Englishman's Book of Obscure Visions,' the 'Fables of Ogier the Dane,' and 'Arthur of Britain.' King Arthur abode among the heresiarchs until Benedict XIV put in his stead a certain Thomas Arturus, who flourished in the sixteenth century. The third class is chiefly concerned with pamphlets, satires, and occasional pieces bearing on the history of the time, that are now known scarcely even to the curious in literature.

But so large a proscription of authors, and such an intended ruin of the great printing-houses, struck a ment into all who read or heard of the Pauline]

'How can you dream of publishing new books,' wrote the orthodox Latinus, in January 1559, from Rome, to his friend Masius, 'in a time when nearly all the old are taken away? For years to come, I fancy, none of our people will write anything but letters.'

And he says of the late regulations, 'Shall I term them a shipwreck or a burning up of literature?' A cleric dared to remind Cardinal Ghislieri that even in Spain volumes such as students could not go without were expurgated, not reduced to ashes. The cry went abroad, and was echoed by men like Bullinger, that the Pope was burning all Erasmus, and would make a holocaust of Jerome and Cyprian, smirched by Erasmian commentaries. Literally to execute the decree became impossible. On Paul's death, in August 1559, a mob invaded the prison of the Inquisition, released seventy-two captives, and wounded Scotti the inquisitor. At Naples and Milan the Spanish viceroys refused to publish the Index. Florence protested against it on commercial grounds. In Paris the Sorbonne delayed printing it indefinitely. In Venice it appears never to have been in force. Spain would not suffer it to be printed. The Council of Trent acknowledged that it laid an excessive burden on learned men. Ghislieri, by command of Pius IV in 1561, so far qualified it as to permit non-Catholic editions of the Fathers and other inoffensive writings to be used by licensed readers, on condition that names, observations, summaries, scholia, and the like, furnished by heretics of the first class to such works, had been previously erased or made thoroughly illegible. Volumes which have undergone this process may still be met with in libraries; and there was a standing rule that in all old books epithets or additions which gave honour to enemies of the faith should be struck out.

On the whole, this attempt at an Index proved unsuccessful. When the Fathers of Trent assembled a third time, in 1562, they were empowered by a papal brief to take up the problem once more. In its fourth session, as we have seen, held in April 1546, and concerned with the authority of the Vulgate, the Council had ordained a previous censorship of religious works. In 1562 a commission was appointed, consisting of four archbishops,
generals of the Augustinians and Obser-

vantines, and a Benedictine abbot. The Archbishop of Prague was president, and was the only German included, as he complains in his remarkable correspondence with the Emperor. After much discussion, the 'ten rules' were agreed on; the Pauline Index was to be amended; and an expurgated edition to be prepared of writers so unlike as Erasmus, Boccaccio, and Savonarola. Of these literary undertakings no result came. Nor did the Council itself pass a distinct sentence on the authors in question. It accepted the general rules, and left subsequent measures to the discretion of the Holy See; from which we conclude that the Index of Pius IV, published after the Council had broken up, was a papal rather than a synodical document. Those who drew it up were chiefly Italians and Spaniards. Yet Philip II, in October 1562, objected that Spain had an Index of its own; his ambassador at Trent, Count Luna, wrought against the Commission; Vargas protested on his behalf in Rome; and Pius IV promised that nothing should be done without the King's knowledge. A year was spent in correcting the errors of Paul IV's catalogue; but still Erasmus gave trouble; he could be neither acquitted nor condemned; and the official acts of German Diets were equally embarrassing, as the Archbishop of Prague wrote to his master. All along, few had been called to Trent who 'understood the manners or the heresies of the Germans,' said this good archbishop. But the majority were of opinion that heretical writings needed no fresh examination. The amended Index came out with Apostolic authority in March 1564; it has ever since, through some hundred editions, afforded the groundwork of the catalogues which, in Leo XIII's recension, are gathered up and renewed.

Of the ten rules established at Trent, this may be taken as the sum. All writings forbidden by popes or councils previous to 1515 remained in that state, except, added Sixtus V, 'those which, despite their errors, the Church allowed as witnesses to her customs and traditions.' Reference is indicated to the Formulary of Gelasius (496), which, however, did not forbid the reading of authors, but rejected them as unsound. Nearly all books condemned in the medieval period were mentioned by the Index of 1564. Writings of heresiarchs were prohibited

without distinction ; but the task was left to inquisitors of deciding whether all works, or only those dealing with religion, were proscribed in particular cases. Translations of the Fathers, by heretics of the first category, were permitted, if otherwise sound. Their Latin versions of the Old Testament might be used by learned Catholics to throw light upon the Vulgate, but not those of the New ; and in every instance notes and comments of heretics must be carefully blotted out by some theological faculty or the Roman Inquisition.

The fourth rule allows the reading of the vernacular Bible only to those who have a reputation for piety, and who get from their ecclesiastical superiors—bishops, inquisitors, heads of Orders—a licence in writing. Sixtus V restricted this power to the Holy See. Clement VIII did away with the Sixtine gloss, but subjoined that local authorities could not give permission if the command or custom of Rome had withdrawn it. In other words, a bishop needed special ‘faculties,’ as they are termed, before he could grant leave to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue. Alexander VII, in 1664, consigned to the Index ‘*Biblia vulgari quocunque idiomate conscripta*’—an ordinance which Benedict XIV struck out. The law, however, at all times was that such reading could not be permitted without a licence, special or general, while the practice varied indefinitely. Valdés, the Spanish inquisitor, forbade all translations (1551, 1559) ; Quiroga (1583) would not hear of rendering into the vernacular any portions of the Bible, except quotations in Catholic authors and the parts read at Mass when furnished with commentaries. In Portugal, measures yet more extreme were taken ; and lengthy quotations from Scripture in any book whatsoever fell under the ban. But north of Alps and Pyrenees another custom prevailed. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries versions of the Vulgate appeared in French, English, German, Czechish, Hungarian, and Polish. The fourth Tridentine rule was hardly known, and never recognised, in France. Even the canonist Ferraris observes that ‘in France, Germany, England, and Poland the Bible has been repeatedly translated, and its promiscuous reading is tolerated by the Holy See.’ It should not be forgotten that numerous editions of the whole Bible and all its parts were accessible

between 1460 and 1524, the date of Luther's first version, to Germans, Flemings, French, Dutch, and Italians, in their respective languages. The restrictions of Trent were still further increased by Clement VIII, who forbade summaries and Bible histories as well as the vernacular Scriptures; but this ordinance, again, was set aside by Benedict XIV.

While the fifth rule allowed lexicons, concordances, and the like, after due expurgation, the sixth laid works of controversy under much the same regulations as the Bible. It was desired, above all things, that the questions in dispute should be removed from the market-place. All controversy was intolerable, but at least it might be carried on among the learned, and in a language not understood of the people. Where, as in German lands, this could scarcely be hoped for, a board of censors was to correct and expurgate Catholic writers who had fallen into error, and then might permit them. Elsewhere such polemical writings were likely to do more harm than good; they must not be circulated at all. In the Spanish Peninsula even works directed against Jews and Mohammedans could be read by Christians only after leave given. When Paul IV, in 1558, withdrew the licences hitherto granted, among the grounds which he alleged was this, that 'various of the clergy, secular and regular, who had imagined they could refute the Lutherans and had extorted permission to study their writings, had themselves fallen into heresy.' Not every one was fitted by nature for this high and difficult enterprise. And, in fact, as M. Renan has shown in his '*Souvenirs de Jeunesse*,' acquaintance with the works, or even the fragments quoted from them, of anti-Roman authors tended to procure for their arguments an influence in seminaries conducted on strict principles of seclusion; how much more, then, in the great universities of France, Belgium, and Germany? To these indirect sources may be traced in part the systems of Baius and Jansenius, which fill with their expositions many pages of the later Index.

In the seventh rule, books tending to corrupt morals are utterly proscribed; the ancient classics are permitted, but not without caution where young scholars have to be taught. The eighth is a general order of expurgation, which was accomplished by erasures, blottings, and other

mechanical devices. Astrological, necromantic, and occult literature falls under the ninth rule, to which Clement VIII gave strength by adding that local inquisitors might proceed on the bull of Sixtus V, published in 1585, against follies of this kind. The tenth, a very important decree, is concerned with printers and publishers. It establishes a universal preliminary censorship, to which the penalties of the Fifth Lateran are annexed as a sanction. Bookshops and printing-houses must be regularly visited by authorised searchers; and no books may be sold which have not found a place in their lists. Notice of imports and exports is required. In like manner, all volumes, or at least a catalogue of their titles, left by deceased persons must be shown to the inquisitor before they can be disposed of. The usual punishment was excommunication; and, as to continue under it (*sordescere* was the technical term) rendered a man liable to suspicion of heresy, we remark that it became the first step in many such trials to charge the accused with reading or retaining forbidden books.

It has been already observed that the Roman Index, to which these rules serve as a prologue, did not meet with universal acceptance. While the tradition of the Curia looks upon decrees published in Rome *urbi et orbi*, as everywhere binding, the jurists of Spain, France, and the Empire have always demanded that such documents should obtain a regal *exequatur* if they were to have the force of law. So it came to pass that this body of enactments did not enter into the legislation of any foreign country except Belgium, Bavaria, and Portugal; nor was it ever admitted in the whole of Italy. The Sorbonne still prepared its French Index by order of the King, as we see in 1566. Protestant books continued to appear from Gallican presses. In 1576 Gregory XIII complained of the 'extreme licence' in reading which prevailed at Constance and Freiburg. The Imperial authorities acted on no definite plan, but it is certain that they were not guided by the rules of Trent. On the other hand, literary intercourse between the great German centres and Venice, which was their nearest neighbour, came almost to an end during the next few years. The Italian book-market was cut off from the North, and isolated, if not ruined. There was no longer any likelihood of a religious revolution in the Peninsula;

but that division of Christendom which dogmatic controversy had begun turned out to be a breaking up of the intellectual society and general movement of letters, dating from a hundred and thirty years before, which is known to us as the Renaissance. It ends with the Council of Trent; its epitaph is written in the Index of Pius IV.

Rich additions were brought to that Index when the Duke of Alva undertook to pacify the Netherlands. In 1569 Plantin, at Antwerp, printed a catalogue, which was published next year with the Roman Index and an edict of Philip II in Latin, French, and Flemish. Books absolutely forbidden were to be burnt within three months and nevermore printed or sold; the others must be delivered up during the same period for correction. This appendix, incorporated almost wholly with the lists of Quiroga, was adopted thence into his own by Sixtus V, and so has come down to us. Arias Montanus, who edited the Polyglot Bible of 1568, superintended this faulty production, in which names are distorted beyond knowledge, and an extraordinary confusion reigns between the first and second category of heretical writers. But worse remains behind. The compiler made abundant, though amazingly uncritical use of the German publishers' catalogues, which, from 1564, appeared half-yearly; and, with a calmness possible only to the official temper, transferred, as they chanced to meet him, good and bad, great and small, from the Fair of Frankfort to the limbo of the Index. His first class nets such minnows as Christoph Obenhin, Johann Tetelbach, and Georg Fladorius. Until now the Index had mercifully overlooked female writings. But Montanus thrust into the pillory as a first-class culprit Magdalena Haymairin, calling herself 'teutsche Schulmeisterin zu Chamb.' Her offence (and it may have been considerable) was 'The Sunday Epistles for the whole year set out songwise' for the use of reformed theologians—St Paul in feminine metre. Both her names underwent many vicissitudes in Italy; sometimes she appeared as 'Aymairus' and occasionally as 'Magdalenus.' She was joined in course of time by poor Anne Askew, another female divine, and long afterwards by George Sand, who did not versify St Paul, but dissented from his views of marriage and celibacy in very exquisite French. Near this solitary schoolmistress are

discernible unlucky publishers, whom Montanus mistook for their own authors, a pleasing 'Comedy of Errors' indeed. Thus he transformed into heresiarchs Andreas Petri of Eisleben and Conrad Dreher of Erfurt. Heresiarchs they were down to 1900, and such they may still be if the new Index has not bettered their condition. Behind them a great company of Dutch and Belgian preachers trooped into prison. But of all these warriors we find neither trace nor memory in the modern world; victors and vanquished sleep in peace together. Henri Estienne, son of Robert, is the single name that we pause over. With his parent he lies transfixed. Three other instances of father and son thus coupled do we remember in the vast collection—the Scaligers, the Arnaulds, and Alexandre Dumas senior and junior. Perhaps it would be unkind to pass by Johann Wier, physician, whom Sixtus V calls Viverus, '*De præstigiis dæmonum et incantationibus et veneficiis*' (1563)—a book decried by Foppens as 'praiseworthy only to heretics,' but one that spoke the first word of sense in the dreadful business of witch-burning. It was often reprinted, and has made its mark in the history of toleration.

Passing over much curious lore, we touch on the year 1571, when Pius V set up the Congregation of the Index, and arrive at Sixtus V, Franciscan friar, who bestowed on it dictatorial powers in the bull '*Immensa*' (January 22nd, 1587), and projected a revision of the catalogues in use. The Dominican Ninguarda had been legate of Pope Gregory XIII in Bavaria. In 1582 he published the Tridentine recension, with an enlargement of more than three hundred fresh names. Whence derived? They were appropriated bodily from the Frankfort tables, '*Protestantium theologorum scripta de rebus sacris*,' or the like, and handed on without discrimination to future edicts. Sixtus accepted nearly all for his great first class. But neither the extent of their writings nor their genius merited a distinction which, to be effective, ought to be rare. We are reminded of the fate that overtook Flacius Illyricus who, in 1563, gave to the world a protest against the Council of Trent, signed by thirty-four Lutheran preachers. Straightway all, including Flacius, were advanced to the supreme rank of heretics, one only being omitted, doubtless by an oversight. Quiroga, in 1584, issued a new Index for Spain,

without alluding to the Roman, but not without borrowing largely from it. Sixtus V entrusted to the sacred Congregation, in 1588, the task of compiling an Index more satisfactory than the Tridentine. For the ten rules he substituted twenty-two; and in 1590 he printed his improved edition, with a bull ordering it to be observed. But in August of the same year he expired, and with him the new legislation. How this came to pass we do not know in detail, but some portion of the story is ascertainable, and it is highly instructive.

During his five years' reign Sixtus had proved himself a restorer of Rome and the Papacy in no common degree. From him we date some of the most conspicuous edifices and the modern arrangement of the city. He distinguished the various Congregations, portioned out their work, and regulated their procedure. But when he attempted an edition of the Vulgate in accordance with the decrees of Trent, he satisfied neither scholars nor saints; and his Latin Bible, disfigured by a multitude of errors, was withdrawn from circulation. The cardinals, under whose advice Clement VIII suppressed his predecessor's Vulgate, may have raised objections no less weighty to an Index that repealed the laws of a General Council.

But there were also other reasons. Sixtus maintained, with medieval canonists of an extreme type, that as supreme pontiff he possessed direct and absolute temporal dominion over the world, 'Papam esse dominum directum totius mundi.' This teaching had been set aside, in the course of his polemic with Protestants, by the Jesuit Bellarmine, who yet conceded an indirect temporal power which many at a distance from Rome, though good Catholics, would scarcely have allowed. He quoted in defence of his *juste milieu* Francis de Victoria, the celebrated Dominican, who died in 1546, and is known in the Schools as '*Magister Magistrorum*.' Sixtus, however, did not look with a favourable eye upon the Company of Jesus, nor was he likely to take the word of a Dominican when the extent of his sovereign power formed the question at issue. In spite of cardinals and learned men, says the official Jesuit narration, Sixtus himself had this work inscribed on the Index. 'A little more,' Bellarmine whispered to Fronton le Duc, so the

story ran, 'and my book would have been handled by the Inquisitors.' These violent proceedings against the most papal of religious orders, and one of its foremost champions, did not approve themselves to Clement VIII, then in course of negotiation with Henry IV of France and desirous to win him over from the Huguenots. He refused to publish the Sixtine catalogue; but he made his own the materials which it had carelessly heaped up, including two hundred names of heresiarchs or principal heretics, many omitted by Trent from the list of Paul IV, and many more of Catholic writers in the second class, with the formula '*donec corrigatur*.' The lexicon of Frisius furnished 140 victims, but so unskillfully manipulated that even orthodox prelates like Critius, the Polish Archbishop of Gnesen, and Caspar Macer, the auxiliary Bishop of Ratisbon, were included. These two had opposed Luther valiantly; they were now set down as if Lutherans, and some other Catholics along with them. Sixtus had also made extensive use of Quiroga; but, translating into Latin various titles which the Spanish gave in their original languages, especially French and Flemish, he added his share to the confusion, already perplexing enough, that was to give confessors and casuists occupation during the next two centuries.

In 1596 Clement VIII restored the Tridentine rules and confirmed the newest Index, which became a law and a standard until Benedict XIV moulded it once more in 1757. But additions were constantly made, and Alexander VII, by the bull '*Speculatores*' (1664), set them down in alphabetical order. Every class and each letter now had its appendix. Regulations for the printing and correction of authors were sent to bishops and inquisitors, whose authority these measures enhanced. Many astrologers, poets, and Spanish writers were omitted. Editions that had undergone expurgation must declare that fact on their title-page, as thus, '*Bibliotheca . . . a Conrado Gesnero Tigurino, damnato auctore, olim edita ac prohibita, nunc jussu superiorum expurgata et permissa.*' The Clementine Index has been printed much more frequently than any other; it circulated in the Empire, was known in France and Belgium, and received formal acknowledgment in Venice, though after strong protests, and only by virtue of the celebrated Concordat of 1596. Recom-

mended in many local synods, it cannot be said to have met with universal submission. Governments, however Catholic, preferred to keep the licensing of books as much as possible in their own hands. Neither Venice, France, nor Spain would tolerate prohibitions that had not been approved by the secular authority.

Such, indeed, was the practice throughout Europe; and at this point we may remind ourselves that the liberty of unlicensed printing would have been held by the Reformers, as much as by those whom they withstood, to be a liberty tending to perdition. Calvin had burned Servetus with his books on the ground of heresy expressed in them; and Melanchthon had applauded his action in the most emphatic terms. Henry VIII had prohibited the books of Luther and Tyndale; he had discouraged the English Bible, then allowed it, last of all had confined its reading to persons of condition; and his catalogues of forbidden heretical books, in 1526 and 1529, were examples of a royal jurisdiction which little regarded the Pope. In 1539 books of Sacramentaries and Anabaptists fell under Henry's censure; and in 1546 it was ordered that no work of a religious character printed in English outside the kingdom should be brought into it. Confiscation and burning of Anabaptist books were expressly commanded in a letter addressed, October 1538, to Cranmer. Elizabeth, in 1564, charged the Bishop of London to have foreign vessels searched for 'seditious and libellous books.' In 1586 it was ordered that libels, schismatic and seditious works should be given up to the bishops. Books written in defence of the 'Family of Love' were, in 1580, condemned to be burnt; and Archbishop Whitgift, in 1586, went so far as to propose a kind of Index for Roman Catholic publications from abroad, which might be allowed to special persons.

The German reformed princes were sometimes themselves censors; and, while they regularly forbade popish works, they often stretched out their hands against other Protestant publications, as when the Elector of Saxony prohibited, under a fine of 3000 gulden, the printing of Melanchthon's 'Corpus Doctrinæ'; and Frederick II of Denmark would not suffer the 'Formula of Concord' to be imported into his dominions. In 1574 the Elector of

Saxony forbade Sacramentarian writings to be sold or studied in Luther's University of Wittenberg. At Leipzig severe measures were taken with the printers; and in 1579 Julius, Duke of Brunswick, expressed the hope that a general synod would compile a list of unsound authors and set up a rigorous censorship. The rules published at Tübingen in 1593 might have been copied from the Roman Index. We have anticipated in speaking of Calvin's procedures. It must now be added that Gentilis, in 1566, was condemned at Geneva to do public penance in his shirt, and to burn his own books, after which he was to be imprisoned. He contrived to escape, but was captured and his head struck off in Berne. It was an ordinance constantly enforced that nothing should be printed at Geneva without leave of the Government. Ochino, the Socinian, was condemned at Zurich for a work which he had printed at Basel. The States of Holland, which was to be the home of free printing, put forth enactments in 1581 and 1588 against 'forbidden books and papistical superstitions'; while ten years later they confiscated Socinian writings in Amsterdam, had them solemnly condemned as heretical by the University of Leyden, and cast into the flames at the Hague.

But during the fifty years which had elapsed between Paul IV's sketch of an Index and its completion by Clement VIII, a crisis had been travelled over; the modern map of Europe was drawn; and on neither side of the Alps could effective means be taken to make an end of controversy. The Roman Church had recovered France; she was even now confident that Austria and South Germany would come back to their allegiance; in the Belgian provinces her power was assured. Beyond these lines a confederacy of peoples was forming, as resolutely Protestant as their ancestors had been devotedly Catholic; not yet, indeed, acquainted with the true principles of science, and often indifferent or hostile to learning, but a world in themselves, and unconquerable. The savage cruelties and barbaric devastations of the Thirty Years' war did not greatly change the situation of Europe as it had appeared in 1600; and a balance of power so carefully adjusted could not fail to recommend toleration while it protected freedom. No burning of Anabaptist volumes hindered the growth, as rapid as

it was stealthy, of opinions which tended more and more in the direction of a natural Christianity. As little did the anathema set upon Montaigne's first 'Essays' of 1580, or upon Charron, prevent their countrymen from cultivating a witty scepticism, prophetic already of Voltaire. Lutheranism might be kept out of Spain; it raged in Saxony. English Protestant divines were piling up their volumes like a new tower of Babel; Bellarmine's controversies did not confound their too voluble speech. On neither hand was a single important book of this period successfully put down, nor was one destroyed beyond recovery.

In truth, the conditions which, during medieval times, had made it possible to burn not only heretics but their writings, no longer existed. Each party, as it was threatened in one city, could flee to another. English Catholic books might be printed at Rheims or Douay, and French Protestant books in Holland. When the new movement in science and philosophy was looked upon askance by orthodox teachers of every school, the Dutch press could give Descartes to the world, as by and by it gave even Spinoza. There was, indeed, a closed circle, comprising the Spanish dominions and all Italy; inside those bounds no genuine heretical wares could be imported. But when the time came, and Voltaire was ready, the danger spread under a more terrible form, and free-thought broke open a passage that heresy could not win for itself.

In these circumstances, when Clement VIII had enlarged to the utmost his German catalogues, he left them and turned his thoughts to the fierce domestic quarrels that make of the Catholic seventeenth century one long civil war. In 1602 he uttered a loud-sounding bull in condemnation of the prince of regents, Charles du Moulin, 'damnatæ memoriæ, homo impius et hæreticus,' of whom Cardinal Granvella had written that he was worse than Luther. Du Moulin, whose life (1500-1566) was a succession of tragic adventures, had interpreted the 'Decretum Gratiani' in the old French manner, adverse to the Court of Rome, and highly Gallican; he had taken an active part with Henry II in his campaign against Julius III, and had done his best to hinder the promulgation of the Tridentine decrees in France. That all his

works should be forbidden was a matter of course. But in 1612 they were reprinted at Paris; they went through numerous editions; and though uniformly excepted from the licence given to read prohibited books, they have furnished the French anticlerical party with weapons from their first appearance unto this day.

Many jurists were to be denounced in company with Du Moulin; but a name as provoking in the opposite camp was Mariana, the Spanish Jesuit, whose king-killing book, 'De Rege,' the Parliament of Paris hurled into the fire in 1610. At Rome Mariana underwent no censure in any edition of the Index. James I was then entangled in a controversy with Bellarmine touching the English oath of allegiance. The Parliament of Paris prohibited Bellarmine's reply, as well as that of another Jesuit, the Belgian Lessius; and, though Paul V complained, he could get no satisfaction. A third Jesuit, Martin Becanus, took up the quarrel, and, appealing to the high-priest Jehoiada, who had deposed and executed Athaliah, maintained, on behalf of the Pope, an equal jurisdiction. This doctrine, within seven years from the Gunpowder Plot, was, to speak it gently, unseasonable. A mighty uproar followed. The French Queen—Henry IV had been murdered by a religious fanatic two years before—would not suffer the Parliament to move; but the Sorbonne protested, and would have gone a step farther, when it was announced from Rome that Paul V had put Becanus on the Index. Aquaviva censured him in a letter to Père Coton; the nuncio displayed before the Sorbonne a decree, exceptional in date, of the Roman Congregation, prohibiting his work '*donec corrigatur*.' Hereupon proceedings were stayed in Paris. But by a singular mishap the decree which censured Becanus has never appeared in the published Index. The profoundly learned Suarez, a greater than Becanus, held and taught similar doctrine, though not in such repulsive terms. His tractate, composed by order of Paul V, printed at Coimbra and Cologne, was burnt in Paris by the common hangman.

Thus German disputes concerning dogma fall into the background, while French and Belgian political pamphlets, often bulky volumes, engage the attention of Rome for the next hundred and sixty years. A threefold cord is not easily broken, and here we may indicate the names

of Richer, Jansenius, and Pascal, who combine theology, canon law, and literature against the medieval view and the later Jesuit teaching on grace, free-will, and moral obligation. With a severe doctrine which resembled Calvinism—and Calvin was French in style and spirit—these men united a strong conviction that the crown was independent of Rome, and the King's divine right unimpeachable. Richer, Servin, Pithou, De Marca, fill the period from 1613 to 1662 with a series of writings, all deeply Erastian in tone, condemned as they appeared by the Index, but popular among French jurists and not altogether hateful to the French clergy. Yet Richer and De Marca both recanted, and the latter died Archbishop of Paris in 1662. Cornelius Jansen, last of the heresiarchs, won his bishopric of Ypres by writing 'Mars Gallicus' (1635), which is a truculent defence of his native Flanders. He came into the field as a Spanish David against the new Goliath of France, Richelieu—a bold act, which his comrade and spiritual successor, the Abbé de Saint Cyran, expiated later on in the seclusion of Vincennes.

But a mixed multitude of southern King's men—Spaniards, Portuguese, and Neapolitans—found themselves now on the Roman black list; nor have they ever been set free, although highly favoured at home. Among them Cevallos and Salgado were condemned by Urban VIII, despite the loud expostulations of Philip III and Philip IV. We shall come by and by to the strange eventful history of Giannone, the most remarkable man after Vico that Naples has produced in literature, and a striking instance of antipapal tradition among the lawyers. But, as that sharp critic Richard Simon observed, the kings of Spain, whose civil and spiritual jurisdiction was as supreme in Palermo, Naples, Milan, and Brussels as in Madrid or in Mexico, while pretending a reverence for the Pope which might put Frenchmen to the blush, 'folded up the bulls' of the Roman Chancery when they did not approve of them, and, with very low bows to his Holiness, disobeyed his commands. Thus Philip II broke into passionate protests on learning that Pius V had dared without his consent to excommunicate Elizabeth in 1570, nor would he permit the bull, 'Regnans in Excelsis,' to be published in Flanders. He 'supplicated'—such was the mild expression—against receiving the bull, 'In Cœna

Domini,' under Pius and Gregory XIII. To 'retain,' or in other words to suppress, papal documents of which the tenor was not agreeable to them, became the rule with Spanish ministers; and the 'Monarchia Sicula,' in virtue of privileges dating, according to the jurists, from Urban II, made the king legate in spirituals of the Pope over Sicily.

Hence it would be impossible to name any considerable State in which decrees of the Curia were admitted without undergoing severe scrutiny and requiring an *imprimatur*, not by any means freely given, during the two hundred and seventy years that lie between Luther's uprising and the French Revolution. This royal supremacy, acknowledged or endured, left to the Pope a mere remnant of power in spiritual causes, which was itself suspended whenever he seemed to touch the hem of national pride and the crown's pretensions. Even Baronius, though furnished with ample authority in Rome, saw his eleventh volume mangled by an Antwerp printer, and on the ground of it was excluded by Spain from his chance of the Papacy in 1605. He had written in its pages against the Sicilian usage. It was forbidden in Sicily under a fine of five hundred scudi, with imprisonment for nobles and the galleys for plebeians, if they did not surrender their copies within twenty days.

It was in France, however, that the Roman Congregations discovered their chief pasture-ground during this period. So early as 1559 the Index had proscribed in its first class Rabelais, the unfrocked Franciscan, father of Panurge and Pantagruel. It had dealt more gently with Montaigne, whose first volumes were taken from him in Rome (1580), scored here and there, and given back that he might correct them himself. But in 1676 the 'Essays' were prohibited in every language—an edict which seems to have had no influence on their reproduction at home or abroad. Charron's 'De la Sagesse,' commonly quoted as a prelude to the modern movement of scepticism, was condemned in 1605. It is still on the Index. But these works roused little animosity compared with writings either strictly theological or regalist, and we must look to the names of Jansenius, Launoy, Dupin, Nicole, Quesnel, to the melancholy author of the 'Pensées' and the captivating Fénelon, if we would follow the lines upon

which books were banned or burnt under orthodox supervision, until, somewhat late in his career, Rome found out that Voltaire was a more formidable enemy than all these put together.

Roman cardinals were seldom acquainted with any languages except Italian and Latin. No English books fell under their observation unless rendered into these classic tongues, and even French writings would have perplexed the Consultors, had they been left to their own resources. It is therefore significant of a great change moving forward upon many paths when we notice that in every direction the French were condemned by the Vatican divines, or only just escaped censure. Fénelon is the most memorable of prelates diminished by a head, on account of his 'Maxims of the Saints.' But, as Benedict XIV observes in his epistle to the Spanish inquisitor (1748), Bossuet, for the defence of the Gallican Articles, published long after his death, narrowly escaped the Index under Clement XII; and his 'Élévations sur les Mystères' was attacked as Jansenistical. Louis Ellies Dupin, the historian (1657-1719), fills a column of Leo XIII's catalogue. His topics will throw light on his condemnation: he deals with ancient church discipline, the Council of Trent, excommunication, the Inquisition at large, and the Pope's jurisdiction over princes. Launoy, who was a critic of documents and swept away many pious legends, while upholding the juridical view of royal prerogatives, has a whole page to himself. Twenty-seven of his works are forbidden, beginning with a decree of Alexander VII in 1662 and coming down to one of Clement XI in 1704.

A still more celebrated man was Richard Simon, like Sixtus Senensis of Hebrew descent, whose 'Critical History of the Old Testament' was prohibited in 1682 at the instance of Bossuet, and by that illustrious prelate described as 'a mass of impieties and a rampart of free-thinking (*libertinage*).' It opens the modern era of Bible studies on scientific principles. Five works of Simon are kept on the condemned list by Leo XIII, including his French translation of the New Testament. This latter undertaking was assailed in unmeasured terms by the Bishop of Meaux in his correspondence and pastoral instructions; nor did he rest until the royal privilege was

withdrawn and the book forbidden in Rome. Simon fought hard all along the line; but his 'Critical History' was confiscated and burnt by order of the Chancellor, Le Tellier, and he was himself turned out of the Oratory and disowned by his brethren. A new edition of the work appeared at Rotterdam in 1685, ostensibly by a Protestant, but in fact by Simon. Arnauld, in 1692, denounced him to Rome as a Socinian who wrote too mildly about the Turks, and who held heterodox views touching the Eastern Church and the first Christian centuries. Bossuet judged that his learning was small, his malignity supreme. This entirely novel apparition in a world to which the positive method of dealing with phenomena was unintelligible, provoked furious outcries on every side, not, however, without reason. We have termed Jansenius last of the heresiarchs; Richard Simon has made good his claim to be the first of the critics; and in doing so he has antiquated Bossuet as well as Arnauld, the impugnors no less than the defenders of systems that are now to be found only in the libraries.

For Western divines during a hundred and fifty years the 'Augustinus' of Bishop Jansen was the 'affaire' which would let no one rest night or day; it is the 'Jarndyce and Jarndyce' of the Roman Chancery, and we can seldom turn a page in the Index that we do not light upon its traces. This interminable dispute begins with a decree of the Inquisition (August 1st, 1641), which condemns the great folio and other writings on the ground that they reopened a controversy, 'De Auxiliis,' on divine grace, already closed though not decided by the Holy See. It was the letting out of waters which covered Europe with a flood. From this moment the quarrel raged down to the year 1794, when Pius VI, in his bull, 'Auctorem Fidei,' anathematised, sentence by sentence, the 'Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Pistoja,' held eight years previously.

It was characteristic of the Jansenist troubles that they affected devotions as readily as dogmas, raised political storms, and stirred up strife between bishops and their clergy, leaving untouched scarcely a point of discipline. Questions of law and fact, of history and jurisdiction, supplied fresh fuel to this amazing conflagration, in which the energy of the Gallican Church spent itself without hope of retrieval. The first tumults were stilled by

Clement IX in 1668, by which date one hundred books, now deservedly forgotten, including twenty by Antoine Arnauld, had found their way into the Index. A single volume has survived and is immortal, the 'Letters written to a Provincial,' by Louis de Montalte. No greater good fortune could have befallen the Jansenists than their conquest of the man who was destined to open the succession of classic writers in French prose. Pascal is their Plato, as Racine may be termed their Euripides. They might boast of Tillemont, De Sacy, Boileau, but Pascal is the only supreme writer among them, and he stands on high unabashed in the pillory. The two Arnaulds come next and lower down. Nicole, a moral essayist, appears oddly enough in Pope Leo's catalogue, as if responsible for an Italian version of the 'Provincials' in 1762. He did, however, translate and publish them in Latin (1658) at Amsterdam, under the pseudonym of William Wendrock, theologian of Salisbury (or Salzburg); and this edition became widely known.

The succeeding phase culminated in the censure of one hundred and one propositions taken from the 'New Testament' of Quesnel by Clement XI, whose bull 'Unigenitus' afforded matter for contention all through the eighteenth century. Clement, who reigned for twenty-one years (1700-1721), holds a conspicuous place in our story. Besides the 'Unigenitus,' he issued the 'Vineam Domini Sabaoth,' fruitful of many proscriptions, the bulls on Chinese ceremonies, in which the Jesuits were defeated by their Dominican rivals, and other documents cutting off from his communion the Jansenist Church of Utrecht. He was engaged in political strife with various courts—Naples, Savoy, and Prussia may be quoted among them—and he employed the Index as a weapon of assault or defence. Innocent XI, in his thirteen years (1676-1689), had put under the ban 182 Latin and 45 French publications, but Clement has to his credit no fewer than 183 French and 305 Latin.

What, we may ask, has become of the German? They have utterly vanished. One solitary German book appears in the Index between 1600 and 1700, the satirical 'Visiones de Don Quevedo,' condemned in 1662. When next the Congregation turns its eyes on the literature of the Fatherland it fixes them on Heine's 'Reisebilder.' We

should bear in mind, however, that learned men still wrote much in Latin; and the great name of Leibnitz, as editor, in 1697, of Burchard's 'Diary,' has only now disappeared from the forbidden list. But no principle of selection can be traced in the series of authors, German, Dutch, or English, who were marked for reprobation. The 'pestilent heretic,' Ussher, is joined with Grotius the moderate and Bull the orthodox. In 1703 Hobbes' 'Leviathan' drew down the thunderbolt; six years later all his works were stricken, when they had been half a century in use. Sir Thomas Browne's ornate language could not save the 'Religio Medici,' proscribed as early as 1646. Harvey's book against quinine fell under the lash; and in 1669 Bacon's 'De Augmentis' was forbidden, *donec corrigatur*. But who would be the man to correct Bacon? The Spanish inquisitor seems to regard 'Baconus' and 'Verulam' as two distinct authors; and Bacon was not accurately described until 1790.

From Bacon to Galileo is but a step. These Congregations, which were neither academies of science nor open courts, had their special procedures, their favourites, and their coteries. The Index, committed to Dominican friars, bore hard upon Jesuits but was indulgent to its own; and Pius V snatched even from Spanish inquisitors his brother Jacobin, the accused, though possibly innocent, Archbishop of Toledo, Carranza. Had Galileo been more of a courtier his troubles would have been less: such is the opinion expressed in the often quoted words of Bellarmine. The process, begun in 1616 by the Inquisition, was resumed in 1633, when Galileo on his knees recanted the doctrine of the earth's motion as erroneous and heretical. In 1618 Kepler's 'Epitome of Copernican Astronomy' had been prohibited. The volume of Copernicus was corrected in 1620 by order of the secretary to the Index, and his affirmations softened to a mere hypothesis. The 'Raccolta' of 1624, and every Index down to 1757, contained this rubric, 'All books forbidden which maintain that the earth moves and the sun does not.' Benedict XIV omitted it from his recension. The Inquisition, in 1822, allowed by a formal decree, which Pius VII confirmed, books in accordance with modern astronomy to be printed. Finally, in 1835, Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo disappeared from the Index. Descartes

and Pascal bear witness that the prohibition had been disregarded and even laughed to scorn among French men of science. At Venice Sarpi indignantly protested against it, and it was not received. But in 1691 Van Velden at Louvain and, in 1776, Olavidé in Spain were charged with maintaining Copernican views. It would even appear that the occasion of Pius VII's decree in 1822 was a refusal by Anfossi, Master of the Sacred Palace, to pass the work of Settele, a Roman canon, dealing with the 'Elements of Optics and Astronomy,' in which the hypothetical form was at length abandoned.

After this remarkable fashion had the Index come into conflict with physical science. It may be considered less unfortunate in its judgment on the new metaphysics, if it was to judge at all. For, though it proscribed Descartes' 'Opera Philosophica' in 1663—and he occupies a column under Leo XIII—his method has never been absolutely charged with a note of heresy. Hobbes, Spinoza, Malebranche, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, do however exhibit, under various aspects, a scheme of thought which in its nature is irreconcilable with Roman tradition. They could not be refuted, indeed, unless they were read; and all students read them or their commentators, except the guardians of the ancient teaching. While the Schoolmen were forgotten, Spinoza became a second Socrates from whose 'Ethics' every shade of German philosophy has borrowed some colour; Hume led the way to Kant, but the 'Critique of Pure Reason' did not catch the eye of an inquisitor until 1821, when it was condemned in a bad Italian translation. Under Leo XIII it appears, with its German title, alone of its author's treatises. Nothing of Fichte, Hegel, or Schopenhauer can be discerned among these squadrons of unbelief. Yet we may safely affirm that if Descartes grazes the edge of doubt, Schopenhauer falls headlong into atheism.

From Du Moulin to Descartes, and from Pascal to Malebranche, the law, science, literature, and philosophy of the French had furnished matter for the Index. How far its edicts were observed it would be impossible to measure. But their power, long waning, expired in the eighteenth century. Even in the Latin countries they were not obeyed, except by ecclesiastics, and not always by them. Giannone is perhaps the last well-known *vedi*

sufferings bear witness to its jurisdiction outside Rome. His 'Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples,' a strong antipapal work, appeared in 1723. It was at once condemned, and Giannone was excommunicated. He fled to Vienna, engaged in controversy, lost his pension from Charles VI, took refuge in 1736 at Geneva, was lured into Piedmont, and, despite his many retractations, kept a prisoner in Turin until he died, thirteen years afterwards. But the 'Istoria Civile' ran through numerous editions and was translated into Latin, French, English, and German. Its author reminds us of Frà Paolo in his principles, though unlike him in fortune. We may associate with Italian Erastians such as these, Hontheim, whose 'Febronius,' censured in 1763, gave rise to a long controversy, and Von Eybel, the anti-Roman canonist of Joseph II. With alarums and excursions about their names the old quarrel of Pope and King died away.

For the 'age of enlightenment' had come, with Voltaire as its prophet and Rousseau as its lawgiver. Benedict XIV, learned and placable, remoulded the ancient Index in 1757, corrected some of its misprints but left many more, laid down rules for the examiners in his 'Sollicita et Provida,' but must have been aware that literature in all its branches had escaped from authority. All the leading French authors, beginning with Montesquieu, are brought up for sentence; we mark their names and titles on every catalogue of forbidden books; but they take no heed, or, like Rousseau dealing with Christophe de Beaumont, aggravate their offence by their apologies. The last important work proscribed on the eve of the French Revolution, in 1783, was Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall.' In 1790 Cevallos put forth an absurd and blundering Index on behalf of the Spanish Inquisition. Cagliostro and his writings were anathematised in 1791. Venice in 1794 established its freedom from papal censorship. The Inquisition at Rome condemned its last book on January 14th, 1796. The last decree of the Index is dated July 10th, 1797. Napoleon's presence and victories, ending in the Treaty of Tolentino, had abolished the old order of things.

From this point onward the story of the Index possesses little more than a local or antiquarian interest. Suspended until 1803, not resuming its task until 1817. it

has continued, at the instance of anonymous or powerful delators, to pass judgment on books brought before it. Examples like Lamennais, Gioberti, Rosmini, Ventura, Mamiani, Curci, demonstrate how frequently the question of modern liberties has occupied its attention. Hermes, Günther, Ubaghs represent philosophic ideas not welcome to the Jesuit professors of the Roman College. Victor Hugo, George Sand, Quinet, Michelet, are voices of the Revolution offensive to pious ears. Renan's first condemnation goes back to 1859, his last bears date July 14th—a mischievous allusion to the taking of the Bastille—1892. Döllinger and some less illustrious names are trophies of the Vatican Council. But we seek Charles Darwin in vain among these dwellers in the shades. The memory of Galileo protects him. Goethe, like Shakespeare, sits above the clouds in a world of his own. And so the story ends.

Leo XIII issued an Index only a little revised in 1881. He has now, with assistance from scholars, of whom Esser is a brilliant example, had this *hortus siccus* weeded and set in order. Three thousand names have been removed; many are left, as we learn from the preface, not because they signify now, but because they did so in their time. Among these we remark innocent Goldsmith's 'History of England,' and Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' translated by Ugo Foscolo. Absolute prohibition falls upon every treatise assailing Roman doctrine, church authority, and the clerical order. Books of magic, spiritualism, and freemasonry are classed, as in previous collections, with immoral writings. Versions of Scripture not approved in Rome are still forbidden, except to students. Newspapers incur the same censures as printed volumes. An *imprimatur* is required for works dealing with religious, ethical, and ecclesiastical subjects. Whether printers can obtain a licence to reproduce forbidden books is not stated, but booksellers may not vend them unless by leave obtained of the Sacred Congregation. Former penalties stand repealed; those who read without licence the works of apostates and heretics which propagate heresy, or of any author condemned by name in Apostolic Letters, incur excommunication specially reserved to the Pope. Any one printing the Sacred Scriptures or commenting on them, without leave of the Ordinary, is also

excommunicate. For offenders against the law in other ways no definite punishment is assigned. What may be the actual binding force of these regulations in countries where the Index was never received, or where it has not hitherto been observed, is a matter for casuists to determine. But it would appear that much is left to the conscience of individuals and the custom of the country.

When we compare the enactments of Leo XIII with those of Paul IV, who founded the Index, we cannot but feel sensible that a great change has taken place, and that it is in the direction of freedom. The celebrated Jesuit, Canisius, writing in 1581 to William, Duke of Bavaria, while counselling a strict and sharp outlook on religious literature, observed that it was not enough to publish edicts and Indexes. The Fair of Frankfort, he went on to say, would always call up new heretical authors; to count them, let alone to put them in a forbidden list, would be an infinite matter. There was need of distinguishing even in Catholics between the sound and the unsound, nor could all be prohibited indiscriminately which was published by the other side. Not severe laws but wise censors were in request; to suppress bad books would not avail unless good authors took their place; and the true method was expurgation of dangerous writings by learned orthodox men.

This idea of a constructive system in which wholesome works should be recommended, and books otherwise useful be relieved of their errors, was not carried out. It seemed more agreeable to the practice of the Roman tribunals to dispense with persons than to enter upon the particulars of disputes in which learning rather than authority took the lead. Nevertheless, Canisius perceived that wherever the secular arm is unable to put down dissidents, and so long as the printing-press declines to become the monopoly of power, an Index merely prohibitive will not succeed. Of the many thousands of volumes forbidden under penalties between 1559 and 1900, probably not a single one which later times would value has perished. Satire pretends that all the best books may be found by consulting the Roman Index. That is a witty exaggeration. It has preserved worthless authors from oblivion, and advertised ephemeral pamphlets of no account. But if every great name which it contains,

✓ from Machiavelli to Renan, were blotted out, modern literature would not only be impoverished, it would become unintelligible. We could neither describe nor comprehend the movement of thought during three centuries which have been rich in achievement, original and unwearied in their effort to resolve the enigmas of nature and history. Canisius desired that good books should fill the void which the censors were making; but classics cannot be improvised. Erasmus, Montaigne, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Voltaire, Rousseau, have all laid themselves open to criticism. Yet the world in which we live is largely of their creation; and to know ourselves we must know them.

What may have been the effect on mental development in Latin Christendom of an Index so variously enforced, would be a fruitful though difficult enquiry. The delays, uncertainties, and suspicions, even of well-meaning censors, cannot have been favourable to learning. This, however, seems probable, that in proportion as books were condemned they ceased to be studied; that ignorance of the changes in thought ever going forward did much to weaken the old apologetics; that, save on rare occasions, under men of the world like Chateaubriand, or strangers like Newman, the Roman method of controversy has not travelled farther than Bellarmine and Bossuet, and has remained a stereotype of the seventeenth century; and that in Bible criticism, in metaphysics, in the philosophy of religion or the comprehension of literature, its adept stands at a marked disadvantage when addressing his own time. The breach that in Paul IV's days might perhaps have been healed by open discussion, is now a gulf between two worlds opposed in ideas, differing in speech, and unequal in literary aptitudes. If the north of Europe is foreign to the south, and if the south cannot understand the north, we must ascribe it to those who have kept them for hundreds of years from exchanging their thoughts freely with one another. All governments have acted consistently on the principle of repression; it has broken down everywhere; but its consequences will long be felt, and ages may pass before a common agreement in first principles is arrived at on which to build the civilisation of the future.

Art. XI.—MODERN PESSIMISM.

1. *L'Avenir de la Race Blanche: Critique du Pessimisme contemporain.* Par J. Novicow. Paris: Félix Alcan, 1897.
 2. *Études et Réflexions d'un Pessimiste.* Par Challemlacour. Paris: Charpentier, 1901.
 3. *Schopenhauer, Hamlet, Mephistopheles: Drei Aufsätze zur Naturgeschichte des Pessimismus.* Von Friedrich Paulsen. Berlin: Hertz, 1900.
 4. *Zur Zeitgeschichte, Neue Tagesfragen.* Von Eduard von Hartmann. Leipzig: Haacke, 1900.
 5. *Schopenhauer: Studies in Pessimism.* Selected and translated by T. Bailey Saunders. London: Sonnenschein, 1891.
 6. *Schopenhauer: a Lecture.* By T. Bailey Saunders. London: Black, 1901.
- And other works.

A GREAT change has come over the world since those three pessimists, Byron, Schopenhauer, and Leopardi, crossed one another's paths, unknown to each other, at Venice in 1818. Byron and Schopenhauer were born in the same year, within a month of each other, the former on the 22nd of January, the latter on the 22nd of February, 1788; Leopardi ten years later. In their pessimistic views they had much in common. Byron struck the keynote of revolt against the existing order; Schopenhauer, 'the sardonic sage,' though no less passionate in his misanthropic pessimism, was, or affected to be, more philosophical; whilst Leopardi, more gentle in spirit than either, resignedly bewailed his own sad lot, at the same time weeping in sympathy with his distracted country, the sacred 'Niobe of nations.' These three pessimists of the past resembled each other, however, in this respect, that their sad and sombre views of life are to some extent explained by inherited eccentricities, personal defects, physical and moral, as well as by untoward circumstances in their environment. These produced paroxysms of rage and resentment in the two elder, and a doleful tone of self-commiseration in the younger member of the trio which represents the pessimism of the past.

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is still heard, though in a somewhat different key, in modern dramas, lyrics, and fiction, not to speak of metaphysical treatises. Its tone, if possible, is more sad and desponding as it dwells on the sorrows and sufferings of existence, from which, it tells us, there is no escape but in the sleep of death and the peace of the grave, even as Byron would have placed on his tombstone the inscription, 'Implora pacem.' But pessimism has entered upon a new phase; it has become less revolutionary and more reflective, less sentimental and more scientific, less personal and more general; it makes its appeal to the universal heart. It is also more readily accepted as a theory of life by the cultivated class, and has succeeded in impregnating modern modes of thought to a remarkable extent, fully entering into the spirit of the age and influencing every department of literature and art.

In the country of Schopenhauer its general diffusion has rendered it desirable to publish an anthology of pessimistic verse—'Stimmen des Leides'—selected from oriental, classical, and modern poetry in most European languages; and to this have been added a pessimistic breviary and hymn-book for the use of those to whom pessimism has become a religion. The pessimistic dramas of Hauptmann, the novels of Sudermann, the music of Wagner, as the interpreter of Schopenhauer's philosophy, the poems of Hamerling and lesser poets, as well as the philosophical writings and popular essays of Eduard von Hartmann, the learned protagonist of the movement, enjoy an immense popularity. So great, indeed, has the danger of a further spread of pessimism become in Germany that an association was formed a few years ago for the purpose of stemming its further progress.

In France, Baudelaire followed by Leconte de Lisle, the leader of the Parnassians, Pierre Loti in the 'exotic romance,' M. Zola at the head of the realists, with the impressionists and the decadents, dwell with melancholy delight on the process of degeneration and decomposition in modern society. They all chime in chorus, solemnly denouncing or piteously bewailing the depravity of the age, some in grating sounds, others in dulcet measures, joining in the swan-song of what they hold to be the last phase of our modern civilisation.

The welcome given in this country to recent trans-

tations or popularised renderings of Schopenhauer and Leopardi, among which we may note especially those of Mr Bailey Saunders; the well-nigh accomplished naturalisation of Ibsen on the English stage; the keen appreciation of such native productions as Pinero's 'Iris,' in spite of the undefinable feeling of sadness they leave on the minds of spectators; the growing popularity of the modern novel dealing with psychological problems, such as 'The Open Question,' with its painfully realistic delineations of tragical entanglements and pitiful issues—all these phenomena indicate a state of mind far from disinclined to pessimism.

The Press and the Pulpit exhibit the same tendency to take gloomy views of contemporary life. Thus we find one of the leading weeklies, in trying to account for the dull 'monotone of life,' declaring outright that 'all democracies tend to melancholy,' though in another number of the same periodical there is a notice of the 'blue-rose melancholy' of the fit and few, as the outcome of over-culture in the intellectual aristocracy. From this it would appear that the prevalence of a melancholy state of mind in both the extremes of the social scale is admitted as a fact. Even in the biography of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who in general was inclined to take the most spacious, if not optimistic, views of life, we come across the following passage:—

'There is that awful echo of the world's woes and evils seeming to ring in the air, in the echo of the distant trains, crossing and re-crossing incessantly.'

Whence this proclivity of the time-spirit to take such gloomy views of life in the foremost countries of the civilised world? whence this tendency to sad seriousness in contemplating the various aspects of high and low life in our own?

Various causes have been assigned at home and abroad for the undoubted prevalence of pessimism. Some ascribe it to the converging influences of modern realism and romanticism, the former mercilessly laying bare the baser facts of life, the latter looking back with yearning regrets on the vanishing ideals of the past, and thus producing between them a gloomy despondency concerning both the actualities of the present and the possibilities of the

future. Others point to the abnormal growth of compassionate philanthropy, mingling with exaggerated self-pity, and producing a moody sentimentalism. Such a view would leave only one virtue to the modern world, namely pity, a compassionate sympathy with suffering humanity.

'The only real virtue,' says M. Paul Bourget, at the close of one of his novels, 'in an age of desponding agnosticism, is pity; the only faith to support man in his agonising life is *la religion de la souffrance humaine*.'

Others, again, turn to external causes, notably the invasion of Russian pessimism, the sadness of the steppe, like a cold current, passing across Europe and producing a fall of temperature in the intellectual atmosphere of that country in particular which is at present most in touch with Russia, namely France. True, Voltaire was a pessimist in his day, but then, as Joubert tells us, Voltaire was at times sad, but never serious, whereas the modern form of French pessimism is nothing if not serious. It is, perhaps, more correct to trace, as some do, the influence further back to the East, and to see in the meeting of Asiatic and European currents of thought the *vera causa* of the spread of pessimistic quietism, since, as E. von Hartmann reminds us, it is in Buddhism that the illusory nature of human life, and pity, as the leading principle of human conduct, are most clearly formulated. Schopenhauer himself was first introduced into France by M. Challemel-Lacour as 'un Bouddhiste contemporain en Allemagne,' though he, the 'discoverer of Schopenhauer' in France, is by no means a pronounced pessimist. He is rather a sympathetic critic of the movement; and it was whilst residing as ambassador at the Court of St. James's that he passed through a mental crisis, we are told, which to some extent was the occasion of the volume which we have mentioned at the head of this article. By a curious device, in professing to give us the studies and reflections of an imaginary pessimist and then putting the objections to pessimism into the mouth of Rabelais, 'le bon maître de France,' in order to display its weak points, M. Challemel-Lacour evidently tried to escape from the responsibility of giving us the result of his own reflections on the subject. The book itself was

published posthumously; and its editors predict that it will form one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French thought—higher praise than we should be inclined to give it. What we have here is, however, an eminently sober and well-balanced exposition of pessimism in its different aspects as a philosophical system, with its practical bearings, by a man of the highest culture, and one, too, well acquainted with the political and social world of the present day.

The difference between English and German pessimism is thus stated by M. Challemel-Lacour:—

‘Le pessimisme allemand, dérivé de la contemplation philosophique des choses, contiendra presque toujours un grand fonds de placidité; le pessimisme anglais, plus poétique que spéculative, est sans cesse irrité. On croirait qu’il est une mutinerie du tempérament plutôt qu’une conviction de l’esprit.’

This is a polite way of saying that pessimism in these islands arises from English spleen. But the causes of pessimism lie deeper in human nature than can be accounted for by individual and national idiosyncracies, by a passing feeling of irritability in one country, or the acceptance of an academic theory of life in another, or, we might add, to include the critic's own country, the fashionable pose of pessimistic languor in a third. These are concurrent transitory causes colouring the stream of tendency, but do not account for the current of thought, the existence of the movement, as such, at given epochs of human history since the dawn of civilisation, and its recrudescence at this time in all countries under the influence of modern civilisation. We have to deal with it in a broader spirit and take note of the constant as well as the variable factors which enter into the composition of pessimism, not only as a contemporary intellectual epidemic, arising out of the special circumstances of the times, but also as a recurring malady peculiar to the human mind at given stages of its development.

It was Matthew Arnold who claimed for poetry a lofty function as ‘a criticism of life’; and it is in his own elegiac complaints over latter-day loss of faith that we perceive that intellectual *ennui*, that ‘spiritual fatigue’ of the ‘sad friends of truth’ which marks a period of religious decay, and is one of the sources of intellectual pessimism. As an illustration we may quote the follow-

ing lines from the pathetic litany of his 'Stagirius,' which, though in the form of prayer, are scarcely in the nature of hopeful petition:—

'From doubt where all is double;
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea—
Oh! set us free.'

The shadows of intellectual sadness deepen with the clouds cast on modern thought by philosophic doubt, under the influence of scientific speculation, which dwells on the cruelty of nature, her irrational and immoral indifference to suffering, on the brutality of unconscious forces, which render the reign of law a reign of terror. Philosophical determinism is fast becoming our modern creed; it declares that man is the creature of conditions and surroundings, that his *milieu* makes him what he is, that virtue and vice are the outcome of heredity and circumstances over which he has no control, that 'blind will' and 'necessity' dominate his destiny, that a soulless mechanism is the predominating power in the cosmos.

'O helpless will in the grasp of evil! O miserable hope in the reality of horrors! . . . Is there no pity in the heart of nature, no reason in the law that condemns without appeal?'

Such is the outcry of the accomplished author of 'Psalms of the West.' Scientific agnosticism, despairing of its ability to penetrate 'behind the veil,' and only able to look forward to 'the shadow of inevitable doom,' adds to the prevailing despondency—'qui auget scientiam auget dolorem.' To this must be added a prevalent disappointment with the actual results of modern civilisation as compared with the expectations raised a hundred years ago when 'the age of progress' started on its victorious career—a disappointment which finds expression in 'Locksley Hall, sixty years after.'

* Gone the cry of "Forward, Forward," lost within a growing gloom;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.'

The course of human affairs in the political and social world at the present moment tends in the same direction. As the political reaction in Germany and Austria after 1848 contributed not a little towards the pessimistic bitterness of Heine and the melancholy moanings of Lenau, so the rise of social democracy and the conscious dissatisfaction with present economic conditions produce a feeling of depression which vents itself in the language of pessimism. 'Social pressure' combined with a growing scepticism in the power of parliamentary and liberal institutions or legislative measures to ameliorate the social condition of the people; a growing fear of the malign power of money; the lugubrious forecasts of economic pessimists predicting a world-wide catastrophe when semi-savage nations will have displaced the white race in the markets of the world, against which the book of M. Novicow is a sensible protest; the spectre of the 'red terror' of social revolution in addition to the bugbear of the 'yellow terror'—these in their cumulative effects add to the gloom of modern pessimism.

In the world of literature and art, among the finer spirits of the cultivated, a morbid feeling of dejection is produced by a variety of causes.

'I rather think,' says Mr Hamerton in his 'Quest of Happiness,' 'that towards the close of the nineteenth century it is the art of painting that has produced more unhappiness than any other occupation, by the misemployment of time and by the poignant sense of dissatisfaction that follows after futile and unsuccessful endeavours.'

What he says of painters is probably true of literary men and amateurs in art generally who are disappointed in their aspirations, and still more so of the whole body of the over-refined who are repelled by the roughness of this 'rolling, rattling, railway period,' as Charles Kingsley called it, and who, in their inability to face the rough gusts of the storms of life, turn to exquisiteness of form in art and literature as an anodyne against the sick unrest of the time, or as the only safe shelter from its

feverish energy. It is to them that Pater refers in his 'Miscellaneous Studies' when he says:

'The passive *ennui* of Obermann became a satiric, aggressive, almost angry conviction of the littleness of the world around in Prosper Mérimée.'

The former is the genius of *ennui*, the latter the type of disillusion.

Such, then, is the physiognomy of modern pessimism in general. We may now take a step farther and compare briefly the philosophy of Schopenhauer with that of Hartmann, the poetry of Leopardi with that of Leconte de Lisle, and the novels of George Eliot with those of Thomas Hardy, to mark the progress of pessimism and to discover the characteristic tendency of its later developments. We may thus arrive at a true estimate of its real significance at the present moment.

According to Schopenhauer, the primal force in the universe, the only reality behind the phenomenal world, is Will. All the evils of existence are to be traced to this blind force striving in effort and desire to realise itself, and, in so doing, producing the restless activity of life, from which there is no escape, except in moments of intellectual or æsthetic contemplation when the human mind becomes 'the will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge.' Then 'the wheel of Ixion stands still, freed from the prison-house of blind desire'; the miseries of existence are forgotten for a moment; but final and complete emancipation from pain can only be attained to by the negation of the will to live, in the return to non-existence. So long as life lasts the pendulum will swing backwards and forwards, from longing to languor, from effort to *ennui*, from desire to satiety, from activity to weariness. Nothing but 'the ascetic mortification of the will' can put an end to this mass of human suffering. With what his countrymen call 'Galgen-humor,' Schopenhauer describes the misery and monotony of our short-lived existence, 'this disturbing episode in the blissful quietude of nothingness.' But, while it lasts, 'Leben' is 'Leiden'; to escape from this we must make a heroic effort to conquer egotistic volition, killing the desire for life, and, with the extinction of the will, to enter the eternal peace of Nirvana.

Hartmann's philosophy of the Unconscious restores reason to the throne from which Schopenhauer had degraded it in making it the servant of all-powerful will. 'The all-wise unconscious' takes, in Hartmann's system, its place as the impersonal, immanent force, controlling the cosmic process on the lines of evolution. Schopenhauer's critical idealism, founded on Kant, is superseded by Hartmann's 'transcendental realism,' or 'concrete monism,' which closely approaches that kind of realistic spiritualism that is the latest outcome of recent philosophic thought. In their ethical aspirations Schopenhauer and Hartmann do not differ materially; both look upon pity and altruistic endeavour to lessen life's misery as the whole duty of man. But Hartmann's pity has less of the admixture of contempt than Schopenhauer's, and his plan of action in removing sorrow and suffering is more reasoned and methodical. Again, in their calculus of pleasure and pain, with a view to show that the latter predominates over the former, and that all ideas of happiness are illusory, they are mostly agreed; and Hartmann appeals to modern science for support, as in the following passage ('Das sittliche Bewusstsein,' p. 526):—

'All the endless misery in cottage and palace, the fighting and fuming of nations at variance with each other . . . subserve the purposes of that cruel and unrelenting struggle of existence in which the striving and wrestling of individuals after a higher culture is finally and permanently summed up. As in nature millions of germs are only so much material used up indifferently to serve the purpose of selection in the struggle of existence, so in the providence of history millions of human beings are only used as hotbeds of manure to force culture. The circumstances which regulate population exhibit the utmost cruelty: they are hunger, pest, and wars. Merciless as the hoof of the heifer bruising the flower of the field, the buskin of history tramples on the finest blossoms of humanity, strutting unfeelingly across the severed bonds of love, the despair of crushed hopes, the agonies of tortured consciences, the grinding rage of enslaved patriotism, in order to fit these pigmies of human beings for its own purpose, tortured and abused in a thousand ways, feeding them with illusions.'

Still, Hartmann is more inclined to believe in the positivity of pleasure, which Schopenhauer entirely denies,

calling all pleasure 'privative pain.' But Hartmann, too, after a long process of induction, in which he displays remarkable powers of analysis and indefatigable industry in the accumulation of data, arrives at the conclusion that a happy life of the individual here or hereafter, as well as the future happiness of the race, are pure illusions; and that it must be the object of all higher culture to bring home the persuasion that all is vanity and vexation of spirit; to convince the world of human beings that it had better put an end to its own miserable existence, in order to effect its own deliverance by means of self-annihilation. Schopenhauer is in full sympathy with eastern and mediæval mystics. Hartmann condemns their eudæmonistic egotism, and recommends a more severe self-renunciation, calling upon all to engage in a noble activity to promote the further development of the species, not in a foolish or rather criminal race after happiness, but in furtherance of the 'world-process,' ending in the final deliverance from conscious existence.

Hartmann is by disposition more humane, more gentle in his estimate of human nature than Schopenhauer, more tolerant, more compassionate in his strictures on human frailties. True, he lacks in this respect the Attic wit of his predecessor, but with it also his acrid acerbity. Here, then, we note that pessimism, in its later developments, has lost much of its bitterness; it has become more cheerful and acquiescent, less inclined to rebel against existing conditions, more ready to adapt itself to its surroundings, so as cheerfully to accomplish its appointed task in the 'world's process,' though that, by an evolutionary fatality, must eventually end in non-existence.

It has been remarked that Hartmann owes much of his popularity to the concessions he makes to positive science, and the adaptation of his system to the theory of evolution and its implied optimism. It came into vogue about the time (1870) when Germany had ceased to be 'the Hamlet of nations,' and, beginning to become anxious about her mission as a world-power, was at the same time impressed by a deep sense of duty to work out her destiny, socially and politically. The tragic fate of her rival in the time of her own national triumph produced a melting effect, and evolved a kind of 'Luxus-pessimism' rather in the nature of contemplative melancholy.

of poignant sorrow. This must be attributed to the emollient effect of time and change. But the greater suavity of recent pessimism is also to some extent explained by personal differences. Schopenhauer's early life was poisoned by literary failure; he never quite recovered from the 'blessure d'amour propre' it produced in a mind from the first predisposed to hypochondriacal moroseness, and to brooding over imaginary wrongs. Hartmann's literary successes, his happy home-life, his social disposition and cheerfulness helped him to bear with an even temper the only great trial of his life, unequal health, and an accidental contusion of the knee which frequently confined him to his bed, and spoiled a brilliant military career. Thus it happens that the contemporaries of Schopenhauer, even his personal friends and admirers, have but qualified praise for him. Goethe even speaks of him as a youth difficult to understand, though worthy to be cultivated. Others speak of his intellectual integrity, his fearless outspokenness; but they notice, too, with regret the unpleasant adjuncts of merciless severity and censoriousness, apathy, or scorn, adopting the view of pessimistic cynicism when it speaks of man generally as 'ce méchant animal.'

Hartmann's personality is attractive; his pessimism, while no less sombre, even a trifle more solemn, than that of Schopenhauer, has the redeeming quality of sympathetic emotion, of genial fellow-feeling with suffering humanity. That of Schopenhauer, like Carlyle's, is *Entrüstungs-pessimismus*—'cancer-pessimism' some call it—the pessimism of moody resentment. Hartmann's is more resigned. Schopenhauer is self-conscious and self-willed; Hartmann self-subdued. Schopenhauer sends his disciples, like naughty children, crying in the night of sin and sorrow, to bed with loud scoldings, like an angry nurse. Hartmann, more tender, would send them to their eternal sleep with gentle lullabies, after having exhorted them to vigorous activity so as to induce healthy fatigue, before the night cometh when no man can work. In short, he is on a level with the highest ethical elevation of his age, and his is the broader and more humane pessimism which takes its colouring from the changes in the mental atmosphere that have taken place since Schopenhauer's demise, now forty years ago.

A similar contrast, arising from similar conditions, may be noted between the pessimism of Leopardi and that of Leconte de Lisle. The poems of Leopardi were written under the influence of political and social events in Italy not unlike those which prevailed in Germany when Schopenhauer's great work, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung,' was written; it may be that for this reason Leopardi's works have been translated into German by three literary men of eminence—Hamerling, Paul Heyse, and George Brandes, and that at one time his poems formed the devotional *vade mecum* of German pessimists. Leopardi's pessimism is of the 'miserabilist' kind, less irascible, but more lachrymose than that of Schopenhauer. All its bitterness and sadness are compressed in the following lines addressed to his own heart, which we give in the latest English version by Mr J. M. Morrison:—

'Now rest thee evermore,
My weary heart! My last delusion's dead,
Which I eternal deemed. 'Tis perished.
My each fond hugged deceit
Has lost all charm, and e'en desire is dead.
Rest thee for aye! Thou'st beat
And throbb'd enough. There's not one thing that's worth
A thrill from thee, and not one sigh this earth
Deserves. Life's but annoy
And bitterness; this world's vain joys soon cloy.
Rest thee for aye! Despair
With thy last beat! Fate has bequeathed the tomb
As her one boon to man. That hated force
Occult, which all doth doom
To woe, and vanity, that sure-set bourne
Reserved for all, thee, Nature, ever scorn.'

The circumstances of Leopardi's personal life bear a curious resemblance to those of Schopenhauer. Both were out of sympathy with their parents, and never enjoyed the delights of home life. If the one suffered from constitutional *dyscholia*, the other was a victim of an incurable malady. Leopardi, moreover, was twice disappointed in love, and throughout suffered from an 'excès maladif de sensibilité' which helped to produce that gloomy view of life which finds expression in his dolorous verse. Here he seeks relief in making his private griefs the measure of the world's sorrow. Less

venomous than Schopenhauer in dwelling on the shortcomings of humanity, he displays much less power of resistance in the face of 'the gigantic force of suffering.' He gazes on the terrible visage of fate, but will not make an effort to conquer it.

'I take delight,' he writes to Giordani, 'in exposing the misery of man and things; I love to touch it with my hands so as to produce a cold shudder within me in trying to explore the mysteries of existence.'

In the 'nocturnal ode' we have a poetical version of Schopenhauer's philosophy of life. In 'Sappho's last song,' the finest expression of hope in death as a deliverance from the pains of life, perhaps the noblest to be found in the whole range of pessimistic poetry, he says,

'The happiest days
Are those that from our life first fleet away.
Disease, old age, the ghost of icy death
Creep on apace. Lo, now there waits for me,
Of all those sweet delusions and desired
Rewards, but Tartarus! My valiant soul
Enshroud for evermore
The Stygian flood, black night, the silent shore!'

Merciless, like Schopenhauer, in his exposure of 'the hypocritical cruelty of destiny,' he refuses to be cheated by nature into believing, or allowing others to believe, in human happiness or its dependence on virtue.

'Between happiness and virtue
Yawns awfully a wide gulf on earth.'

Capable himself of moral heroism, he yet disbelieves in the power of patriotism in others, and of a national regeneration. A profound idealist, he despairs of human nature, and speaks of the futility of attempting social or political reforms. He complains of the void of existence as if it were positive suffering, and yet finds his only solace in the eternal void of non-existence. A victim, as he says himself, of 'black, obdurate, and devouring melancholy,' he finds rest 'in a lofty and profound pessimism leading up to stoical renunciation.' Such is the phrase of Brandes, who speaks of him as Italy's greatest poet, by which he undoubtedly means the greatest of modern Italians.

With him we may fitly compare Leconte de Lisle, 'le maître du Parnasse,' the most distinguished of the modern poets of France, who, as such, followed Victor Hugo in his chair at the Academy. Of Norman stock, but born in the Isle de Bourbon, he received his early impressions amid the scenery of the tropics, which disposes the mind to dreaminess and brooding over the mysteries of nature. At the same time, well acquainted with the results of modern science, he not only loves to dwell on the illusory character of the phenomenal world—'Toute chose est le rêve d'un rêve'—but blends with his musings on the nothingness of things reflections on the pitiless laws of nature.

'La nature se rit des souffrances humaines ;
Ne contemplant jamais que sa propre grandeur,
Elle dispense à tous ses forces souveraines,
Et garde pour sa part le calme et la splendeur.'

His is not the poetry of passion, as may be seen from a comparison of his 'Kain' with the poem on the same subject, and in the same spirit, by Lord Byron. Though at times writing in a tone of embittered idealism, he does not share Alfred de Musset's 'amour du mal,' nor does he follow the author of 'Les fleurs du mal' in delighting to dwell on evil as an absorbing theme. He is also free from that 'volupté du douleur' which some of his contemporaries indulge in to excess. His pessimism is impersonal, and his love for nature and humanity are untainted by any sense of private wrongs; he finds in following high art that which raises him above individual sorrows or joys. His sadness, indeed, is profound, but he bows, if not cheerfully, at least with dignity to the authority of inexorable law. His art is not unlike that of the Preraphaelites, which has been aptly described as 'quiescent, sympathetic resignation.' True, there is an undertone of repressed revolt, but there are no strident sounds of distress to disturb the exquisite harmony of his polished lines. In short, Leconte de Lisle belongs to 'la haute aristocratie' of artists who move in a rarefied atmosphere of intellect. He will have nothing to do with

'cette multitude d'esprits avortés, loquaces et stériles . . . pleureurs selon la formule, cervelles liquéfiées et cœurs de pierre, misérable famille d'un père illustre'—

the illustrious progenitor here referred to being Lamar-tine. Leconte de Lisle is the poet of the few, and his pessimism is of the nobler masculine sort. Yet his is not a cold, artistic, creative genius; the fire is kindled within him, though he never permits it to break out. When he speaks with his tongue it is with the calm composure of finished art, the repose of artistic perfection. His pessimism is academic and æsthetic. Thus in 'L'aigu bruissement,' where he describes in felicitous language the vibrating sounds in tropical regions as scarcely interrupting the soft stillness, he goes on to say,

'Tout n'était que lumière, amour, joie, harmonie :
Et moi, bien qu'ébloui de ce monde charmant,
J'avais au fond du cœur, comme un gémissement,
Un douloureux soupir, une plainte infinie,
Très lointaine et très vague et triste amèrement.
C'est que devant ta grâce et ta beauté, Nature !
Enfant qui n'avais rien souffert ni deviné,
Je sentais croître en moi l'homme prédestiné,
Et je pleurais, saisi de l'angoisse future,
Épouvanté de vivre, hélas, et d'être né.'

At the same time, as we have said before, his is not the elegance which enervates, though he takes for his motto, 'Hors la création du beau, point de salut.'

In all this he comes nearer to Hartmann than Schopenhauer; like Hartmann he is powerfully attracted by the spirit of self-obliteration, the tragedy of suffering, as the great ennobling force in the economy of the world's redemption. As to a future life and the 'Âpre désir des choses éternelles,' amid the dreams, regrets, terrors, remorse which fill up existence, Leconte gives a glimpse of the city of silence and shadow, the mute sepulchre of vanished gods, and finds consolation 'dans l'immuable paix où sont rentrés les Dieux.' One might think that here the matter rests. By no means. Death itself cheats man of this last hope of eternal peace; there is the horror of immortality, a residuum of early associations, of which he cannot divest himself.

'L'irrévocable mort est un mensonge aussi.
Heureux qui d'un seul bond s'engloutirait en elle !

Moi, toujours, à jamais, j'écoute, épouvanté,
 Dans l'ivresse et l'horreur de l'immortalité,
 Le long rugissement de la vie éternelle.'

In this he differs from Hartmann, for whom immortality has neither hopes nor fears, as he simply regards it in the light of an illusion. But, with Hartmann, Leconte regards the prospect of a perfect society of the future, the progress of the race—the last straw to which foundering humanity clings—as an illusion. In some of his earliest poems, now being republished in the '*Revue socialiste*,' he had given vent to some of the aspirations of social democracy from 1845-8; but, disappointed and disillusioned, he turned away from the movement, and all that remains of the revolutionary fervour in his subsequent work is a supreme contempt for '*le pandémonium industriel*.' He now speaks with abhorrence of the '*monstrous alliance*' between poetry and industry. He turns away from the *atelier* to devote himself to art for art's sake. Since poetry, '*la tête courbée sous le niveau pesant des civilisations*,' becomes disassociated from life, he finds in the perfection of art his only consolation.

Leconte de Lisle has been compared with Thomas Hardy, like himself 'a poet of vast, austere, and melancholy genius.' As a novelist Mr Hardy may be taken as a typical representative of pessimistic fiction, and as such may not unfitly be compared with George Eliot, who, though not a professed pessimist—she called herself a meliorist—takes, like him, a serious view of the novelist's art, and in her works insists throughout on the supreme duty, pithily expressed in the words of one of Mr Hardy's characters, 'Cultivate the art of renunciation.' These two writers head a long list of British novelists, distinguished by the grave sincerity and severity with which they depict the darker aspects of modern life, the most recent of whom is the author of that grim and powerful tale, '*The House with the Green Shutters*.' In the case of Mr Hardy there is a special bent to paint in dark colours; and he loves to describe the 'silent and austere suffering' of his principal characters as the effect of heredity and environment, so that the sense of responsibility is weakened in the face of overpowering influences and external agencies which render it next to impossible for his men and women to control their destiny. They

simply yield to forces too strong for them. 'The island ruled our destinies,' says one of his characters, 'though we were not of it. Yes, we are in hands not our own.' As, in Paul Heyse's 'Kinder der Welt,' Toinette, the child of misfortune suffering for her parents' sin, is doomed to carry through life an unhappy heart incapable of love, so in Thomas Hardy's stories the irony of nature, traversing human effort at every turn, leads up almost invariably to a catastrophe. Freedom of action is reduced to a nullity; 'there is no altering it, so it must be,' is the constant refrain of his agents. All they can attain to is 'a passionless calm, a stolid submission to the unavoidable, an aching stoicism.' His heroes and heroines are mostly represented as engaged in a desperate game; they are hampered by adverse events, confused by strange entanglements, moved against their will by ingrained propensities, and finally made to succumb in taciturn despair to the impending fate.

In this respect Thomas Hardy differs entirely from George Eliot, who is a firm believer in an exact and even relentless retribution in human affairs, and who, with the assurance of scientific accuracy, traces antecedents to their consequences in the moral order of the universe. Her men and women always reap as they have sown; an inexorable law links cause to effect in human conduct. For this very reason her heroes never find themselves in impossible situations, 'between the instincts of blood and the capacities of brain.' They are not, like those of Mr Hardy, overpowered by uncontrollable forces; if placed in trying situations there are no natural disabilities or insurmountable obstacles to prevent them from achieving a moral victory. George Eliot is sad and serious but never morbid in surveying the theatre of human life.

'You are discontented with the world,' says Felix Holt to Miss Lyon, 'because you can't get just the small things that suit your pleasure, not because it's a world where myriads of men and women are ground by wrong and misery, and tainted with pollution.'

Here is an important distinction between laments over private griefs and a grievance stated in universal terms. Like Thomas Hardy, George Eliot dwells with tender solicitude on some of the abject aspects of village life and

the sad possibilities of village tragedies, but she is far from satisfied with descriptions of the 'impassive patience of men filled with strong passions,' led to their doom by some relentless fatality. On the contrary, her suffering heroes and heroines make resolute efforts, and, whilst patiently bearing their own burden, endeavour at the same time to combat the surrounding misery.

'As Romola walked, often in weariness, among the sick, the hungry, and the murmuring, she felt it good to be inspired by something more than her pity—by the belief in a heroism struggling for sublime ends, towards which the daily action of her pity could only tend feebly, as the dews that freshen the weedy ground to-day tend to prepare an unseen harvest in the years to come.'

On one occasion, we are told,

'she rose from her knees that she might hasten to her sick people in the courtyard, and by some immediate beneficent action revive that sense of worth in life which at this moment was unfed by any wider faith.'

If we cannot find happiness for ourselves, she seems to say, both in her novels and in her poems, we may find at least some consolation in administering, as far as in us lies, some relief to others, in the attempt to ameliorate their sad condition.

In Thomas Hardy we have 'the volcanic spirit of protest and pity'; in George Eliot there is a calm tone of compassionate solicitude. One of her desperate remedies is wholesome work, to forget our individual sorrows and sufferings. Her characters are made of stern stuff, like Mr Hardy's, but the best of them are remarkable for resolute endeavour to conquer circumstances. The hero in 'The Well-Beloved' is 'powerless in the grasp of the idealising passion.' There is in George Eliot's heroes a 'sense of pity against the sense of fate,' but there is also a massive strength, as, for instance, in 'Adam Bede.'

'There's nothing but what's bearable as long as a man can work,' he said to himself; 'the natur o' things doesn't change, though it seems as if one's own life was nothing but change. The square o' four is sixteen, and you must lengthen your lever in proportion to your weight, is as true when a man's miserable as when he's happy; and the best o' workin' you a grip hold o' things outside your own lot.'

With many modern novelists of less power, Thomas Hardy enters into the 'complexity of things, the clash of principles.' George Eliot, too, takes a comprehensive view of 'the vast sum of conditions'; but the sum total, in her opinion, makes in the end for good; she is willing to conclude, upon the whole, 'that somehow good will be the final goal of ill.'

The comparison might be extended further did space permit, but enough has been said to show in outline, at least, the distinguishing marks of the earlier and later pessimism in the novel, as a transcript of modern life and thought. In the later pessimism we note a deeper tone of sadness, a sense of almost utter helplessness, in grappling with the complex intricacies of modern life and the subtleties of emotion that they are apt to produce. We meet with grave pronouncements on the irrevocable power of circumstances which narrow the area of moral volition and thus seriously weaken the force of moral principle and the springs of moral resolve.

Yet there is a redeeming quality even in this dangerous form of moral pessimism. It never wearies in its endeavours to bring home to the modern mind the leading doctrines of 'the sad science of renunciation,' the practical duty of resigned fortitude amid the 'perpetual dilemmas,' the 'defects of natural law,' 'the grimness of the general human situation.' German pessimism, mainly influenced, as we saw, by contemporaneous events and the revived energies of the people regaining national consciousness, has evolved a kind of communal or cosmical idealism. French pessimism finds refuge, as we should expect in an essentially artistic race, in æsthetic idealism. In this country, where pessimism is still in its initial stage, so far as the great body of the people are concerned, it may serve to intensify the moody reflectiveness of the thinking portion of the community, but is saved from extreme vagaries by seeking refuge in a dogged force of endurance and insisting on at least one of the lessons of life, i.e. 'to suffer and be strong.' This general outcome of Mr Hardy's philosophy of life is adumbrated already in his first great novel, where he strikes the keynote, so to speak, in that deep-toned voice of sombre strength which characterises his subsequent work. Let human life be as sad in some of its aspects and as sordid as the gloomiest

pessimism can depict it, still the darkness may be irradiated by a solemn sense of duty—the duty of making the best of it in action and suffering.

The same line of thought may be seen pervading the pessimistic dramas of Ibsen. 'Life, existence, destiny, cannot be so utterly meaningless,' says Allmers, in 'Little Eyolf,' when his child, in whom all his life's energies are centred, is taken from him. The anguish which oppresses him and his wife has a deeper meaning, says Rita; it is intended to produce a change, 'a sort of birth; or a resurrection, a transition to a higher life.' 'The loss is just the gain,' replies Allmers, almost in the words of Æschylus. Such is the 'tremendous tragic sense' in realistic pessimism, with its underlying moral optimism. By virtue of this 'inner core of asceticism and idealism,' by virtue of the doctrine, laid down here with dramatically exaggerated intensity, that a redeeming power is found in suffering and self-effacement, pessimism itself becomes a wholesome reaction against the growing egoism of the time. Ibsen points out a better way, and is not unwilling to walk by it himself. 'Every field of victory,' he said in a speech at a dinner celebrating his return to his own country, 'is strewn with corpses. On the field of my triumph lies the corpse of my happiness!'

This doctrine of self-immolation and joyous self-obliteration for the general good finds also its interpretation in Wagner's music; it is the theme of the 'Nibelungen-Ring,' 'Tristan und Isolde,' and 'Parsifal,' namely, the atoning virtue of self-annihilation, which, as Hartmann points out, also forms the tragic element of German mythology. Others have already remarked that the love and death yearning in 'Tristan und Isolde' is an attempt to break through the limitations of individualism according to Schopenhauer. We may add that it also suggests the enthusiasm of self-surrender as taught by Hartmann.

Such, then, is the attitude of modern pessimism, its mental drift and moral tendency, as we see it reflected in various forms of literature and art. Compared with the tone of pessimism in the last generation, the '*maladie du siècle*,' as it used to be called, it has in more recent years become less acute, but appears to have degenerated into a chronic *malaise*. Not a few, indeed, there are who may be regarded rather as *malades imaginaires*, persons whose

peevish 'blue-vapour melancholy' vents itself in anæmic complaints, and who might be dismissed with little ceremony were it not for the danger to others who, attracted by this fashionable distemper, come under the influence of unhealthy pessimistic literature with disastrous consequences. Such reading produces, in what Hartmann calls 'mollusc souls,' a feebleness of moral fibre and intellectual lassitude which takes away the power of engaging energetically in the battle of life.

But the case is different with those who are sincerely and profoundly impressed by the weight of 'the world's sorrow,' and try to do their best themselves, whilst at the same time stimulating the sympathetic concern of others to alleviate the burden and diminish the suffering of their fellows. Among these self-renunciation becomes the final and efficient cause of 'cultured piety,' where positive religion has ceased to act as a spur to effort in the same direction. Among other things one of its immediate effects is to give force and momentum to the modern movement of social philanthropy. As an illustration of this we may notice a curious fact. When some time ago the French Academy selected for the subject of its prize-poem, 'Labour,' there were some two hundred competitors, and one and all treated the subject from a pessimistic point of view. In the same way our leading social reformers, in literature at least, adopt a pessimistic tone. Tolstoi, we are told by one of his intimates, is of opinion 'that life is an evil, a thing we must wish to be rid of'; but he spends his own life in efforts for ameliorating that of his peasants. He vigorously labours with and among them to carry out his social programme in pursuit of a very noble ideal. In contradiction to all the prejudices of his class, but by no means satisfied, as some appear to be, in exposing its shortcomings, he himself enters the arena to combat existing social evils. But he, too, agrees with the pessimists in regarding renunciation as the sovereign remedy. Thus, in his book on *Life*, he says,

'The renunciation of personal happiness and life is, for a rational being, as natural a property of his life as flying on its wings, instead of running on its feet, is for a bird.'

This suggests, in the last place, the question whether

pessimism should be regarded as a symptom of disease or as a sign of returning health in the religious and intellectual life of our day; whether the consciousness of existing evil, producing unremitting effort towards its mitigation or removal, does not rather hold out the promise of ultimate recovery and convalescence in the patient, i.e. in civilised society; whether, indeed, as Maeterlinck suggests somewhere, we are or are not 'on the threshold of a new pessimism, mysterious, and, perhaps, very pure?'

Those who hold that, as an intellectual force, pessimism is a symptom of brain-disease in the modern mind, point to the poetry of decadence as a proof of their assertion. But in answer to this it may be said that the admirers of this kind of poetry form but a very small section of society, and that the morbid state of mind here exhibited may be, as some have suggested, simply the state of mind of self-engrossed poets unable to discover the healthier instincts of the vast majority for whom their melancholy reflections have no attraction. On the other hand, the willingness of society to tolerate, and even accept, the severe censures of pessimistic criticism without serious protest may be a healthy sign of self-depreciation, containing in itself some promise of amendment and readjustment.

Again, as to the prevailing mood of pessimistic fatalism which, as we have pointed out, looms in the background of the modern novel and drama—'I had to do it, because it was I'—this seems to arise, not so much from a desire or intention to get rid of personal responsibility, as from an exaggerated conception of a scientific truth pressed too far, and its universal application to the exclusion of another factor, the existence of some will-force counter-acting the force of circumstances in the established order of things. It would appear that this is a temporary aberration of mind resulting from the spread of materialistic modes of thought, from which the thinking world is gradually recovering. Pessimists themselves, like Hartmann, are turning their back on it as a 'vulgarising naturalism,' and show their unmistakable preference for a kind of spiritual idealism not unlike that of the French pessimistic mystics, one of whom, in his *nostalgie du divin*, exclaims, 'En moi pleure le deuil des mystères

sacrés.' But even in this quarter we find an improved tone at the present moment, at once more vigorous and more hopeful. Maeterlinck, for example, in an article recently contributed to the 'Fortnightly Review,' speaks thus:—

'Yes, human life, viewed as a whole, is perhaps rather a sorrowful thing; and it is easier, in a manner pleasanter even, to speak of its sorrows and let the mind dwell on them, than to go in search of, and bring into prominence, the consolations life has to offer. . . . But for all that, and whatever their ephemeral likeness may be, we have only to draw closer to them to find that they, too, have their mystery; and if this seem less visible and less comprehensible, it is only because it lies deeper, and is far more mysterious. The desire to live, the acceptance of life as it is, may perhaps be mere vulgar expressions; but, for all that, they are probably in unconscious accord with laws that are vaster, more conformable with the spirit of the universe, and therefore more sacred, than the desire to escape the sorrows of life, and the lofty but disenchanted wisdom that for ever dwells on sorrows.'

What we have said shows that there is a manifest turn in the tide of pessimism, a revulsion from the flabby and flaccid *larmoyant* pessimism of the immediate past to one more vigorous, manly, and sane, and yet free from the misanthropic cynicism of Swift, Voltaire, Heine, and Schopenhauer, one more willing to adapt itself to the humane trend of recent thought, and more in conformity with common-sense. Hartmann himself distinctly tells us, in the history of his own mental development, that it has been his aim throughout to free himself from the quietistic negation of the will recommended by Schopenhauer, and to bring his own pessimism into line with the optimistic theory of evolution; and in this attempt he and others have so far succeeded as to justify one of his philosophical friends in saying that, 'if you want to see for once contented and cheerful faces, you must go among the pessimists.'

Thus, whatever may be said of pessimism as an intellectual system, and of the insecurity of its metaphysical basis in measuring happiness by a purely hedonistic standard, inconsistent with its underlying principles, or as a theory of life, faulty in its reasoning from insufficient data, and therefore arriving at a false conclusion, it can-

not be denied that it contains a certain substratum of truth which must not be overlooked in contesting its extravagant claims as a philosophical system or as a new religion. Its condemnation of egoism and the selfish pursuit of personal happiness; its insistence on the duty of subordinating the individual will to the higher demands of the law of self-sacrifice for the common good; its exposure of the danger of 'self-conscious finitude' warring against the constitution of things, instead of putting itself in right relation with the process of infinite progression—these denote a considerable advance in the ethical growth of pessimism, concurrently with the progress of modern thought. Regarded in this light, pessimism may be said to supply a moral tonic much needed in the present day. It may be put down to the credit of pessimism that it has brought into prominence the tragic side of life, and thus combines with other salutary agencies at work to purify, elevate, and strengthen those emotions of sympathy and compassion which animate the sense of altruistic duty.

'It is only the spirit of rebellion that craves for happiness in this life,' says Manders in 'Ghosts.' 'What right have we human beings to happiness? No, we have to do our duty!'

This sentiment is characteristic of pessimistic fiction and drama alike, and it is calculated to help in redressing the moral balance of the age, too much inclined to self-pity and self-indulgence, to self-exculpation in the neglect of social duties or the violation of social laws.

As a reaction against the excesses of egoism, false eudæmonistic conceptions, and self-satisfied optimism, as well as a spur to altruistic endeavour; as a solemn warning against overestimating the value of external goods and the over-acquisitiveness peculiar to an age too prone to idolise worldly success, pessimism may prove a salutary corrective. If it goes too far in an opposite direction, holding up an impossible, if not irrational ideal of self-immolation for the avowed purpose of helping forward the 'world-process,' culminating in self-destruction, this will bring its own cure. For the inadequacy of such a view of life and the 'cosmos,' such a conception of moral evolution as merely a prelude to a final catastrophe, will repel contemporary thought and bring it back to a saner conception of the meaning of life. Accepting the re-

siduum of truth contained in pessimistic criticism, it will be brought to recognise more fully what pessimistic speculation is apt to overlook, the medicinal virtue of pain and the disciplinary value of evil in the appointed order of things.

On the other hand, pessimism, as a survival of Eastern philosophy, maintaining that life is nothing but a tissue of illusions, comes into direct conflict with Western ideas; for, in this aspect, its tendency is to kill the motor nerves of thought and action, and to introduce a weak and vacillating form of '*laissez faire, laisser passer*' in all concerns of human interest. The *contemptus mundi* at times affected by pessimism in dwelling on the vanity of life, and its derisive view of human nature, reminding us of Hamlet's self-complacent and self-tormenting pessimism, are utterly at variance with the high ethical ideals it holds up, and irreconcilable with the great demands it makes on human nature. In its constant appeal to pity as the ruling principle of ethics, it is apt to mingle compassion with contempt. Ibsen, indeed, following Schopenhauer in his intense grimness, speaks of the majority as 'pitifully bad.' In weaker natures, where the profession of pessimism amounts to little more than maudlin sentiment, its enervating effects may produce serious evils. 'There is nothing like the bitterness of life for taking away the bitterness of death,' is an expression not unfrequently found in modern pessimistic novels. It indicates an attitude of mental drifting among the shoals of life's ocean, with the predominating thought that at best we only live to die, and that what supports us in the bitter struggle of life is the happy anticipation of eternal unconsciousness. Such a mental attitude can only culminate in what has been not unhappily characterised as 'the dulness of negative felicity.'

There may be those, indeed, and among them men and women of brilliant powers and exalted aims, who have their doubts as to which may be best as a permanent force in human life—the pessimism which accepts defeat and death beforehand, or the optimism which presages a victory that may not be worth achieving. But is it necessary to choose between the two? Who shall hold the balance with unfaltering grasp and weigh in the scales the exact proportion of good and evil? Who shall venture

to decide absolutely the question whether this is the best or the worst of all possible worlds, or declare with Von Hartmann that 'it is the best possible of worlds, but it is worse than none at all'? It is a problem which has occupied the mind of man at all times, and has increased in complexity with the rolling of the suns; and is this transition period in the course of human thought the most propitious moment for its final solution?

We are not called upon to choose between the two alternatives. 'I do not perceive,' says Mr Hamerton in 'The Quest for Happiness,' 'the universal victory of a benignant principle which is the foundation of optimism, nor the sure supremacy of a malignant principle which is the gloomy religion of pessimism.' He who 'sees life steadily and sees it whole' will be neither pessimist nor optimist, but rather make it his study to steer clear between the two opposite extremes. Could we stand outside and examine life and the 'cosmos' from an independent point of view, we might be able to come to some more definite conclusion, though even then the infinite range of possibilities and the immeasurable extent of interests would be apt to discourage or confuse the most daring and the most clear-sighted. But we are not standing by the shore calmly viewing the struggles of others on the sea of life; we are rather like infinitesimal atoms, gifted with limited intelligence, moving to and fro in the eddying currents of the ocean of existence, sometimes in light, more frequently in shadow, and all the time prevented by the rapidity of motion and the vastness of the survey from calmly judging of the process going on around us. It is not in man to measure the exact value of each individual life in its proper relation to the whole, and still less to calculate with mathematical nicety the preponderating value of good over evil. That the world contains much that is good for all of us we cannot deny; that there is much evil mixed with the good who can doubt? What remains for us to do is to hope and believe that after all

'There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.'

Art. XII.—THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

1. *The Life and Speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.* By F. S. Pulling. London: Sampson Low, 1885.
2. *The Marquis of Salisbury.* By H. D. Traill. London: Sampson Low, 1891.
3. *The Life and Times of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.* By S. H. Jeyes. London: Virtue, 1896.
4. *British and Foreign State Papers.* Vols. LXXVII-XCI. London, 1876-1902.
5. *Schulthess' Europäischer Geschichtskalender.* Von Hans Delbruck und Gustav Roloff. Munich: Beck, 1876-1902.

WITH the retirement of Lord Salisbury from the field of active politics, a career of prodigious activity and success, marked by singular dignity of conduct and loftiness of character, has come to an end. To essay a judicial appreciation of such a life is not easy, especially at the present moment. It is a commonplace of the biographic art that no absolutely trustworthy history is possible in the generation to which it belongs, partly because its judgments must inevitably be coloured by party feeling and personal prepossessions, and partly because the material with which it has to deal must necessarily be incomplete. In the case of modern statesmen there is a further difficulty to which public opinion a century ago was a stranger. While, on the one hand, many indispensable clues to motive must still remain hidden in secret state papers and personal confidences, the accessible materials relating to action are more abundant than ever they were; and this abundance is rendered more difficult of digestion by the increased complexity of political problems.

In the case of Lord Salisbury the task of synthesis is made more perplexing by the fact that, in an age given over to reform, he became a living and successful force without sacrificing principles of a pre-reform origin. It is interesting to note how this paradox has been treated by the newspaper critics. On the Tory side it has been for the most part ignored, all attention being concentrated on his work as Foreign Secretary, which is undoubtedly his main title to fame. Among the Opposition and great bulk of the unthinking public, however, the

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personal responsibility for the democratic legislation of the Unionists, it involved no derogation from his fidelity to Tory principles. It is a long cry from Pitt and Castlereagh to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Chamberlain; but it is none the less a fact that, throughout his life, Pitt, in domestic politics, and Castlereagh, in foreign affairs, have been Lord Salisbury's chief exemplars. From neither of these men, however, did he slavishly borrow maxims which found all their force in a vanished condition of things. So far as they stood for the historic continuity of British institutions and the rights of property he was with them. For the rest, he learnt from Castlereagh his patient and unemotional diplomacy, and from Pitt the popular value of a character for stainless purity and lofty forgetfulness of self, and the political value of an untheoretic mind in which abstract doctrines, watchwords, and shibboleths had no place. It is this untheoretic mind which perplexes the students of Lord Salisbury. Fixing their gaze on the pre-reform Tories, they imagine that all the axioms of that period must be vital to Tory principles, and hence they figure to themselves a statesman who sought refuge in the Foreign Office from democratic legislation which struck at the root of his dearest prejudices, but which he was powerless to hinder.

That this idea is wholly unfounded may be shown by a long array of speeches and other expositions of his political opinions reaching from 1853 to 1900. The dominant note of all these utterances is that in Toryism, as in everything else, change is the inexorable law of life. As an irresponsible politician of the unbending Tory school we find him, in 1861, preaching this doctrine with a zeal rivalling the destructive energy of the Manchester Radicals. On the eve of his first Premiership in 1884, with a great Tory revival before his eyes, he again urged the lesson on his party, but in an even more revolutionary form. The two passages are worth recalling. Here is what he wrote in 1861:—

'The historical continuity of parties has a political as well as a sentimental value; but it is an absolute delusion if it is applied to measure the tendencies of a statesman in one age by the tendencies of another statesman in another age. It will only mislead if it is used to give a character of permanence to that which is in its nature fleeting. The axioms of

the last age are the fallacies of the present; the principles which save one generation may be the ruin of the next. There is nothing abiding in political science but the necessity of truth, purity, and justice. The evils by which the body politic is threatened are in a state of constant change, and with them the remedies by which those evils must be cured.'

The repetition of this idea is found in his speech in the House of Lords on the Housing of the Poor twenty-three years later:—

'After all, even my noble friend [Lord Wemyss] may press as earnestly as he will upon us the necessity of leaving every Englishman to work out his own destiny and not attempt to aid him at the expense of the State; but, on the other side, he must always bear in mind that there are no absolute truths or principles in politics. . . . I hope Parliament will never transgress the laws of public honesty, but I equally hope that Parliament will not be deterred by fear of being tempted to transgress those laws, or, still more, by the fear of being accused of intending to transgress those laws, from fearlessly facing, and examining, and attempting to fathom these appalling problems which involve the deepest moral, material, and spiritual interests of our fellow-countrymen.'

Against this elasticity of party doctrine, of course, will be set his *intransigent* attitude towards the Reform Bills of 1866 and 1867. It is, however, a mistake to imagine that he opposed those measures because they violated Tory principles. His action was in reality governed by the ingrained caution which has been at once his strength and his weakness through life. A few months ago a discontented Tory twitted him with being a man 'who took no risks.' This reproach touches the very essence of his character. It has been as marked a feature of his domestic as of his foreign policy, and it was the main-spring of his action in 1866-67. The extension of the suffrage was to him 'a leap in the dark.' The leap in itself was not necessarily a revolution; but the danger of revolution probably lurked in the abyss below. He distrusted the democracy, not, as he explained, because their nature was different from that of other classes, but because the franchise would expose them to temptations out of all proportion to their material resources.

The flexibility of his 'unbending Toryism' in practice

is strikingly illustrated by the sequel. The Reform Bill of 1867 was the turning-point in his career. The fears with which that measure had inspired him were, as we know, not realised. He had argued from the normal weaknesses of human nature without taking account of the differentiations of national sentiment. The innate conservatism of the English people revealed itself in the elections of 1874; and Lord Salisbury was neither slow nor grudging in recognising his error or in explaining it to himself. Lord Beaconsfield dimly perceived the moral force that was at work, but he was content to perceive it and to embody it in a phrase. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, not only perceived it but laboriously analysed it, and sought to justify it by a wider interpretation of Tory doctrine. He saw that the era of great measures of structural reform was at an end. The repeal of the Corn Laws, the removal of Religious Disabilities, the extension of the franchise, the Ballot Act and the Elementary Education Act had extinguished all the urgent grievances of the great bulk of the people. Their normal political instincts were now free, and their conservative bias had been strengthened by the widely distributed prosperity resulting from cheapened raw materials, railways, and scientific discoveries. The elections of 1874 were, as Lord Salisbury told the Middlesex Conservative Association in the following year, 'a declaration that the English nation will never endure destructive legislation.' The discovery of this conservatism explains all his subsequent concessions to the democracy. Social amelioration as distinct from organic change had always been his ideal. The safety of the constitutional principle and the interests of the Tory party now required the active promotion of legislation in this direction.

'It is the duty of every Englishman and of every English party,' he wrote at the bitterest moment of his disappointment in 1867, 'to accept a political defeat cordially, and to lend their best endeavours to secure the success or to neutralise the evil of the principles to which they have been forced to succumb.'

To this work he now set himself. He was under no illusions. If he was convinced that there was no danger of internal revolution from the new democracy, he did

not, as we shall see presently, ignore the possibility of other dangers. But he believed that both might be neutralised by judicious concessions and patient guidance. Already, in 1875, he was pleading for a modified conservatism, for 'reforms which commend themselves to sober and patriotic opinions, and leave no resentment behind them.' His deep interest in the housing of the working-classes was quickened, not only by patriotic and social considerations, but also by the perception that increased comfort made for political conservatism. His untheoretic mind, as we have already seen, did not boggle even at socialism. Like Prince Bismarck, whose Toryism was of a far more unbending kind, he declined to be frightened from applying remedies for social evils by the reproach of collectivism.

This widened conception of Conservative doctrine went hand in hand with unremitting efforts to vindicate the House of Lords to the new Tory democracy. Owing to the rehabilitation of the Crown by the wisdom of Queen Victoria, this was happily the only direction in which the Constitution required defence. No English statesman has done more than Lord Salisbury, either by action or precept, to illustrate the utility of the Upper Chamber in the new order of things. If his own efforts to find a larger popular sanction for the Peers have been meagre and unsuccessful, he has at any rate left the powerful influence of his reform doctrines on record. The last two general elections showed conclusively that his defence of the House as a democratic necessity, and as the only alternative to triennial or even annual Parliaments, and his practical demonstration of this proposition when, at his instance, the House saved Great Britain from Irish dictation by rejecting the Home Rule Bill, had sunk deeply into the public mind.

In a word, Lord Salisbury's service to his party consists in the adaptation of Conservatism to the new political conditions produced by the reforms of the preceding epoch. Lord Beaconsfield laid down the broad lines of this adaptation on the historic occasion when he boasted that he had 'educated his party'; but Lord Salisbury has worked out the scheme in detail. The vast scope of his labours is sufficiently illustrated, on the one hand, by the rehabilitation of the House of Lords,

and on the other, by the almost revolutionary extension of local self-government embodied in the County Councils Act of 1888.

His services to the Tory principle as distinct from the Tory party have been not less conspicuous. In this he has been largely favoured by the good fortune which his caution and patience have commanded through life. It was in connexion with Irish Home Rule that this service was rendered. There are two aspects of Lord Salisbury's attitude towards Home Rule, the more important of which is generally ignored. In the first place, there is the obvious aspect connected with the strategic danger of Irish independence and the obligations of Great Britain to the Protestant and loyal minority. On these points Lord Salisbury never had any doubt. Forty years ago he defended Castlereagh's dubious methods in negotiating the Union as inevitable 'if the integrity of the Empire was to be preserved'; and so early as 1870 he advocated the policy of 'resolute government' which, in 1886, he expounded as the only reasonable alternative to Mr Gladstone's proposed concessions. This aspect of the Irish question, however, touched no constitutional principle. Lord Salisbury's far-seeing statesmanship comes out more clearly in the ulterior use he made of the strategic question and of the whole policy of confiscation with which Home Rule was bound up.

Long before the adoption of a separatist scheme was thought of by Mr Gladstone, Lord Salisbury foresaw that the Irish policy of his great antagonist would ultimately ruin the Liberal party and promote a coalition of Moderates on the basis of the central doctrines of Toryism. We may see this in his speeches and writings so far back as 1873. His prevision was even more abundantly justified than he expected. That Whigs of the type of the Duke of Devonshire would be alienated by the attacks on property in which a solution of the Irish question was sought was always certain; but that the question of the integrity of the Empire would so strongly appeal to the democracy as to drive Mr Chamberlain into a Tory alliance was not so surely foreseen. Lord Salisbury's alertness to recognise his opportunity and to identify himself with the 'sleeping genius of democratic Imperialism' on which Mr Gladstone had so unwarily stumbled,

gave us the Unionist coalition, which is the most formidable combination for the defence of constitutional principles and social justice known to modern history. Strong party-men in both wings look upon this alliance with mixed feelings; but from the wider standpoint of general political evolution there can be no question that it is an unmixed blessing. During the last twenty years the tendencies of parties all over Europe have been in the same direction as in England. But in Germany, France, Italy, and even Austria the fights have been avowedly on the constitutional and economic issues, with the result that the coalitions of Moderates which have been formed have been essentially aristocratic and *bourgeois*, and the democracies ranged against them have been exasperated into the extremer forms of socialism. From this sharp division of classes and masses Lord Salisbury's management of the Home Rule controversy has saved us.

It may, perhaps, be said that in forming his Unionist coalition Lord Salisbury had no choice. There are, however, two facts which negative this supposition. In the first place there was a moment when the Conservatives—or, at any rate, some of them—were not altogether averse from the idea of 'dishing the Whigs' on the Home Rule question. This was on the occasion of the Carnarvon-Parnell negotiations. Lord Salisbury, however, promptly and vigorously discountenanced it, and roundly told Lord Carnarvon that, even if the whole Conservative party were to favour Home Rule, he would 'refuse to carry it out.' The second fact is his offer of the premiership to Lord Hartington, not only after the strength of parties had been ascertained in 1886, but also before the elections, when the chances of the Unionists were still obscure. These two facts show clearly that Lord Salisbury steered deliberately and fixedly for the 'integrity-of-the-Empire' policy, not only for its intrinsic merits, but for the safety of principles which he rightly placed above party.

It will be convenient here to consider how he has dealt with the problem of satisfying and of controlling the awakened Jingoism of the masses which he was thus compelled to conciliate for the purposes of his domestic policy. Here again it is as a teacher and a convert rather than as a constructive statesman that his record is most

instructive. In his early days he combined a belief 'in the Empire and its greatness' with the same aversion from constitutional change that he displayed towards the Reform agitation at home. He was, for example, opposed to the grant of responsible government to the Colonies. The striking manifestation in the eighties of the reality and strength of the Greater-Britain sentiment at once impressed his singularly open mind; and he was not slow to confess that his misgivings had been 'entirely without foundation and mistaken.' He did not on that account abandon his prudential instincts. With every change of opinion—and Lord Salisbury has changed his opinions more frequently than most statesmen—he always carried with him a cautious aversion from further great changes. If he abandoned the colonial doctrines of Lord Brougham and the Duke of Wellington, he did not throw himself at once into the arms of Mr Forster and Mr Chamberlain. The view he took was that which Burke embodied in his famous speech on conciliation with America—the view that Imperial sentiment should be left to work out its own future. Political literature possesses no profounder utterance on the problems of Empire than his speech at the banquet given to the colonial Premiers in June 1897, when he dwelt on the novelty of the new British Empire and the conditions of its healthy growth and permanence. The following passage might have been spoken by Burke himself:—

'We are representing here the growing Empire of Great Britain. We do not know precisely what future is before us. We are aware that we are the instruments of a great experiment. There have been many emigrations, many colonies, before our time. The relation between mother-country and dependency has often been set up, but those empires have never lasted, for either the colonies have been swept away by some superior force, or the mother-country, by unjust and imprudent government, has driven the colonies to sever the bond which bound them. The fact has been that such empires have never lasted.

'We are undertaking the great experiment of trying to sustain such an empire entirely upon the basis of mutual goodwill, sympathy, and affection. There is talk of fiscal union, there is talk of military union. Both of them, to a certain extent, may be good things. Perhaps we may not be

able to carry them as far as some of us think, but in any case they will not be the basis on which our Empire will rest. Our Empire will rest on the great growth of sympathy, common thought and feeling between those who are in the main the children of a common race, and who have a common history to look back upon and a common future to look forward to. It is the triumph of a moral idea in the construction of a great political organisation which is the object and the effort in which we have all joined, and of which our meeting together is the symbol and the seal.'

Here we may see Lord Salisbury's characteristic caution applying itself to the highest problem of Imperial politics. But this was only one of a whole series of speeches, reaching back to 1885, and carried forward to as late as last May, in which the prudent policy of leaving well alone was urged as the most certain guarantee of 'a tremendous Imperial destiny.' Nor was leaving well alone limited, in his mind, to schemes of political organisation. It also extended to schemes of expansion. On this point Lord Salisbury has been so emphatic that both Mr Morley and Mr Labouchere have hailed him as a fellow 'Little-Englander.' As a matter of fact he has not been against colonial expansion *per se*, but only against the Palmerstonian policy of 'fighting everybody and taking everything,' which is calculated to incite foreign passions against us and to impose upon us responsibilities out of all proportion to our resources.

In practice Lord Salisbury has not been quite so happy as in precept. In regard to Imperial Federation his views have no doubt prevented Mr Chamberlain from forcing the pace; but in the matter of colonial expansion his expansionist supporters and the course of events have been too strong for him. His management of the Indian Secretaryship, which was a model of intelligent and painstaking administration, was partly based on the principle of avoiding annexations. Nevertheless he found himself compelled in 1878 to adopt the policy which seven years later resulted in the annexation of Burma. On a larger scale forces beyond his control broke down all his 'Little-England' doctrines after 1890. The coincidence of the Jingo democratic doctrine that new markets are indispensable as an alternative to hostile tariffs with the scramble for Africa which followed Sir Henry Stanley's

explorations, resulted in making Lord Salisbury the greatest 'Mehrer des Reichs' known in English history. How far this is to be counted to him for righteousness has yet to be seen. That it has strengthened the hold of the Unionists on the constituencies is beyond doubt. Nevertheless, as an Imperial statesman, his most solid claim to historic approval must always rest on his teaching rather than his example, the teaching that colonial expansion in itself is undesirable unless dictated by imperative considerations of public welfare and Imperial safety; and even then the ability to take must be accompanied by the capacity to hold.

While the place which Lord Salisbury will occupy in English history as a domestic and Imperial statesman may to some extent be a matter of controversy, there can be little question that, as a Foreign Minister, his work will rank with that of the most famous. Already, as measured by certain of its obvious results, the world is conscious of a record little less than stupendous. It may, however, be doubted whether the final verdict will attach itself so exclusively to these results as to the diplomacy by which they were accomplished. Even then the probability is that Lord Salisbury's title to fame will be enhanced rather than diminished. The qualities that he brought to the Foreign Office were precisely the same as those he displayed most conspicuously in domestic affairs. His strong conservatism, his open mind, his ingrained prudence, and his rooted distrust of untried democracies found, indeed, on the larger stage on which the major portion of his official life was passed, a more congenial atmosphere than in the domain of home politics. To this his success is chiefly attributable. As a constructive force, as a pioneer of new and far-sighted conceptions of world-policy, his record is scanty; but he has had few equals in the cautious and patient management of complicated problems, and in that elaborate provision against remote risks which is the secret of unsought triumphs. In an age of dangerous faddists he held fast to treaties and international law, even to the subordination of his own keenest sympathies. In an epoch of violent change he displayed a serene adaptability to new international conditions although they did not always harmonise with his

own tastes. Finally, at a time when the 'thinkings and modes and activities' of the mob have been all-powerful, he so shaped his course as to prevent European peace from being compromised by democratic passion.

His success is all the more remarkable because of the adverse conditions under which it was achieved. In these conditions he was himself not a little responsible. His first tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship in 1878 is the story of a blunder which hampered the whole of his subsequent career. Looking back to-day at the Russophobic policy of Lord Beaconsfield, few will be found to deny that it was a deplorable mistake. Lord Salisbury has, indeed, himself admitted it; and he could do so with the more frankness because, although he made himself its instrument, it is well known that he doubted its wisdom. From the beginning of his parliamentary career in 1853 he had been against bolstering up the Ottoman Empire. He denounced the Crimean War in the interests of the rayahs; and, although not insensible to the Russian danger, he opposed the exasperating clauses in the Treaty of Paris closing the Black Sea in perpetuity to the Russian flag of war. His views were unchanged when, in 1876, the Eastern Question was reopened. As British Plenipotentiary at the Constantinople Conference, he pursued a policy of concerted action with Russia for the coercion of Turkey; and, even after the breakdown of the Conference, and his return to London, he publicly set himself against the war-party which was clamouring 'to spend the blood and treasure of this country in the maintenance of the Turkish Empire.' Six months later he accepted the Foreign Secretaryship as the official exponent of the pro-Turkish policy. He has himself told the story of his conversion. Lord Beaconsfield appealed to him on the grounds of the public law of Europe and the continuity of foreign policy; and to these essentially conservative considerations he reluctantly yielded. To blame him is difficult. The Russophobic war-party was all-powerful in the country, and they certainly had the sanctity of treaties and a traditional conception of British interests on their side. Had Lord Salisbury declined to adopt the views of his chief, he would probably have ended his political career, for no political reputation can survive the damaging effect of secessions, and he had

not the same alternative affinities in the field of general politics as Lord Derby. Moreover, his secession would only have left Lord Beaconsfield free to pursue the perilous adventures which were already fermenting in his brain, whereas, by remaining with him as an imperfectly convinced colleague, he must have exercised over him a certain restraining influence.

The disastrous consequences of this blunder, inevitable though it was, presented themselves in sinister abundance when, in 1885, Lord Salisbury took the seals of the Foreign Office for the second time. Rarely has Great Britain found herself in a more humiliating and embarrassed situation. The whole of Europe was practically banded against her. In the previous year Germany had joined France in refusing to recognise the Anglo-Portuguese Congo treaty; and Great Britain had been virtually summoned to submit her African policy to a Conference of the Powers at Berlin. The London Conference on the Egyptian question, which had been convened by Lord Granville, had been rendered abortive by the steady support afforded to France by Germany, Austria, and Russia against Great Britain. We had just emerged with ruffled plumes from sharp disputes with Germany in West Africa and the Pacific; we were in the thick of acrimonious quarrels with France in Egypt, Madagascar, Tonkin, and China; and finally, we were on the brink of war with Russia on the Afghan frontier. How had this situation been brought about?

That it was wholly the result of the blunder of 1878 cannot, of course, be pretended; but there can be little question that without it the crisis would have been deprived of its most threatening features. After the tearing-up of the Black Sea treaty in 1870, the road to a reconciliation with Russia, or, at any rate, to a deflection of her external activity into a direction less menacing to British interests, was certainly open. The wounds left by the Crimean War were healed and the scars obliterated. Great Britain had once more before her the choice of allowing Russia to pursue her historic policy in European Turkey unhindered, or of forcing her to continue her post-Crimean policy of seeking her revenge in Central and Eastern Asia. Whatever doubts there might have been as to which was the wiser of these courses had been

cleared up by the opening of the Suez Canal and the purchase of the Khedive's shares in 1875, which had altogether changed the conception of British interests in the Eastern Mediterranean that prevailed twenty years before; and also by the proofs, on the one hand, that the dream of a reformed Turkey was a chimera, and, on the other, that the Russian advance in Central Asia was full of danger to the tranquillity of our Indian Empire and our predominant position in Eastern Asiatic markets. Nevertheless, we adhered to the exploded policy of 1856. A new era of embittered rivalry between Britain and Russia was opened, the effects of which have already shaken the whole Asiatic continent as far as the China Sea, and the end of which no one can even yet foresee.

The decision of 1878 was one from which there could be no retreat. What Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury began at the Berlin Congress was only too well completed in the Balkans. The growth of Bulgarian national sentiment finally shattered Russian aspirations in South-Eastern Europe and substituted Bandar Abbas and Port Arthur, with all that they imply, for Constantinople as the ultimate ends of Russian policy. So unalterable was the new situation that, when Mr Gladstone came back to power in 1880 with a frankly Russophile policy, the result was only to give Russia a freer hand in prosecuting her anti-English aims in Central Asia. Other circumstances had, moreover, helped to mature the Russian danger. The bombardment of Alexandria and the British occupation of Egypt had put an end to the Anglo-French alliance, which had been the corner-stone of British policy since Lord Palmerston; and the consequent isolation of Great Britain had been seized upon by Prince Bismarck as the opportunity for beginning the era of German *Weltpolitik* largely at the expense of England. How decisive a part the new Anglo-Russian rivalry played in this sinister combination is illustrated by the fact that it was in the year preceding the Russian attack on Penjdeh that Prince Bismarck concluded his unscrupulous secret neutrality treaty with Russia, which was primarily designed to secure Germany against a Franco-Russian alliance and an Austro-Russian reconciliation, but which, with the tacit sanction of the German Chancellor, Russia interpreted as giving her a free hand against England in Asia.

On coming into office in 1885 Lord Salisbury had consequently two tasks before him. The first was to deal with the urgent and perilous position on the Afghan frontier; the second to reconstruct the fundamental bases of British foreign policy. For once the Russophobic policy scored a substantial success. In spite of the legend of 'the lath painted to look like iron,' Lord Salisbury's record at the Berlin Congress had impressed Russian statesmen with the wholesome conviction that he was not a man to be trifled with. Point after point had been complacently yielded by Lord Granville, until only one remained for discussion. This was the question of the possession of the Zulfikar Pass; and here Lord Salisbury from the outset took his stand. The Russians soon discovered that he was in earnest, and in September, 1885, they yielded. The result was not only that peace was preserved and the interests of Afghanistan effectually safeguarded, but that a boundary was agreed upon which definitely limited the territorial progress of Russia towards India from the north-west.

The larger question of general foreign policy was not so easily determined. As in 1878, Lord Salisbury found himself confronted by a *fait accompli*. What M. Gambetta loved to call the Anglo-French alliance—that is to say, the specifically Francophile bias of our foreign policy—had gone to pieces in Egypt; and the Cabinet of Mr Gladstone, in face of overwhelming perplexities, had tardily come to the conclusion that a *rapprochement* with Germany was the only way out of the difficulty. Prince Bismarck's idea had never been to quarrel irretrievably with Great Britain. His object in aggravating the difficulties brought upon her by the Egyptian campaign and the hostile activity of Russia in Central Asia, was really to force her into closer relations with the Triple Alliance. He was anxious to prosecute his colonial policy without immediately undertaking the building of a large navy; and this he saw was only possible by securing the alliance, or at any rate a first charge on the friendship, of Great Britain. When a member of the anti-colonial party asked him how he proposed to defend the new German colonies, he replied, 'Against France at the gates of Metz; against England in Egypt.' Nor did he disguise his purpose from the British Cabinet. In a singularly

frank despatch addressed to Count Münster in the spring of 1884, he pointed out that, 'in German colonial enterprise England might render signal service to Germany; and for such service Germany would use her best endeavours in England's behalf in questions affecting her interests nearer home.' It was not until twelve months later, when the Penjdeh crisis was at its height, that the value of this offer was grasped in Downing Street, and then Lord Rosebery was despatched in haste to Berlin to negotiate a *rapprochement*.

The lesson of 1878, however, had not been lost on Lord Salisbury. He had had a pro-Turkish tradition forced upon him by the *mainmorte* of Lord Aberdeen; and the results were not so encouraging as to lead him to acquiesce uncomplainingly in a brand-new Liberal tradition of foreign policy made in haste by Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery. The understanding with France had worked well, and it was part of a European system which had been fixed by the Treaty of Berlin. Moreover, Lord Salisbury had never been enamoured of the pro-German orientation of which Prince Albert had been so strong an advocate. It is the fashion to regard his belligerent attitude on the Schleswig-Holstein question in 1864 as an outburst of youthful and irresponsible intemperance. Some day it will be seen that it was governed by a thoughtful and singularly far-sighted purpose, and that even at that early period Lord Salisbury perceived that the possession of good harbours on the Baltic and North Sea would eventually help a united Germany to become a great naval power. Before Great Britain consented to become a satellite of Prince Bismarck, it was at any rate desirable that the chances of a reconciliation with France should be exhausted. These chances were apparently not desperate. The fall of M. Ferry had discredited his Germanophil policy; and there seemed to be no reason why a compromise on the Egyptian question should not be possible. The upshot was the Drummond-Wolff mission to Constantinople, and the Convention of 1887, by which Great Britain pledged herself, under certain conditions, to withdraw her troops from Egypt at the end of three years. It was owing to the uncompromising opposition of France herself that the agreement came to nothing.

Long before the result of this experiment had been ascertained, Lord Salisbury had been converted to the idea of an *entente* with Germany. The considerations by which he was actuated are not difficult to guess. In the first place, while unconditional surrender by the British was the only solution of the Egyptian question which the French people would entertain, the hostility of Germany in Egypt was fatal to the smooth working of the British administration. In the second place, there was already strong evidence in 1886 that France was angling for an alliance with Russia, and that consequently an Anglo-German understanding would not be the one-sided compact which Prince Bismarck had probably contemplated and Lord Salisbury had feared. In the third place, Lord Salisbury held fast to Castlereagh's idea that Austria, who was now Germany's ally, was also 'England's ancient and true ally,' and that 'in her strength and independence lie the best hopes of European stability and peace.' Over and above all these considerations, however, towered the interests of European peace. England's natural allies are, as Lord Salisbury said in 1891, 'all those who desire peace and goodwill, and wish to maintain territorial distribution as it is.' The events of 1885 and 1887 had been fruitful of applications of this maxim. The revival of Russian intrigues in the Balkans and the Boulanger agitation in France, the kidnapping of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and the Schnäbele incident, had thrown a lurid light on the explosive forces at work. It was clear that in the stability of the Triple Alliance lay the best guarantee of European peace and the surest security for British interests.

Nevertheless Lord Salisbury was too prudent and too conscious of his own resourcefulness to bind himself formally and exclusively to the Triple Alliance. He had no intention of burning his boats on any shore. He took a wider and wiser view of the duty of a British Foreign Minister, although it was one which added considerably to the complexity of his task. He discriminated between the necessity of assuring the stability of the Triple Alliance and becoming a pledged party to it. It was quite possible to do the first without the second, but it was not possible to do both without shutting the door on friendly relations with the other great Powers and

jeopardising Great Britain's freedom of action in dealing with them. He had no objection even to *afficher* his sympathies, so long as his practical independence was made clear. The freedom of choice he had reserved was strikingly illustrated when, on the conclusion of the Dual Alliance, he was able to invite the French fleet, on its way home from its triumphant visit to Kronstadt, to enjoy British hospitality at Portsmouth, and to be reviewed by the Queen. The limits of his relations with the Triple Alliance were marked in February, 1887, when, in order to prevent Italy from withdrawing from the Treaty, he guaranteed her against a naval attack by France in an agreement for assuring the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, to which Austria was also a party. Beyond this it was his principle to cultivate amicable relations with all the Powers, to refrain from espousing the quarrels of any of them, no matter how close his association with them on other questions in which British interests or the interests of the general peace were involved, and so to hold himself free to contract temporary alliances for common ends in any direction.

This was the foreign policy with which Lord Salisbury endowed Great Britain during his first and second Premier-ships, which, with a brief interval of six months, filled the seven years between June, 1885, and August, 1892. It was a policy which only a very capable statesmanship could have successfully sustained. It would be an injustice to regard it as merely an application of the old principle of avoiding entangling alliances. As a matter of fact it was a compromise between that principle and the then prevailing tendency to great alliances, judiciously adjusted to a highly complex international situation. That it had disadvantages cannot, of course, be gainsaid. The present Anglophobia in Germany is largely the product of Prince Bismarck's irritation at his failure to bind Great Britain fast to the chariot wheels of his Triple Alliance. The recently negotiated Mediterranean understanding between Italy and France, which is a sinister sign on the European horizon, is also to a great extent due to Lord Salisbury's consistent refusal to take up Italian cudgels against France when British interests were not at stake. On the other hand, if a defection of Italy from the Triple Alliance should follow on her present reconciliation with France,

the importance of the rôle Great Britain will be called upon to play in the maintenance of European peace will be vastly increased, and she will be able to play it on her own terms. The best justification of Lord Salisbury's policy between 1885 and 1892 is, however, that he found Great Britain confronted by a hostile European coalition, a prey to innumerable humiliations and perplexities and on the brink of war, and that he left her at peace, enjoying the friendship of all the great Powers, and pursuing her Imperial course with unfettered hands and undiminished lustre.

Striking though this record was, it was completely eclipsed by the work of his last tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship between July, 1895, and November, 1900. This was the period of his greatest opportunity, and it brought out all his most remarkable qualities as a thinker and a diplomatist. In recounting his triumphs during this epoch the man in the street loves to dwell on Fashoda and the peace of Pretoria; but these successes were not so much characteristic embodiments of his policy as its most dramatic accidents. The historian will find a minor place for them in his biographic perspective. The facts which will chiefly appeal to him are that, during this period, Lord Salisbury was the most distinguished statesman in Christendom, the successor of Prince Bismarck as the keeper of the world's peace, and that he proved equal to these high responsibilities.

In 1895 Lord Salisbury ceased to be exclusively a British Foreign Secretary, and became in one direction a European statesman and in another the great pioneer of Pan-Anglo-Saxonism. The fall of Prince Bismarck had removed the one powerful personality in Europe before whom all statesmen hesitated and all mobs cowered. Everywhere the Chanceries were filled by mediocrities who, while commanding armaments of unparalleled magnitude and destructive power, were themselves at the mercy of an enfranchised democracy full of dangerous Jingo sentiment. The peril which thus menaced Europe preoccupied Lord Salisbury from the beginning. It was one which appealed to his strongest political prepossessions. He had studied it closely during the Reform agitation in England, and, although he had modified his views as to the trustworthiness of the British

democracy, he was too devoted a disciple of Castlereagh to believe that the same confidence could be reposed in the inflammable populations of the Continent. Already, in 1864, when the European masses were still effectually muzzled, he had warned the world of the probable influence of their enfranchisement on international relations. A comparison of his views at that date, with some of his utterances of the last five years, affords another interesting illustration of the continuity of his political teaching. Here is what he wrote in 1864 :—

‘Moderation, especially in the matter of territory, has never been characteristic of democracy. Wherever it has had free play, in the ancient world or the modern, in the old hemisphere or the new, a thirst for empire and a readiness for aggressive war has always marked it.’

In 1897 we find him dwelling on the same danger, but in a more imminent form, in a speech at a dinner-party at the Mansion House :—

‘If you keep the unofficial people in order, I will promise you that the official people will never make war. . . . In our time the organised governments are distinctly losing force, and public opinion is distinctly gaining in power.’

And again in 1900 :—

‘Though governments may have an appearance and even a reality of pacific intention, their action is always liable to be superseded by the violent and vehement operations of mere ignorance. . . . We cannot be certain that any government will not yield its powers to the less educated and less enlightened classes, by whom more and more in many countries of the world public affairs are being governed.’

It is curious that the prudence which he in consequence displayed has found fervent admirers in Mr Morley and Mr Labouchere, notwithstanding its anti-democratic, almost Metternichian, origins. Yet he never disguised his real fears ; it was, indeed, part of his plan not to do so. His problem was, on the one hand, to restrain the Jingoism of his own countrymen, and especially the Imperialist Radical school of Mr Chamberlain ; and, on the other, to strengthen his trembling colleagues on the Continent in their resistance to the pressure of a mischief-

making Chauvinism. He did this by ceaselessly dwelling upon the democratic danger, by placing it in the forefront of all his most important speeches, by warning his own countrymen in and out of season how much they had to lose by provoking it, and by convincing foreign statesmen that he was heart and soul with them in all reasonable efforts to restrain it.

Nor was it only by his teaching that he grappled with the evil. The whole of his practical work at the Foreign Office was inspired and governed by it. The Peace Conference at the Hague was largely the outcome of his efforts to diminish the dangers of a war which, in the new classification of the Powers, could only, as he himself once said, 'be fatal to Christian civilisation.' In 1888 he spoke impressively upon it at the Guildhall banquet. Two years later he made official representations to the Powers on the subject in a circular despatch which has not yet been made public. His abortive arbitration treaty with the United States and the splendid work performed at his instance by Lord Pauncefoot at the Hague Conference illustrate sufficiently how hard he worked at this aspect of the problem. Although, as an arbitrationist, he has been a hero with the emotional Radicals, he never participated in their millennial delusions as to the relation of arbitration to permanent and universal peace. Here, again, it was on strictly reactionary grounds that he advocated their methods. In his mind, arbitration was calculated to supply an effective means of cutting the claws of the excitable democracy.

'A well-working arbitration system,' he once said, 'would be an invaluable bulwark to defend a minister from the Jingoës. It would be impossible for them to accuse him of having trifled with the honour of the country or with surrendering substantial advantages if he could say, "Well, I submitted the matter to an impartial tribunal as provided by treaty and unfortunately the decision went against us,"'

More substantial was the work he performed in organising and keeping together the Concert of Europe. The Concert was, of course, not his idea; it was foreshadowed by Pitt so early as 1805, and came into existence on the fall of Napoleon; but Lord Salisbury approached it from a somewhat different standpoint from that of his

immediate predecessors. Mr Gladstone regarded it as an administrative expedient and a useful means of shelving embarrassing national obligations. Lord Beaconsfield tolerated it, but on condition that the ascendancy of Great Britain was recognised by it. Lord Salisbury took higher ground. To him it was 'the embryo of the only possible structure of Europe which can save civilisation from the desolating effects of a disastrous war'; and he was in favour of getting it to act, not only on questions belonging to it by treaty-right, but on all difficulties affecting the peace of the world. In order to keep it together he scrupulously avoided any claim to a predominant part in its councils, and he did this so systematically that during the Armenian crisis of 1895-96 he was more than once angrily accused of allowing the influence of Great Britain to be effaced. Nevertheless, his policy was a success, even in the Eastern Question. It did not and could not save the Armenians, for they fell victims to the inevitable consequences of the all-embracing blunder of 1878. But in face of the gravest danger of a European war the Concert kept the peace; and, when ultimately its harmony was disturbed, Lord Salisbury was able to carry Russia, France, and Italy with him in reviving Canning's policy of 1826 and in applying it to Crete. In the liberation of Crete he played the decisive part. It was a fine achievement, performed with admirable diplomatic skill; and it affords us a glimpse of what might have been had Lord Beaconsfield listened to his counsels twenty years before. Its success illustrates at once the degree of confidence his public spirit and his conservative devotion to peace had earned, even from the Powers least friendly to this country, and the wisdom of the policy of holding his hands free which he had so far-sightedly laid down for himself during the period 1885-1892.

The chief reproach urged against Lord Salisbury during his last tenure of office relates to what are derisively called his 'graceful concessions.' Not much is heard of this reproach to-day; and in the future it will, perhaps, only be remembered as a measure of the success and of the relatively small cost with which he practised his policy of conciliation. But had these concessions been greater than they really were, there would have been

much to say for them on the ground that, as sops to the great democratic Cerberus on the Continent—as contributions, that is, not only to the peace of this country, but to the stability of the general international situation—they were eminently judicious. Lord Salisbury has, however, a better defence. In the first place he may urge that they never were of any serious magnitude, and in the second he may point to compensations far outweighing them in value.

The first series of concessions took place in connexion with the great crisis which occurred towards the end of 1895, when, almost simultaneously, President Cleveland issued his bellicose message on the Venezuela question and the German Emperor sought to organise a European coalition against us on the Transvaal question. Owing to the promptitude with which Lord Salisbury came to an understanding with France, by negotiating the so-called Siamese treaty, the cloud blew over. By this treaty the trans-Mekong portion of Keng-Cheng to the north of Siam was ceded to France, the Menam Valley was neutralised, and a promise was given by Great Britain to settle the Tunisian question at an early date. At first sight this seems a formidable list of concessions, but, as a matter of fact, it amounts to very little. Tunis had already been virtually bartered to France in 1878 in exchange for Cyprus; and, if the consideration was not a very valuable one, we had since then amply recouped ourselves in Egypt. The neutralisation of the Menam Valley was all to our advantage, for, without involving us in administrative obligations, it safeguarded a market in which we enjoyed ninety-seven per cent. of the total trade. It is true that this may yet lead to a French sphere of influence being created between the Mekong and the Menam; but, if so, it will be counterbalanced by a similar British sphere to the west. As to the results in Bangkok, we have only ourselves to blame if we lose our predominance in that important spot. There remains the cession of Keng-Cheng. It had never been the intention of Great Britain to keep this territory for herself, but only to hand it over to China, together with another tract west of the Mekong, as a buffer between the British and French possessions. The Chino-Japanese war had shown that this expedient would have been little better than a comedy; and the up-

shot was that the debatable land was divided. Whatever was sacrificed, however, was insignificant in comparison with the embarrassments which might have been caused to us had France listened to the Kaiser's overtures. This was the total of Lord Salisbury's 'graceful concessions' in connexion with the crisis of 1895-1896. With the United States he came to an understanding which eventually gave us all we wanted, while Germany got nothing except a very salutary lesson to the effect that in a quarrel with Great Britain she could not hope to find allies on the Continent.

Of the other concessions frequently discussed, the only group which call for notice are those which are alleged to have been made in China. Most of them are controversial fictions. At Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur Lord Salisbury was certainly outwitted; and he subsequently connived at Germany's settlement in Shantung and recognised Russia's preferential position in Manchuria. But this is the sum of his concessions. They had, as we shall see, their compensations; and the circumstances of the time were so menacing that, had they not been made, we might, and probably should, have lost much more elsewhere. Nor should too much be made of the concessions themselves. The occupation of Port Arthur was no doubt a serious blow to British prestige and British interests in the Far East; but no British trading-rights in Shantung or Manchuria—except at Port Arthur, where they had never been exercised—have been lost. Kiao-Chau has been declared a free port; and the railway interests in the British and German spheres have been satisfactorily reconciled. In giving up the right to build railways in Manchuria, an option was sacrificed which no British capitalist had dreamt of exercising since the Niuchwang line was finished, while, on the other hand, a very generous pledge was given to Russia of our anxiety not to hamper her in the reasonable realisation of her ambitions.

A great deal has been made of the supposed disadvantages to Great Britain resulting from the Anglo-German agreement signed on October 16th, 1900, by which the two Powers undertook to protect the integrity of, and the 'open door' in, China. Anxious to curry favour with the German Chauvinists, Count von Bülow boasted that he had defeated Great Britain's design of making a

close market of the Yangtse Valley, and had practically given nothing in return, since Germany did not interpret the integrity clause of the agreement as applying to Manchuria. Whatever satisfaction this may give in Germany, it does not represent any tangible loss to England. There never was the remotest idea in this country of making a close market of the Yangtse provinces, while the annexation of Manchuria by Russia is still very remote and is subject to international pledges which would amply protect the small British interests involved. Lord Salisbury's Chinese policy has, in fact, been made to look much worse than it was by the indecision by which it was marked. He was apparently anxious, at one and the same time, to conciliate Russia and not to alienate Germany. In the former design he lost sight of the fact that Russia was only carrying to its logical conclusion her revenge for the defeat of her policy in South-Eastern Europe in 1878, and hence he miscalculated the definiteness and fixity of her aims. In the latter he failed to foresee that German greed would give Russian aggression the opportunity it required. Still he lost little and gained much. He secured an equality of trading opportunity throughout the Chinese Empire, and in the Yangtse Valley he placed it beyond the risk of foreign aggression.

But the chief point is that his cautious and conciliatory policy saved him from embarrassments at a time when the most vital interests of the Empire required that his hands should be free. His richest rewards were reaped on the Upper Nile and in South Africa. In the mere extent of the territory annexed and the value of the interests acquired, these two successes far outweigh all the concessions he is supposed to have made to foreign Powers, even as magnified by the fertile imaginations of his most hostile critics. But the moral effect was overwhelming. The spectacle of England compelling France to haul down her flag at Fashoda and carrying to a triumphant conclusion a great war of conquest in South Africa, undeterred by the execrations of one half of the populace of Europe and America, impressed the world as few events in our time have impressed it. It has been said of Castlereagh that his marvellous diplomacy was unjustly overshadowed by the achievements of the generals in the campaign of 1813-14 against France, inas-

much as it was not by military strategy that Napoleon was crushed, but by the overwhelming force brought into the field by the Coalition, which was largely the creation of the British statesman. No such injustice has been done to Lord Salisbury. The world has been too conscious of the enormous power of the enemies of England not to perceive that its opportune paralysis was a master-stroke of diplomacy. Had it happened only once, it might have been accounted a lucky accident; but such accidents do not happen twice within three years. Precisely how it was managed will perhaps never be known. The best work of diplomacy is not recorded in state papers. We obtain fugitive glimpses of it in such facts as that the much-canvassed concession to Russia in Manchuria was made within a month of the arrival of the British troops at Omdurman, and that the finishing touches were being put to the secret Anglo-German agreement relating to Portuguese Africa when Captain Marchand's force was discovered at Fashoda.

Both triumphs, however, were probably less the contemplated fruit of direct diplomatic preparations than the accidents of a long career of prudent and pacific statesmanship. It is a mistake to imagine that the avenging of Gordon and the wiping out of Majuba were ever deliberate and settled objects of Lord Salisbury's policy. So late as 1888 he was against all expeditions into the Sudan, and was looking forward to the conclusion of an arrangement for the evacuation of Egypt. Even in 1897 the advance would not have been made had it not become necessary in the interests of Italy; and then probably it would have stopped at Dongola but for the discovery of the Franco-Russian conspiracy to seize the Upper Nile. It was the same with the Transvaal. How little the shame of Majuba oppressed Lord Salisbury is shown by the reluctance with which he threatened the Transvaal with war over the Vaal Drifts dispute in 1895. Nevertheless the possibility of both expeditions was never absent from his mind; and there is abundant evidence that he lost no opportunity of providing against the risks.

In the domain of policy as distinct from diplomacy Lord Salisbury's boldest experiment has been his attempt to establish permanently close relations with the United

States on an entirely new footing. The fact that he should have attempted a *rapprochement* of any kind is regarded as a remarkable conversion by those who remember the bitterness with which he attacked the Federals during the Civil War. It is, however, less remarkable than it seems. There was a strong artificial element in Lord Robert Cecil's anti-American attitude between 1862 and 1864. It was not against the Americans as such that he directed his onslaughts, but against a system to which the English Radicals had constantly appealed, with tireless and even tiresome reiteration, as a justification for democratic reforms at home. America was in fact an object-lesson in the great English Reform controversy. It is consequently not surprising that, when the Civil War broke out, so strong a Tory as Lord Robert Cecil should have sought to turn the tables on his political opponents by bidding them note the human weaknesses and passions which survived in their favourite emancipated democracies. But this is very ancient history. It was obliterated many years ago, not only by the falsification of all Lord Robert Cecil's prophecies of the outcome of the war, but also by Lord Salisbury's subsequent recantation of his errors in regard to the trustworthiness of the British democracy.

His attitude in 1898 is more remarkable as a revolution in national policy than as a reversal of personal opinion. It is true that Canning was sincerely anxious for an American alliance, and that he even sounded the United States Government on the subject; but he was not disposed to make any essential modification in the axioms of British world-policy in order to attain it. One of the chief of these axioms, which has been upheld by British statesmen of all parties in every age, is that, as the greatest of the commercial Powers, England can never suffer the highways of the nations to fall into hands that may close them. Hence the tradition that 'the Sound, the Bosphorus, and the Straits of Gibraltar, the Isthmus of Suez, and the Isthmus of Darien, must never be subject to the will of a first-rate Power.' The application of this principle to the United States is obvious. Long before a Nicaragua or Panama Canal was dreamt of, it was the policy of Great Britain to prevent, not only the Isthmus of Darien from falling into the hands of the United States,

but also the island of Cuba, as the key to any possible trans-isthmian canal. Canning declared in 1822 that 'what cannot and must not be is that any great maritime Power should get possession of Cuba'; and Lord John Russell, some years later, expounded at length the isthmian canal grounds for this maxim. Ultimately, in 1850, when the United States first began to perceive the necessity of a waterway to connect the Atlantic and Pacific, a compromise was arrived at in the shape of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, by which it was agreed that any canal that might be constructed should be neutral, and that its neutrality should be guaranteed by the British and American Governments. It is interesting to note that during the negotiation of this treaty Mr Clayton, the American Secretary of State, formally repudiated the Monroe doctrine on behalf of his Government.

Now this policy has been completely reversed by Lord Salisbury. During the dispute in 1895 on the Venezuela boundary question, he recognised the whole of the Monroe doctrine as laid down by President Monroe, although Canning had refused to accept one half of it. When the Spanish-American war broke out, and it was known that the prize was the possession of Cuba, he stood by the United States; and it was entirely owing to his attitude that European intervention on behalf of Spain was rendered impossible. Finally he abandoned the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and left the United States free to construct and defend a trans-isthmian canal practically on her own terms. The result is, of course, that the official relations of the two Powers are more cordial now than they have ever been. Whether this cordiality will acquire the permanence and the brotherhood-in-arms which Lord Salisbury anticipated, is a secret of the future. It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that he has speculated only on the gratitude of the United States. He is too sane a statesman for that. His sacrifices—the risk after all is not very serious—are justified partly by the very robust growth of Anglo-Saxon sentiment on both sides of the Atlantic during the last decade, and partly by the community of national interests established by the American acquisition of transmarine dependencies and the immense expansion of the American export trade. This is a solid basis for Anglo-American co-operation.

In endeavouring to build upon it, even at the cost of an old British tradition, Lord Salisbury has taken the first practical step in a movement full of the highest promise for the English-speaking races. Whether it succeed or fail, it will always rank brightly among the lofty strivings by which the whole of his long and fruitful career has been inspired.

Regarded as a whole, Lord Salisbury's conduct of foreign affairs is a record of which the Empire may well be proud. Four years ago, when the clouds were gathering thickly on the political horizon and the ship of state had still to weather one of the most dangerous storms in its history, he himself laid down the test by which he desired to be judged.

'Consider,' he said, 'our foreign work altogether. You should not consider this one case or this other case or this third case, but what has been the result when the whole issue is hung together. When the account-books are totted up and the balance ascertained, then form your judgment, but do not form your judgment on the individual passing items. It may be quite true that there are some matters on which you do right to go to war, and yet the extreme step was not taken; but you must be sure, before you take that action, that there were no other possible or immediate complications within view which made it necessary to economise the force that was at the disposal of the Government.'

The accounts-books are now totted up and the balance ascertained. The net result is that Lord Salisbury has steered the Empire safely through dangers of the utmost gravity; that he has maintained the peace among and with a host of ebullient nations, and still has shielded British interests and added magnificently to the dominions of the Crown; that he has vastly enhanced the national prestige and has opened a new era for Anglo-Saxon solidarity.

The lofty statesmanship and skilful diplomacy which have achieved these successes have also in another direction done immense service to the State. In a democratic age Lord Salisbury has succeeded in keeping foreign policy outside the bounds of party politics, and in safeguarding it from the pernicious influence of popular passion—'the vehement operations of mere ignorance,' as he bluntly

called it two years ago. This has, of course, been one of the secrets of his own success, but it also constitutes a useful discipline for public opinion and the establishment of a precious tradition for his successors. So long as British statesmen imitate the great qualities that Lord Salisbury brought to his task, the nation will not refuse them the same valuable liberty of action that he enjoyed.

Whatever the final verdict of the historian—if there be such a thing—on Lord Salisbury's career and character, there can be no doubt of the large measure of gratitude and respect he has won from his contemporaries both in his own and in foreign lands. A strong party-man, living in an age when no statesman of his own rank has been spared by party rancour, a peculiarly reserved and self-contained temperament, deficient of all the *cabotinage* which appeals to 'the great heart of the nation,' he has been followed into his retirement by an expression of esteem and admiration at once intensely genuine and unrestricted by party or sectional differences. Men of all classes and all shades of opinion have recognised in him the type of a great national statesman. It is a remarkable triumph of character. Much of the popular admiration is probably due to the typically English pertinacity and courage and self-reliance with which his life-work has been pursued, and the self-denying patriotism which shines so conspicuously throughout his fifty years of public service. The masses are often quicker to recognise qualities and motives than to appreciate results. It is, however, by the great results of his life, his sane and lofty political teaching and the stable influence he has exercised over public affairs throughout a generation exposed to perils threatening the very foundations of orderly society and Christian civilisation, that he has earned the gratitude of all his thinking countrymen.

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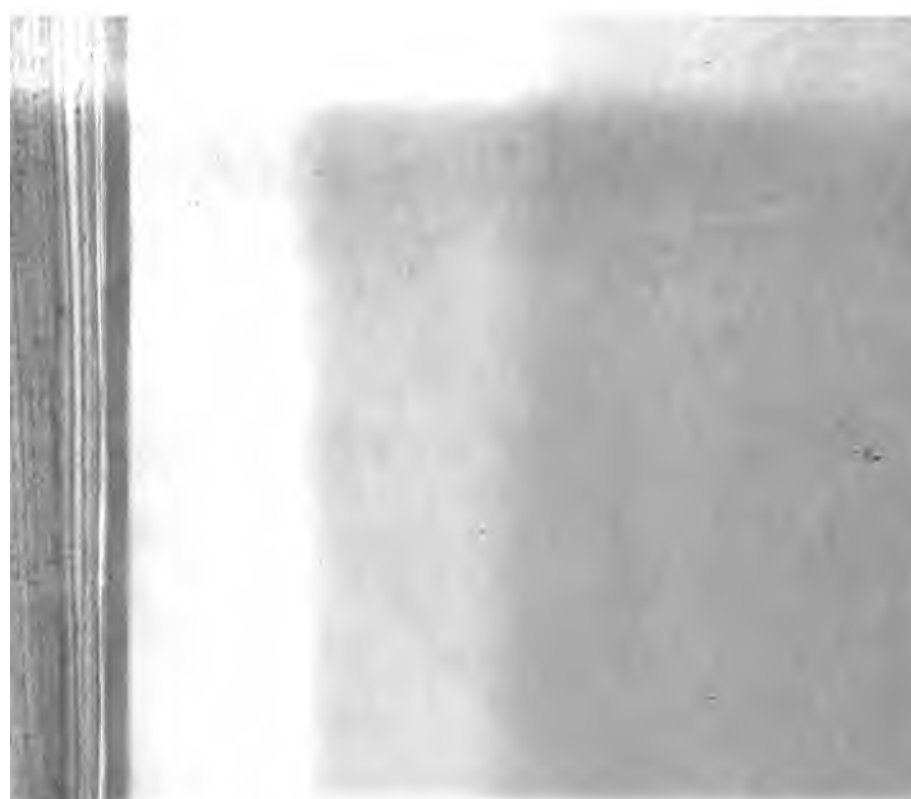
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